

Wrong BWL, Harry is four years old when Voldie strikes

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Ships in this fic: Harry/Fleur, Roger/Elena Turpin, Cedric/Cho, and OC/OC

Chapter 1: Fateful Encounter, Neglect

Lord Voldemort was going to enjoy the best day of his everlasting life, his pathetic spy, Peter Pettigrew had revealed to him the location of the Potters. Trust, The Dark Lord smirked as he neared the cottage, which was no longer under the Fidelius curse, trust would only condone betrayal and treachery.

In his entire fifty years, Voldemort never trusted anyone, not even Bellatrix LeStrange, his most loyal; his order was ruled by fear, aggression and manipulation. With a swish of his wand, the door was blast opened. What fools were the Potters, trusting the mudblood and muggle loving Albus Dumbledore and leaving their offspring alone in a house guarded by only a weak Fidelius.

The dark lord slowly ascended the stairs, his malicious grin grew wider when he saw the crib, with an infant in it. However he was shocked when he saw a four year old boy walk out from behind the crib who promptly stood between the dark lord and his target. "So, what took you so long?" Harry Potter said in a calm voice.

Voldemort surveyed the young child before him, he could hardly believe it, the boy's magic core was significantly more powerful than any he had encountered before, possibly even more powerful than himself when he was the boy's age.

"What do you mean Potter?" The dark lord asked.

"I am a precog, I still don't know how to control it, but I dreamt that our encounter would happen." Harry said without a care in the world.

"You are a seer then? A pity....you would be a great asset to my dark empire, AVADA KEDAVRA!" The dark lord shouted, a mixture of regret and malicious glee in his blood red eyes.

Harry just smiled as the green jet of light neared him, he simply stood his ground and accepted the on coming green light. His mind went black when he felt the killing curse crash upon him. Voldemort smirked when he saw his killing curse hit the black haired youth, but then the unimaginable happened, he did not feel the brat's soul departing to the void, no it did not leave his body and the killing curse was coming his way and before he knew what was happening, his soul was brutally ripped from his body.

Luckily, with all his instruments of immortality, his Horcruxes, the Dark Lord knew that he would be back real soon as his spirit fled the half destroyed room. Minutes after the Dark Lord's departure, three pops could be heard. Lily Potter was a mess, her eyes filled with tears as she sprinted up to the half destroyed room.

Inside, she found her eldest son laying on the floor while her youngest was crying in the crib. Lily quickly went over to Harry and was relieved when she found a pulse. James Potter entered the damaged nursery and sighed when Lily nodded to him that Harry was unscathed.

Both Potters saw a large gash on the forehead of their youngest child, Eric Potter,

James frantically shouted, "Albus, what is this?"

The manipulative old bastard broke into a 'joyous' smile, "My boy, the prophecy has been fulfilled."

He took the baby from James Potter and said, "I give you, Eric Potter, The-Boy-Who-Lived."

Both Potters paled at this, "What does this all mean?" James whispered.

"Young Eric will need training, Voldemort will surely return one day and young Eric would be the only one who can destroy him."Dumbledore said gravely.

"What about Harry?" Lily said frantically, clutching her eldest to her chest tightly.

Dumbledore surveyed the said boy, he scanned the unconscious youth's magical core and his eyes widened in shock, "A boy with a potential to be as powerful as Merlin? He must be closely watched." He thought to himself. "Young Harry will need protection as well." Dumbledore said as he left the Potters alone to alert the authorities that Eric Potter was the chosen one.

Ten Years Later

"Hawrry! Wake now." A fourteen year old Harry Potter was woken up by a giggling small, red haired girl, who was jumping up and down on his stomach.

"Rosy, please lemme sleep some more." Harry groaned drowsily and pulled his sheets tighter to him, after looking at his alarm clock which read eight a.m.

"Please Hawrry, purty please?" Rose pouted, her bottom lip quivering.

"Damn those puppy eyes and that pout." Harry thought as he sleepily sat up on his bed.

"Yay!" Harry muttered under his breath about spoiled little girls while he slid on his slippers, he went into the bathroom to brush his teeth and when he came back, Rosy was bouncing up and down on his bed, he gave her an amused look and beckoned for her to follow him.

"Piggyback yeah!" The little girl shouted while jumping on her eldest brother's unsuspecting back.

"Ooof." Harry gasped, and growled as he ran out of his room with his little sister screaming on his back.

Harry settled Rosy in her chair before starting the stove and began making breakfast for the two of them, not many people save Rosy and his friends knew that he loathed his parents. Ever since he woke up after being hit point blank by a killing curse by the most powerful dark wizard since Grindelwald, he saw his parents doting his brother and casting him aside as if he were worthless. They were never there for him, not the day he got his Hogwarts letter, not when he went to Diagon Alley for the first time in his life, not when he left

for the Hogwarts Express. What had once been a cheerful and optimistic boy was gone, leaving only a cold and heartless soul.

The only thing that kept him from walking off from his home was little Rosy, his adorable little sister clung on to him like glue since the first time he held her.

"Yum." Little Rosy chirped happily as she ate her omelet in an unlady like way.

Harry smiled, as he dug in on the omelet on his own plate. As the two finished, Harry, with a flick of his hand, casted a cleaning charm, leaving the once dirty dishes gleaming clean.

Rosy applauded during the entire process, and giggled as Harry stacked the dishes back into their drawers. Harry's eyes narrowed as he saw his mother walking in.

"Good morning, Rosy, Harry." Lily Potter said. Her smile vanished when all she got from her eldest son was a grunt and a cold stare.

"So, do you need company for getting your books Harry?" Lily asked, hoping to establish a conversation.

Harry, his face, one of utmost contempt and disgust narrowed his eyes and said coldly, "No"

Then without another word, he kissed his little sister on the cheek, causing her to giggle loudly, Harry smiled and walked off to the fireplace where he grabbed a handful of floo powder and enunciated in a clear voice, "Diagon Alley!"

A green flame engulfed him and he was gone. Harry found himself in the busy streets of Diagon Alley.

"HARRY!" Harry smiled as he saw his two best friends running quickly towards him.

"Right on time Potter." Elan Malfoy grinned, twirling his pale blonde hair.

"Forget Elan, So how was your summer?" Roger Davies asked, rolling his eyes at Elan's antics.

"It was okay I guess, except my bitchy asshole of a brother's gonna be at Hogwarts this year. I'm so sick of my house, Eric Potter is going to Hogwarts, I'm so proud, blah blah blah. All that bullshit." Harry said with a sneer.

Elan laughed while Roger clapped his back, "C'mon mate, don't go raging over that bitch, its not wroth losing your brain cells."

Harry smiled back and the three teens walked into Flourish and Blott's.

"I hope this year's Defense teacher will be more competent than the last three we had." Roger said as the trio made their way towards the apothecary.

"I heard from father that it's going to be taught by a man called Quirrell." Elan said with a frown on his face.

"Quirrell? Sounds like a dunderhead to me." Harry said.

As they opened the door of the apothecary, Roger muttered, "Speaking of dunderheads."

The three fourth years saw the Head of Slytherin, Professor Severus S. Snape at the counter.

Elan, being a Slytherin walked up confidently and said in a polite tone, "Good morning, Professor Snape."

Snape turned on to his three star students and drawled, "Getting potions ingredients? Mr. Malfoy, Mr. Davies, Mr. Potter." His cold, unfriendly black eyes boring at his three star pupils.

"Yes sir, Professor Snape sir." Three voices chorused.

"Very well." Snape said before the apothecary owner came back from the back room who said breathlessly "As promised, Boomslang Skin from East Africa. Top quality"

Snape's black eyes locked contact with the storeowner's, after two minutes he nodded and drew a sack of gold and exchanged it for the large jar of snake skin.

"Potter, what does Boomslang skin and Lacewing flies make when combined?" Snape suddenly barked.

"Polyjuice Potion, Professor Snape, sir!" Harry said respectfully.

Snape looked displease that the son of his arch-nemesis had not been caught off guard, but Harry wasn't in Ravenclaw without reason.

"I see that you have been keeping up with your studies over the summer Potter, satisfactory effort" Snape droned.

Believe it, a "satisfactory effort" from Snape was the highest praise a person could get.

With that greasy haired potion's master bade the three boys farewell and exited the apothecary.

"Did you see Snape's face?" Roger said while chuckling, "It looked like he swallowed skele-grow."

"Hah, might I remind you that you almost wet your pants when Snape gave you his death glare when you misread instructions for the Calming Draught last year, he looked like he was going to eat you." Elan said, laughing.

Roger instantly closed his mouth and his face turned a sickly green. "That was not cool Elan. I really thought he was going to off me."

Harry just waved at his two friends, "Enough, lets get this over with." With that he handed his list of potion ingredients and held out several galleons for them. Minutes later the trio went to Florean Fortescue's Ice cream store, where they saw another familiar face waving at them.

"Hey Cedric." Harry said,

"How's our favorite Puff doing?" Elan joked,

"Good to see you again Ced. Ignore the blonde ponce" Roger nodded which made Elan throw a death glare at him.

"Hey guys, finished your shopping list for this year?" Cedric asked while flashing his usual charming yet somewhat queer smile.

The three nodded as they sat down around the table. "My parents said the boy who lived is coming to Hogwarts this year." Cedric said coolly, turning to Harry.

Harry smacked his palm to his head and said, "You got that right Ced, it's a headache at home already now there's no more peace and quiet in the castle too." Elan just patted him on the back.

"Oh, speaking of which." Roger said, nodding to where a great crowd was gathering.

The four boys saw a short, chubby boy with glasses and black hair waving and posing to the crowd. All four boys had disgusted faces at the scene.

Harry then looked at his watch and said hurriedly, "Sorry guys, I gotta go, I promised Rosy that I'll get her some Crystallized Pineapples."

Elan, Cedric and Roger chuckled and nodded their farewell. Pulling his hood over his head, Harry left the candy store and flooed back home from the Leaky Cauldron.

"Hawry!" Rosy squealed as she launched herself into Harry's arms.

"How's my favorite girl?" Harry replied and handed her a box of crystallized pineapples.

Rosy squealed in delight and ran off with the box to read her picture books after leaving several sloppy kisses on her brother's face. Harry smirked but it was quickly replaced with an angry sneer as he scanned the headlines of the afternoon edition of The Daily Prophet.

The-Boy-Who-Lived visits Diagon Alley

Rita Skeeter

This afternoon, this reporter has had the marvelous opportunity to see the vanquisher of You-Know-Who come to Diagon Alley to buy

his materials for his first year of Hogwarts. The day has finally come for our young hero to start his magical education,

"We are so very proud of him." Auror Captain James Potter said, "Words cannot describe how proud we are" His wife, Lily Potter added.

Harry could no longer read on, he felt disgusted as he tossed the newspaper in the fireplace and opening his palm, fired a massive blue ball of fire that turned it into dust.

His piercing green eyes cold as he watched it burn, from that moment, a seed of darkness was planted in his heart, he would show them, he would show them all, just who the most powerful wizard in history was. Harry then walked into the kitchen to make him and little Rosy a sandwich.

So, what'd y'all think of my beginning?

Chapter 2: Fourth Year Begins

September 1st had arrived, Harry already had his shrunken trunk inside his jeans pocket as he lagged behind his parents and the 'almighty, all powerful Boy-Who-Lived' at King's Cross station. As usual his parents had barely even registered the fact that Harry and Rosy existed, which Harry couldn't care less about now.

"Rosy quit pulling my hair, it freakin hurts." Harry cringed as his little sister giggled while yanking on his long messy black locks.

"Go horsey!" Little Rosy chirped in her child-like voice, causing Harry to groan. Harry deliberately slowed down as he watched his parents and his bitch of a brother walk through the barrier. Pulling on his hood of his black hoodie, much to Little Rosy's disappointment, Harry ran into the wall between Platform's 9 and 10. He smiled when he saw the reds and blacks of the Hogwarts Express, but his attention was soon diverted when he heard flashes of cameras and scribbling of quick quills.

Harry sneered at his brother, who was giving pompous poses and blowing kisses at the cameras, he was about to walk off when a certain annoying blonde reporter grabbed his hand wrist and said in a sickly sweet voice, "Harry Potter, Rita Skeeter, how does it feel that your brother, the-boy-who-lived is now finally going to Hogwarts, happy, proud?"

Harry simply stared menacingly at the reporter and said harshly, "No comment, now get your filthy hands off me." With that he shrugged off the reporter's hand walked off to where the Malfoys were standing.

"Lord Malfoy, Lady Malfoy." Harry greeted politely and shook hands with Lucius Malfoy then brushed his lips against Narcissa Malfoy's knuckles when she held it in front of him.

"Harry dear, it is wonderful to see you again. How was your summer." Narcissa said with a film star smile.

"It was enjoyable." Harry responded and flinched when Little Rosy decided to cover his eyes and said in her little girl voice, "Guess who".

When Harry just gently pulled her hands off, Rosy blushed when she saw Narcissa Malfoy smiling at her and hid behind her brother's neck.

"Hello Rosaline." Narcissa said, "Has Harry been good to you?"

Little Rosy giggled and chirped happily, "Yeah!"

"Umm...so where is Elan and Draco?" Harry asked.

"Finally, Potter, I thought you had forgotten about us." A haughty voice said jokingly behind him.

"Elan!" Lucius barked. "Oh right father, Uncle Sev mode activate." Elan smirked while twirling strands of blonde hair.

Lucius just sighed and Narcissa had a small smile on her face, Draco just grinned widely.

"Alright, boys, onboard now." Lucius barked after looking at his pocket watch. Narcissa gave all three of them a big hug, while Lucius shivered at the sentimentality.

"Elan, Harry, please do keep Draco out of trouble, his self control is almost non-existent." Lucius drawled while smirking at his youngest son.

"FATHER!" Draco cried. "Will do, boss." Elan gave a salute, and grabbed the back of Draco's shirt and carried him off.

"Take care, Harry." Narcissa said after giving him one last hug. Harry nodded after shaking hands goodbye with Lucius, sprinted near to where his parents were who were busy with Eric.

"Harry, why were you conversing with the Malfoys?" Lily asked, she felt extremely jealous when she saw Narcissa hugging her baby.

"Who I choose to talk to is none of your business." Harry snapped.

"Don't talk to your mother like that." James said, frowning.

"Mother? Funny, this woman cannot be my mother because it would seem that she doesn't even remember when my birthday is." Harry

sneered and turned his attention to his little sister who had watched the heated exchange with wide, innocent green eyes.

"Be a good girl Rosy. And I'll get you more crystallized pineapples." Harry said warmly to the little redhead who looked like she was going to burst out in tears very soon. The Little girl wrapped her small arms around his legs tightly, after a few seconds Little Rosy unclenched her grasp and smiled tearfully when her eldest brother placed several kisses on her cheeks.

"See ya real soon Rosy." Harry shouted back and waved as he sprinted onboard the Hogwart's Express. Lily Potter felt her heart tear when Harry snapped at her, his eyes had nothing but hatred when they met hers, unlike when she saw him talking to Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy; everything had gone so wrong, how she yearned that she could take back all the neglect Harry suffered from her and James' hand. She was so deep in her thoughts that she barely took notice as Eric Potter boarded the train.

Harry calmly strode past the train corridor before he found Elan, Roger and Cedric in the compartment they first met in. "Took you long enough." Elan said from his chess game with Cedric, who just gave a smile of greeting.

Roger was already asleep, listening to his Walkman. "Sorry, family issues were longer than I expected." Harry said as he took a seat next to Roger.

"Didn't you say your brother's starting first year this year? Where is he?" Cedric asked.

"Told him to buzz off. Twerp needs to start learning to start changing his own diapers." Elan snorted.

Cedric, who was taking a drink of pumpkin juice choked and laughed uncontrollably. Suddenly their compartment door opened, revealing a chubby boy with glasses, "Harry do you have any more money?" Eric Potter asked, his eyes filled with greed.

Harry's lips curled into a sneer, "I'm not your personal bank, go bugger someone else." Eric was about to retort when the door slammed shut in front of his face and a loud locking noise ensured. Inside the compartment, Harry merely fished out his Advanced

Transfiguration from his book bag and begin reading, Elan looked at Cedric and nodded, when Harry was pissed off, avoid eye contact at all costs.

"So, how's things going with Chang, Cddy?" Elan said with a mischievous look in his eyes.

Cedric blushed and growled, "Never you mind, how's you and Zabini doing?"

"Nothing much, hung out together in the summer and had some fun time...nothing serious" Elan said, shrugging.

Harry rolled his eyes at their antics when gulped when he felt Elan's piercing stare on his face, "Listen Cddy, we need to get Potter a girlfriend, he's reading a freaking book on freaking transfiguration on a train to Hogwarts." Elan said and feeling bold added, "You know, Anna actually thought he was gay..." He didn't get to finish that sentence when he ran out of the compartment frantically after nearly getting hit by Harry's cutting curse.

"What's goin on?" Roger yawned, he saw a ripped seat in front of him, Cedric laughing hysterically on the floor and Harry looking murderous. Night had arrived when the train pulled onto Hogsmeade station. After Harry had cooled down, the four teenagers got changed into their school robes and filed out of the train.

"See ya guys later." Cedric said as he made his way to Cho Chang who waved at Harry and Roger, both could only wave back weakly.

"First years over there. See you at the sorting. If you're not in Slytherin or Ravenclaw" Elan raised a fist between Draco's eyes, who swallowed loudly.

Then he placed his arms around Harry and Roger's shoulder and steered them over to a carriage, making kissing motions to every witch he locked eye contact with. "My God..." Harry shook his head as they entered the carriage. Elan just grinned widely as the carriage began its journey towards the castle.

Many students were whispering as the three boys made their way into the Great Hall, all the whispering had something to do about

The Boy Who Lived, Harry just sneered as he waved Elan goodbye as he made his way to the Ravenclaw table with Roger in tow.

Harry remained quiet amidst all the whispering. Finally the doors to the Great Hall opened and the first years were being led by the Transfiguration Professor and Head of Gryffindor, Minerva McGonagall. Unrolling a scroll the Scottish descent professor began reading the names, Harry zoned out until he saw Draco walking confidently up to the old moldy hat, instantly images of his sorting three years ago came back to him.

An eleven year old Harry Potter gulped as his name was called out, there were many whispering and murmuring,

"The Boy Who Lived has an older brother?"

"How come I've never heard of him?"

"You think I can ask him to get an autograph from his brother?"

Harry felt raw anger burning as whisperings continued, his knuckles were clenched so tightly that it was turning snow white. Clearing his emotions, Harry swept himself confidently and gracefully to the stool and sat down. He felt the Sorting Hat fall on top of his head, and suddenly, he heard a voice. "Ooooh, Such a young natural Occlumens, too bad it won't work against me, lets see, lets see, what have we here? A precog and flame manipulator. Aaah, and what? The real Boy Who Lived..."

Harry immediately sneered back, "So what? Gonna report me to Dumbies now? You worthless excuse of a hat. You breathe one word to anyone, you won't live long enough for another sorting."

"Calm down, young one...why should I destroy my one source of entertainment? Now I have something to look forward to. Now lets see your qualities, not reckless, very bright, very powerful, calculating are you? Oooooh, what's this? You believe knowledge is power....Well you made it abundantly clear, young Potter, there's only one place you're going....RAVENCLAW!" All the Ravenclaws burst into great applause but Harry only sent them a sneer as he settled in on a table near the entrance of the Great Hall.

"SLYTHERIN!" Harry was snapped out of his memories as he applauded and gave Elan an air high five. Draco made his way to the Slytherin and sat next to his elder brother who locked an arm around his head and mercilessly gave him a knuckle sandwich, messing up Draco's carefully done gelled hair.

"Potter, Eric." McGonagall called out, instantly, loud murmurings and whisperings filled the Great Hall, all the girls wanted to barf or looked disgusted when a chubby boy with glasses swaggered up to the sorting.

"Merlin, that whale is your brother Harry?" Elena Turpin, a tall slender girl with long brown hair and dark chocolate brown eyes asked,

"Unfortunately Elena, yes." Harry said to his fellow fourth year, and smirked when her sister, Lisa Turpin blushed when meeting his gaze from the sorting line. Harry then smiled his Quidditch superstar smile at her and all the girls nearby sighed in admiration.

"Potter, quit smiling so lecherously at my sister." Elena snapped.

Harry simply responded by flashing her the same smile and grinned when she melted and blushed beet red. Who could blame her, Harry unlike most Potter males, had perfect vision and in addition was very good looking, tall, muscular, with tanned skin, a hard six pack and glowing green eyes that simply could leer into one's soul.

"Wow Harry, what's with the sudden change, what happened to the old cold hearted bastard?" Roger said with newfound awe and respect in his best friend.

"Since a certain Zabini questioned my preferences in sexes." Harry said, staring at Anna Zabini at the Slytherin table who was staring back at him with curious violet eyes, twirled her shoulder blonde hair and was smirking at him.

Harry saw her whisper something in Elan's ear and Elan immediately gave Harry two thumbs up and a silent wolf howl. Harry turned back to the sorting and was surprised when the hat placed him into Gryffindor, "House of the Brave, HAH! Pathetic idiot still wets himself whenever someone mentions Lord Snakeface" Harry

thought and nudged Roger and both sniggered at Cedric, who breathed in relief that Eric Potter wasn't in Hufflepuff.

The sorting ended with Blaise Zabini who got sorted into Slytherin, she looked like a miniature version of Anna and Harry was shocked when Blaise gave him a shy smile before taking an empty seat next to her elder sister. "Looks like someone has an admirer." Elena teased but froze when Harry cupped her chin, tilted his head and stared deep into her brown eyes, "Really?" With that he released his hold and smiled when Elena blushed profusely and looked down to the floor.

"Alright, everyone please dig in, Nitwit! Blubber! Oddment! Tweak!" Dumbledore said.

"Hmmph, still the same senile old manipulative bastard I see." Harry sneered as he turned his attention to his plate, his face soon turned into one of disgust as he saw Eric Potter shoving food into his mouth with his bare hands.

"Uugh...I think I just lost my appetite" Cho Chang said.

"If you think its bad already, you don't want to come over to my house for dinner." Harry said, a cold shiver chilling his spine as he delicately used his knife to cut his steak.

Soon, the desserts appeared and disappeared, once again. "Now we've been fed and watered. It is time for a good night's rest. Your respective heads will hand you your schedule tomorrow morning before breakfast. A word of caution, the third floor and Forbidden Forest are restricted areas. Goodnight." Dumbledore said warmly.

People were still whispering about Eric Potter as they left the great hall, the Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs, as usual, rushed to see who could leave the hall first in an ungraceful manner which the Ravenclaws and Slytherins found amusing. Then the Ravenclaws filed out, with many witches giggling at Harry, who just walked faster with Roger lagging behind him.

As they reached Ravenclaw Tower, the portrait asked, "What is broken every time it's spoken?"

Harry tilted his head and answered, "Silence"

The portrait instantly swung open, revealing a common room decorated with bronze and blue. "As you can see, Ravenclaw Tower has no solid password, to get in, we need to answer a riddle. You won't get in if you can't answer it, it's the only way to learn." Harry explained to the younger students who nodded furiously.

Then he left them with the prefects and stretched as he disappeared into the boy's dormitory. Taking out his trunk, Harry flicked his arm and enlarged it back to its original size. Quickly changing into his nightclothes, Harry fell unconscious in his bed.

The next few weeks were amusing, Harry had heard from McGonagall that his dim-witted brother was unable to transfigure a matchstick into a needle after four days of attempting it. His head of house, Filius Flitwick had told him that Eric Potter was incapable of performing a levitating charm, which caused Roger who was sitting next to Harry to fall out of his chair and started to laugh hysterically. And potions, well, lets just put it mildly that Professor Snape was less than impressed by Eric Potter's boil cure potion and his arrogance which was identical to James Potter. Harry had a tough time not smiling like Christmas had arrived when he heard from the first years that Snape had insulted and completely humiliated his brother.

Quidditch Try-outs have also been eventful, Harry as usual, defended his reputation of being the best chaser in Hogwarts by scoring 210 points on his own. He smirked when he saw Oliver Wood and Marcus Flint both scribbling down rapid notes on their parchments, no doubt ways to stop Ravenclaw from winning the Cup for a fourth consecutive year. Both had flames in their eyes as Harry locked eye contact with them.

Landing suavely on his Nimbus 2000, which he had bought with his own money from brewing potions with Professor Snape, Harry was immediately swarmed by rabid fan girls who were carrying all sorts of things for him to sign, parchment, photographs, even brassieres and panties. The whole Ravenclaw team and Cedric fell down with laughter when they saw Harry sprinting away with a swarm of fan girls behind him, shouting cries of help.

Nobody saw Eric Potter glaring with rage and jealousy as he thought, "I should be the one with fan girls chasing me, I'm the Boy Who Lived." Since his first day at Hogwarts, the only friend he had was one Ronald Weasley who was basically his lap dog. Whenever he tried talking to girls, they either barfed or just screamed and ran away. And also, his Quidditch Abilities sucked, he was afraid of heights. What made it worst was that his housemates slowly acted less warm towards him, Eric didn't understand but of course, his overinflated head prevented him to notice that everyone was repulsed by his arrogance as well as his appearance.

He had lost more than 80 points in the first week alone for back talking and insulting Snape, which was a death wish to anyone who had one ounce of brain. "Lets go get some lunch. More food if we arrive early." Ron Weasley said.

Months went by fairly quickly, Ravenclaw had beaten Hufflepuff in a thrilling 590-410 margin, it was the highest scoring game of Quidditch in Hogwart's history, even with Cho Chang losing the duel of catching the snitch to her boyfriend, Harry and Roger made it up with their chaser abilities. A

ll the witches on the stands where squealing Harry and Roger's names much to most wizard's frustration who were grumbling with jealousy directed at the two chasers.

"We might get to play for England real soon with this form." Roger cheered as the team danced into the locker rooms. Harry just smiled at the thought as he changed out of his Quidditch gear. Another thing had happened that intrigued Harry, on Halloween, a troll was let into Hogwarts and a student was almost killed, Ganger or was it Granger.

Harry was eating a slice of lemon pie when suddenly the doors of the Great Hall burst opened, revealing Quirrell who looked like he had soiled himself as he ran panicky screaming "TROLL! TROLL IN THE DUNGEON!" then promptly fainted.

"Fascinating, don't people usually faint falling backwards?" Elan said to Harry, who just chuckled, whilst the who Great Hall erupted in chaos.

"SILENCE!" Dumbledore bellowed and everyone immediately shut up.

"Prefects, please lead your fellow housemates back to your common rooms." Dumbledore hadn't finished his sentence when Elan shouted with sarcasm, "Our common room IS in the dungeons."

The Slytherins all looked livid at the Headmaster's lack of care for their house. "Right, then please remain in the Great Hall." Dumbledore stammered. Students began filling out of the Great Hall, Harry and Roger both gave nods to Elan and Anna and went out the classroom.

As Harry walked passed the first year Gryffindors, he heard someone say, "Where is Granger?" and his anger rose when he saw his fat arse brother and a red headed ogre looking guiltily.

"Harry, where you going, tower is this way." Roger called out when Harry began to run off.

"I'll meet you later, tell the others I'll be right back." Harry shouted back amidst all the students. Harry was soon in a deserted corridor when he saw an ugly twelve feet mountain troll lumbering slowly into the girl's bathroom. From what he heard from Katie Bell before the feast about how Granger entered the bathroom after some quarrel with some unnamed students and guessing from her absence from the feast meant that she was still crying her eyes out.

Harry immediately ran towards the bathroom and saw a small busy haired girl, frozen with fear with the troll in front of her with its club swung over its head. "Yo dunderhead." That got the troll's attention as it swung its disgusting head at Harry, who pulled out his wand, and after giving a quick bow shouted, "Sectumsempra!"

The troll howled in pain as it was slashed by an invisible sword, blood was now dripping to the floor.

"Confringo!" a horrifying snap could be heard as the troll's knees shattered.

"Now, Reducto!" He smirked as the his blasting curse blew the troll's head clean off and smiled with satisfaction as he tucked his

deathstick back into its holster on his hip. The dead troll fell to the ground with an earth shaking thump.

Harry then tread closely to the now sobbing Hermione Granger and without a warning, she launched herself onto him, securing her arms around his waist. To say Harry was shocked would be an understatement, no body save Little Rosy had hugged him.

Slowly he hugged the tear faced first year. Then footsteps could be heard and Harry turned around and saw the white chalk faces of his professors.

"Harry, why were you not in Ravenclaw tower?" Flitwick squeaked with worry at his favorite pupil.

"Sorry Professor Flitwick, I was on my way when I heard a first year said that Granger had not appeared at the feast and thus might not have been given a warning." Harry replied silkily and pulled a still crying Hermione to face the professors.

"Is this true, Miss Granger?" McGonagall asked. Hermione nodded.

"May I be so bold to add that I heard that Miss Granger was poorly treated today. I heard from Katie that she was mocked simply because she wanted to help others." Harry said, his anger was clear.

McGonagall's face turned into one of cold rage as she asked quietly, "Is Mr. Potter correct?"

Hermione nodded and said quietly, "Eric Potter and Ron Weasley said I was just a bossy know it all who had no friends."

McGonagall looked as if she were was very close to erupting. "I see Miss Granger, they will be punished accordingly...Potter, I see that it was you who incapacitated the beast?"

Harry nodded and McGonagall gave him a smile, "A hundred points to Ravenclaw, perhaps?" Flitwick was instantly bouncing up and down with happiness, Snape looked at Harry in what seems to be newfound respect.

"You know, Granger...if you want to talk about academics, Ravenclaw is always an option." Harry said with his charming smile

that caused the first year to blush bright red and looked down immediately. Laughing loudly, Harry gave Flitwick and Snape and respectful nod before bolting away.

Harry smiled when he saw the intelligent Gryffindor in a conversation with Padma Patil. It was always good to be have friends that know the real you, not the illusion that surrounds you. Hermione saw Harry looking at her and blushing madly, gave a shy wave, which Harry returned before seeing Roger coming out all changed.

After a quick dinner, Harry returned to Ravenclaw tower but that was when he heard voices from Flitwick's quarters, after casting a disillusionment charm on himself he pressed himself near the door.

"Filius, Quirrell is getting more suspicious. I have a hunch that he let the troll in which nearly killed Granger." Snape said in a low voice. "Hmm...very clever diversion, if it weren't for Mr. Potter. The Philosopher Stone would be gone by now." Flitwick squeaked.

"I do not understand the headmaster, Eric Potter's magical potential is high as a normal squib at the most, it is unlikely that he is the one." Snape mused.

"I agree Severus. Whereas Harry is a prodigy, young Eric is the exact opposite."

Harry breathed heavily as he plopped on his bed, "Philosopher's Stone, created by Nicholas Flamel, the renowned alchemist....ensured eternal life and riches. Who needed to have eternal life?" The answer hit him immediately, Snape mentioned Quirrell being suspicious, meaning that he was most likely in league with the Dark Lord and Dumbledore was doing nothing, which could only mean one thing, he wanted to test Eric Potter.

"He will be mighty disappointed." Harry thought as he closed his eyes.

Christmas had arrived, Hogwarts was covered with a blanket of snow as the students returned home on the Hogwart's Express. Harry spent most of it with the Malfoys as well as Roger and Cedric who came to hang out in Malfoy Manor. Harry, Cedric and Roger all

chipped in getting Elan a new Nimbus 2000 and Draco a deluminator.

Harry received dragon hide boots from Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy, and a lot of Zonko's joke products from Elan and Draco as well as new Quidditch gear from Roger and goggles from Cedric. What surprised him the most was that Hermione Granger had sent him a book on Famous English Quidditch players.

Apart from the Malfoys, Harry also spent much time with his little sister, once he returned from Malfoy manor, little Rosy had insisted on him reading bedtime stories and tucking her in bed. They were simply inseparable; Harry surprised her by taking her to the zoo which turned out to be one of his happiest memories in his life, to him, his little sister giggling was the most beautiful music he could ever hear.

It was also the sole thing he missed when it was time for second semester, as always, Little Rosy sobbed and whined when Harry said goodbye to her and had to be pulled away by Narcissa who patted the little girl's head affectionately.

He didn't see his mother looking sadly towards him as he walked confidently on board the train, Lily Potter was nothing but a wreck now, she rarely smiled these days. She had wanted to talk to Harry since he came back home but he rarely ever came out of his room and never responded the few times they were in the same room together.

February was an interesting month, it started with a long waited Quidditch match with Ravenclaw vs. Slytherin, Elan gave Harry and Roger a thumbs up before the match which they returned. The match ended up extremely close 520-400, Ravenclaw easing pass Slytherin just barely. Harry and Roger again teamed up and scored a stunning 370 points between them. Cho Chang had also won the duel of the seekers against Terrence Higgs when she snatched the snitch right under his nose.

All the girls screamed in ecstasy when Harry made one lap around the pitch and flashed the smile that could melt any girl on the spot immediately. The screaming continued even after Harry had disappeared into the tunnel, which led to the changing rooms.

Even though Slytherin lost, it didn't dampen Elan's mood as he congratulated his two close friends as they went into the Kitchens along with Cedric, who was the one who told them about tickling the pear in the portrait to gain access. "Great game, I heard from father that there was a scout out in the field today. ENGLAND NATIONAL TEAM BABY!" Elan shouted in an un-Malfoyish manner, scaring the other three boys and most of the house elves.

"With the three of us, no offence Ced, but you're a seeker." Cedric rolled his eyes, "ENGLAND'S GONNA WIN THE WORLD CUP AGAIN AFTER FORTY FOUR FREAKING YEARS!" Elan shouted excitedly. Harry and Roger shared smirks and the four teens clinked their butterbeers in celebration.

Harry was on his way back to Ravenclaw Tower when he saw a frantic Hermione running towards him and screaming, "Mr. Potter sir!"

"Hello Ms. Granger, please, call me Harry. I am not old enough to be called Mr. Potter." Harry said kindly. "Mr....Harry, I overheard your brother and Weasley talking about helping Hagrid with snuggling a dragon out of the castle. They're going in the Astronomy Tower right now."

Harry's smile vanished as he quickly said, "Return to your dormitory, I'll handle it." Hermione nodded and ran towards Gryffindor Tower. "What the hell are you up to now?" He wondered as he sprinted in the directions of the Astronomy Tower.

Sorry but I have cut the chapter here, I'm terribly sorry if I went rather quick.

Chapter 2: Faces of My Enemy, Going Pro

Harry, under a disillusionment charm arrived near the Astronomy Tower. But he saw an irate McGonagall berating loudly to three red heads and a fat boy. Harry smirked when he heard McGonagall shouting, "Fifty points from each one of you, now get back to the common room now!"

"Wow, Minnie's having a terrible one, I wonder if it's that time of the month again." Harry thought silently as the four Gryffindors scrambled away. T

The next few days were even more suspicious to Harry, Dumbledore was on absent leave, which could only mean that the old, senile lunatic wanted Eric Potter to 'save' the Philosopher's stone, which fascinated Harry very much.

The whole school save one Ronald Weasley had grasp the knowledge that Eric Potter was literally a troll trapped in a human body. It became very clear as to who the suspect was after Harry heard from Draco that something was killing unicorns when he was serving detention for telling McGonagall about the dragon in the Forbidden Forest.

Harry had a bad hunch as he saw that Quirrell was no where to be seen at the evening feast. He grabbed Roger, Elan and Cedric and dragged them onto the empty third floor.

"Bloody hell, what's with dragging us away so fast?" Elan asked.

"Listen guys...I know it's a lot to take in but Dumbies is hiding a philosopher's stone in the castle and Quirrell was missing at tonight's feast. I heard Snape and Flitwick talk about how Quirrell had snuck the troll in that nearly did poor Granger in."

Five seconds of silence passed as the three dumbstruck teens simply stared at Harry, trying to get him to tell them it was all a joke.

When he didn't Cedric took a step forward. "I'm in, Harry has never lied once to me before." Roger and Elan nodded as Cedric basically summed up their thoughts.

Harry smirked and the four ran towards a door at the end of a long corridor.

"Something's growling behind this door." Roger gulped.

"A Cerberus, to be exact, have you three noticed how Snape had this odd limp after Halloween. I think he was trying to see if Quirrell got pass the dog or not and was bitten." Harry deducted.

"So how'd we get pass?" Elan asked.

"Watch and learn, Malfoy." Harry said with a smirk as he pulled out a flute from his robes. "Alohomora!" The door unlocked began playing Amazing Grace upon entering the lair of the three-headed behemoth. Harry noted of how breath-taking the Cerberus was as a species, it had a thick brown coat, three enormous heads filled with large, sharp canine teeth and glowing orange eyes. The beast, upon hearing the music, gave a loud yawn and promptly fell down into a deep sleep.

Motioning with one arm, Harry signaled his friends who walked quickly to the trapdoor and Cedric lit his wand and gasped when he saw Devil's Snare underneath the pit.

"Think of something pleasant, because the trip down south sure ain't hell won't be." Cedric joked half-heartedly.

Harry cracked a smile and jumped first, followed by Cedric, then Elan and finally Roger. Harry felt the magical plant wrapping vines around him and drawing the memory of himself with Little Rose on his shoulder, calmed himself down and he was ejected onto a cold stone floor with a thump. Three "OOFS" followed through, groaning, the four teens walked to the only door ahead of them and when were shocked to find flying keys soaring all around them.

"This has to be Flitwick's obstacle." Harry whispered. The objective was clear to the four, grab the right key and jam it into the keyhole. The three immediately looked at Cedric who just looked at them weirdly. "Sorry Cddy, but you're our only seeker." Elan grinned, voicing everyone's thoughts.

Cedric only rolled his eyes before walking over to a worn old broom, upon mounting it, flying keys immediately all darted towards Cedric

who kicked off with dozens of bloodthirsty keys at his tail. He quickly spotted the correct key which had mismatched wings and stretching out an arm, Cedric grabbed the fleeing key and threw it at Harry who unlocked the door and allowed Elan and Roger to enter before letting a speeding Cedric fly in and closing the door just in time before the flying keys impaled themselves on the door.

Wiping their foreheads in relief, the four teens proceeded into the next chamber. "Bloody hell, this has to be the biggest chess set I've ever seen in my life." Roger shouted as the four saw the giant chess pieces.

"Damn, it looks like a game just happened not long ago. We're one step behind at the most. And there's still Quirrell and Snape's obstacles." Elan said, looking at his watch.

"You guys move ahead. I'll come meet up after I'm done." Roger said giving a rare serious look that said, "Don't argue or I'll kill you."

"Bullshit, in case you haven't noticed, there's two missing pieces on our side." Cedric shouted and before Roger could answer, stepped into the empty rook square.

"Well?" Cedric said with a raised eyebrow to Harry and Elan who nodded and levitated themselves across the board, and through the opened door.

"Damn, he's passed here already." Elan yelled with annoyance, surveying the dead trolls, each one was mutilated beyond recognition.

"Whatever, at least we don't have to face four trolls now." Harry retorted and sprinted for the door, which led to the last obstacle.

"Leave it to Uncle Sev to make the most boring and lame obstacle." Elan muttered as they entered a room with only a table with several vials of potion of different color and sizes along with a fire place which was large enough to fit a grown man.

"One potion leads to the stone, the other leads the person back." Harry snorted. "Right, lets get this over then, shall we?" Elan asked, the two teens walked up to the table and began analyzing the potions. It didn't take long for Harry to deduct that the potion

contained in the smallest vial was the one that would carry him to the location of the stone and the yellow potion next to it would carry the person back to the third floor.

"I guess this is it." Elan said as he grabbed the yellow potion.

"Tell Flitwick and Snape as soon as you get back, I dunno how long I might last against him." Harry said as he picked up the small goblet and downed it in one go. He walked into the flames and waved an au revoir to Elan before the flames engulfed him completely. Light headiness slammed into Harry as he appeared in a cold chamber, slowly descending the stairs, Harry saw a figure talking in front of what seemed to be a large mirror.

"Good Evening, Professor, fancying a night time stroll before the feast?" Harry said with sarcasm that would rival Snape. The turban clad professor turned around and surprisingly smiled.

"Potter, I knew it would be a matter of time before you knew what was going on....unlike your idiotic Gryffindor of a brother. Seeing that it was you who vanquished my master."

"So it would seem." Harry replied smoothly. "What does unicorn blood taste like?" Harry asked, tilting his head sideways.

"So, you know." Quirrell replied with an inhumane gleam in his eyes. "I confess, unicorn blood can make a person live longer but my master finds it irritable that it cannot give him a body of his own."

Harry smirked, "My condolences, I did warn him that night ten years ago."

"That you did, now Avada Kedavra!" Quirrell sent a killing curse at Harry who merely side stepped, pulling out his wand, he shouted.

"Sectemsempra!"

"Dark magic, from you Potter, I am surprised." Quirrell laughed as he dodged the dark cutting curse and fired a blasting curse at Harry who pulled up a shield that absorbed it before conjuring two wolves out of thin air, and commanded them to attack the vessel, which contained the dark lord.

Quirrell, or Voldemort was impressed at the young Potter's conjuration abilities as he transfigured the charging wolves into two vipers and shouted, "Engorgio!" The snakes grew in size, soon they were towering above the Dark Lord, "Now kill the boy." Voldemort hissed in Parseltongue underneath Quirrell's turban.

The two vipers then turned around and bared their fangs at Harry who raised his wand and shouted, "Fulgar Flagellum!" a bolt of lighting arched from his wand and Harry raised his now lightning bolt whip and struck the two vipers, they hissed in pain as the lightning whip burned their scales.

Voldemort or Quirrell was looking with a calculating gaze on their faces as they watched the young Potter heir fending off the two monstrous vipers, what happened later surprised and in a way frightened the Dark Lord, "Forgive me...my slithery friends." Harry hissed in the ancient noble language of the snakes before shouting, "Ardes!" orange flames emerged from Harry's wand as he firing a powerful incinerating curse, which burned the two serpents to dust.

Looking down at his Elder Wand Harry thought, "Thank you friend, you have never cease to fail me, I am honored you chose me." Harry felt the wand respond warmly to him. As the flames disappeared, Harry saw Quirrell clapping.

Slowly, Quirrell began to unravel his turban, Harry saw with surprise fascination as he saw the pale gaunt snake like face and its cruel ruby red eyes that were analyzing him from the reflection of the mirror,

"Harry Potter, you certainly are not what I expected." Voldemort rasped.

"What did you expect?" Harry asked.

"The almighty Dumbledore has finally made a mistake...he actually believes your squib brother to be the one who vanquished me?" Voldemort was now laughing.

"So it would seem." Harry replied simply.

"I would enjoy revealing that fact once I return, join me Potter, I can grant you unimaginable knowledge, power, immortality and anything you desire." Harry hesitated a bit as he lowered his wand slightly.

Voldemort, sensing his advantage pressed on

"I sense great fury in you, yes...you hate them, you hate them so much for all the pain they caused you. We're not so different after all... my filthy pathetic excuse of a father abandoned me before I was even born...how I enjoyed hearing his screams before I tore his heart out." Voldemort whispered softly, insanity written all over in his ruby eyes.

Then footsteps could be heard behind him, Voldemort had a look of disgust as he saw Severus Snape and Filius Flitwick descending down the stairs, "Think about it, Potter." The Dark Lord said as he pulled out an object from his robes and shouted "Activate"

The binding curse hit thin air as the Dark Lord portkeyed away to an unknown location. Snape cursed while Flitwick looked at his favorite student with concern. "Unimaginable power....immortality." Harry thought as he saw the Quirrell portkey away.

"Harry, how are you, I see that you have gone face to face with He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named?" Flitwick squeaked. "I'm fine Professor...it was an eye-opening experience, he was a good opponent to face." Harry said, causing Snape to narrow his eyes. Flitwick chuckled before nodding at his colleague to check the mirror, and then he led his prized student away from the chambers.

Upon returning to the third floor corridor, Harry was surprised to see his three friends leaning against the walls. "HARRY!" All three shouted when they saw Flitwick pulling a pensive Harry away from the Cerberus lair.

"Oh, hey guys, what up?" Harry asked lamely under the glares of his friends.

"No Quirrell didn't get the stone, yes we had a duel, yes he escaped. Now can we go?" Harry groaned knowingly to his friend's gaping mouths.

Reluctantly, the four boys left, after asking Flitwick if it would be appropriate to get food from the kitchen since the feast was concluded a long time ago.

"So, I guess the chess match went pretty well?" Harry asked.

"Toughest opponent I've ever faced but Ced and I beat it eventually." Roger said, shrugging.

"So, you saw the Dark Lord?" Elan asked.

Not wanting to share the information that he was the true Boy Who Lived, Harry answered, "Yeah, he really has a snake face with these red eyes. A very worthy opponent, I doubt he was seriously trying."

"Well, at least you stood your ground, there's a lot of people who would have just fled or soiled themselves." Cedric said giving Harry a pat on the back, Roger and Elan nodded.

"Thanks Ced, good catch by the way. There might be some hope for you after all" Harry joked.

"Haha, very funny Harry." Cedric rolled his eyes. As they finished their meal, the four bade each other good night as they returned to their respective common rooms.

"The stone is safe?" Dumbledore asked as he sat down behind his desk.

"Indeed, headmaster." Snape sneered.

"Voldemort has shown himself again, I presume." Dumbledore said, ignoring when Snape flinched.

"Yes, the Dark Lord has been clinging around Quirrell all year." Snape reported.

"I see, that is all, you are dismissed, Severus." Dumbledore said, waving a hand in dismissal. As Snape walked out, Dumbledore stared out the windows, Filius had reported that Harry Potter had dueled and came out as Voldemort's equal.

He would have to watch him more carefully from now on. Another thing that puzzled him was that Eric Potter was a little bit more powerful than a squib, which is impossible. The-Boy-Who-Lived was suppose to be one who held great power. Dumbledore simply could not unravel this mystery.

The next few days were hectic for Harry, the final of the Quidditch Cup against Gryffindor was at hand and practice hours were extended. The nice thing were that exams were pretty easy, well to Harry at least, who had achieved top student of the year for four years in a row.

Then came the match, Wood was staring intensely at Harry and Roger who just yawn as they paid no attention to the intimidation. Harry admitted that Wood was the best keeper he had played against, it was thirty minutes into the game but the score remained 40-20, Ravenclaw were leading slightly. He and Roger were actually trying hard to score this time, by an hour, Ravenclaw led 80-70, what infuriated him the most was that Katie Bell had the nerve to stick out her tongue at him whenever she scored.

Needless to say, Harry's competitive nature finally rose as he and Roger started to dictate the tempo of the match, scoring 300 points between the both of them. Cho Chang caught the snitch ending the game 530-470. Ravenclaws cheered in their box as they won the Quidditch Cup for a fourth consecutive year.

Flitwick was ecstatic as he received the cup from Madam Hooch, who looked impressed at Harry and Roger's forms. As Harry and Roger touched down, Madam Hooch walked over to them and barked, "Congratulations, Mr. Potter, Mr. Davies. Someone wants to meet you right now."

Looking at each other, Harry and Roger followed the Flying Instructor and saw a tall man with tanned skin and light brown hair greeted them behind the outside the stadium. "That was some mighty flying, Mr. Potter, Mr. Davies. I'm Jack Peterson, Scout for the U-17 England National Team."

Harry and Roger shook hands with the scout, who then continued, "Madam Hooch has praised you two to be the best chasers this school has ever produced, we would like you both to join our Under 17 Team for the U-17 World Cup this summer."

Harry and Roger looked at each other again, both were beyond surprised at this change.

"Of course, there are two other players we would like to add, Mr. Cedric Diggory and Mr. Elan Malfoy. Ah here they come." True to his word, Harry saw a confused Cedric and an amused Elan walking towards them, walking in front of them was a short, balding man with heavy spectacles that seemed to magnify his dark eyes.

"Meet my associate, Mr. Frederick Smalling." The short man shook Harry and Roger's hand, while Jack Peterson shook hands with Cedric and Elan.

"Pleasure is all mine, gentlemen." Smalling said in a high-pitched voice.

"Now with pleasantries out of the way, what'd you say? England needs young talent such as yourselves, we haven't won the world cup in 44 years. We need that extra push such as Mr. Potter and Mr. Davies demonstrated today. And also the next World Cup will be hosted here in three year's time." Harry and the rest pondered for a while.

"What about school?" Roger asked. "We'll still be in our sixth year when the World Cup comes along."

"No worries, we already have the permission from your headmaster and your heads of houses." Peterson said eagerly, the man looked like he would die on the spot if the offer were rejected.

After giving much thought, Harry held out a hand and said, "I'm in."

Peterson grinned widely as he took Harry's hand and a deal was struck. Elan followed, Cedric and Roger. Peterson looked like he was going to cry out loud after Roger shook his hand.

"Here are your schedules for practices and matches. Once the U-17 World Cup is over, you'll all receive schedules for the Senior Team." Frederick Smalling explained as he handed the four teens an envelope.

"We're all looking forward to your performances... all of England are. Have a pleasant day." The two scouts said as they pulled out a portkey and disappeared in a swirl. After bidding Hooch farewell, who was crying with tears of joy from her eyes; Harry, Cedric, Roger and Elan were conversing excitedly, in Roger's case, he was jumping up and down like a little child.

"I can't believe it, the National Team accepted us." Roger shouted.

"Told you so, with the three of us as chasers, and Cddy as seeker, we can't lose." Elan said haughtily. Harry only smiled in response as the four walked back up to the castle. After a satisfying farewell dinner in the kitchens, the four toasted their futures as professional Quidditch players and went back to their respective dormitories and had a wonderful sleep.

The next morning, Harry and Roger packed their trunks and after casting a shrinking charm on them, they filed out of their dormitory for the last time and went to grab an early breakfast in the Great Hall, to their gratitude, Scout Peterson and Smalling had kept their word of keeping their contracts away from the ears of the press until the start of the U-17 World Cup.

Elan joined them in the Ravenclaw Table, which didn't bother anyone save the Gryffindors who were glaring daggers at the elder Malfoy.

"I thought it was all a dream." Elan whispered as he dug into some eggs.

"So did I" Cedric said as he joined them, taking a seat across from Harry and Roger.

"Well gentlemen, I can assure that it is not a dream." Roger said with a grin and then stood up and strolling towards Elena Turpin, pulled her into a kiss, which caused her to slap him hard across the face.

"Yeah, definitely not a dream." Cedric commented, laughing hysterically as Roger came back with a pink slap mark on his cheek.

"You really asked for it Davies." Cho said from her seat next to her boyfriend.

"I know Chang but it was well worth it." Roger said, a dazed look in his eyes.

"The lad's got guts. Untouchable Turpin..." Elan commented through his chuckles. Harry just face palmed but still smiled.

Nobody saw Eric Potter glaring at his elder brother with jealousy from the Gryffindor table, it had not been a good week for him, he barely escape failing his exams and he hadn't made any new friends so far, only Ronald Weasley and Lavender Brown talked to him. At the beginning of the year, everyone was talking to him but it slowly dwindled as they heard about his performances in classes. Why should they care about his grades, he thought, he was the Chosen One. He then piled more bacon onto his plate and shoved it all down, ignoring the disgusted looks surrounding him.

Dumbledore then stood up and announced Ravenclaw winner of the House Cup, immediately, all Ravenclaws threw their pointed hats towards upwards and cheered. All the other houses clapped politely, then it was time to leave. Cedric and Elan excused themselves as they made their way to the carriages, claiming that they wanted to spend some time with their respective girlfriends. Harry and Roger laughed at this and shared a carriage with Lisa Turpin, who was still giggling at Roger's antics towards her sister and Hermione who gave Harry a hug and thanked him for a great year.

The carriage ride was enjoyable, both first years learnt a lot about Hogwarts from the two fourth years that Hogwarts: A History didn't mention. When the carriage arrived at Hogsmeade Station, Harry and Roger bade farewells to the two girls and quickly occupied a compartment near the front of the train. Cedric and Elan joined them along with Cho and Anna Zabini.

"Congrats Harry and Roger. I heard from Ced already." The asian girl said with a giggle as her two Quidditch teammates rolled their eyes.

"See what did I tell you Harry. Cddy won't last five minutes with this lass." Roger said with a wide grin on his face but quickly ducked when Cho threw a punch at his face.

"Wow, four professional Quidditch from our schools. I think I'm going to keep you now Malfoy." Anna said slyly. Elan just groaned but flashed her a smile.

"You tell your brother yet?" Harry asked.

"And make him piss in his pants, getting a heart attack and ruining the Malfoy name, Nah...I'll tell him when he goes to the bathroom or something." Elan caused Cho and Anna to swat him while all the boys in the compartment fell down with laughter.

The train ride went by quickly as a couple games of exploding snap, wizard's chess and the dreaded Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Bean Challenge. As the Hogwart's Express pulled onto King's Cross Station, the boys went into the corridor to change, leaving the girls in the in long black jeans and a Manchester United t-shirt. Harry tucked his wand into a pocket and stashed his robes into his trunk, which he shrunk. He sneered as he saw reporters gathering on the train station.

Eric Potter stepped out of the train and immediately began doing his pompous poses and giving exclusives.

"See you in the England Camp in a bit." Cedric said and ran towards his parents after giving Cho a peck on the cheek and shaking the hands of his friends.

"I gotta go now, have fun and WIN!" Cho shouted before giving Harry, Roger, Elan and Anna a hug and then walked to where her parents were.

"Have fun guys, remember to slaughter them and Elan, you better not go messing around with other girls or else." Anna said with real menace in her violet eyes which caused Elan to gulp loudly. "See ya real soon." She said before kissing Elan on the lips and giving Harry and Roger a quick hug, then grabbing her sister who said a shy goodbye to Harry, walked confidently towards her parents.

"Well, my parents are busy so yeah, I'll see you both in the camp in a bit. Take care." Roger said as he slid his Armani sunglasses over his eyes and swaggered away.

"That leaves you and me." Elan said to Harry who was staring with utmost loathing in his eyes at his parents who were standing behind his fat arse of a brother.

"Hawry!" The voice of a little girl chirped. Harry grinned as he saw his adorable little sister pulling the edge of his jeans with both hands. Smiling, he knelt down slightly and cringed when Little Rosy began tugging at his locks again. "I'm going to head home now, but better say something to your parents first." Harry said to a smirking Elan as they walked over to the Malfoys.

"Father, Mother, it is good to see you again." Elan said in a customary pure-blood way.

"It is good to see you again son, how was your year?" Lucius asked.

At this, Elan couldn't hold it in and shouted, "It was awesome, Harry and I were both asked to join England's Under-17 Quidditch National Team." Narcissa and Lucius' eyes widened and they turned to Harry who nodded. "Congratulations dears, words cannot explain how proud we are, of both of you." Narcissa said with a smile to her eldest and Harry, whom she considered to be one of her sons.

Lucius just rolled his eyes, leave it to Cissy to be all emotional and sentimental.

"Don't be such a spoil sport Lucius, you're jumping with joy inside, I know you are." Narcissa scolded her husband who raised his palms in a surrendering gesture.

"You know me too well Cissy."

"That I do." Narcissa replied with a smirk on her lips.

"Father, mother, can you not tell Draco yet, for I think he will spread it around and become too fat headed." Elan asked, smiling.

"But dearest, you can't hide it forever." Narcissa responded.

"You're right, but not now, at least..." Elan said with a sigh.

"Okay, Elan, I'm going home now. Cya at the England Camp." Harry said with annoyance as Little Rosy continued to pull on his hair.

"Sure thing man...take care of yourself." Elan said as he gave Harry a brotherly hug, Harry then shook hands with Lucius and was stunned when Narcissa hugged him tightly, "Take care Harry, you too Rosaline." She said after stepping back. Harry nodded while Rosy blushed, Harry then turn towards the barrier. Little Rosy was gave a wave at the Malfoys before snuggling into her brother's muscular back.

Following his parents, Harry and Rosy stepped into the apparition zone and reluctantly held hands with his mother, avoiding her gaze and he felt them apparate back to Potter Manor. After running up the stairs with Rosy screeching on his back, Harry lifted Rosy from his back and onto her bed and tucked her in for her nap.

Smiling at her small form, Harry tiptoed back towards his room, upon entering, he fell onto his four poster bed. Soon, he would be able to move away, no longer would he have to face the people hated every day he woke up. Harry then slipped into the realm of Morpheus with images of having his own house with just him and Little Rosy.

Chapter 4: Leaving Home, Practice, Revelations

"Mum, Dad! My Hogwart's letter is finally here." A happy, excited eleven-year-old Harry Potter shouted as he ran into the kitchen, the letter held firmly in his small palms. But his smile was short lived when he arrived at the kitchen to find that his parents weren't paying attention at all.

"Mum?" Harry asked in a small voice.

"Can you be quiet at least for a five minutes, is that too much to ask for?" Lily Potter said with a scowl at Harry. His father never even batted an eye to him. Then she proceeded with talking to Eric who was whining about wanting to buy a pet. With tears in his eyes, Harry walked out of the kitchen, sniffling as he went.

Harry sat in the yard with his acceptance letter on his lap, he had to get to Diagon Alley, with parents or not. That's when he heard a pop and his face lit into a huge grin when he saw his Uncle Lupin and Uncle Sirius appearing at the edge of the manor and their faces cracked into smirks when they saw Harry sitting on the grass.

"UNCLE MOONY, UNCLE PADFOOT!" Harry shouted as he rushed into Lupin and Sirius' embrace.

"Hello cub, how are you doing?" Lupin asked, his wearied face smiled gently.

"I got my letter today but mom and dad told me to go away." Harry said, sobbing onto his uncle's tattered robes.

Lupin immediately felt the wolf within him growl with fury, ever since that night that old fool Dumbies had proclaimed Eric Potter as the Boy Who Lived, his long time friends had changed and casted Harry away, not even caring if he was hurt or alone.

"C'mon cub, forget about them, Remus and I will take you there." Sirius said with a mischievous grin.

"Would that be okay..." Harry murmured.

"Nonsense...we came here for you anyways." Lupin said as he guided an arm around his godson's shoulder. Together along with Sirius they popped away from the yard.

Harry twisted in his bed as the scene changed.

"I really want to kill James and Lily right now. This is unacceptable, Harry will live with me after this year!" An irate Sirius hissed as he and Lupin along with Harry arrived at King's Cross Station.

"Forget about them Padfoot, brighten up, our Harry's first trip on the Hogwart's express." Lupin said with a smile after looking at Harry awe struck face.

"Ahh, so many memories, meeting you, Prongs and Snivellus." Sirius said dramatically which caused Harry to giggle.

"Take care of yourself Harry, don't ever let your guard down and keep practicing those jinxes we taught you. Dumbledore might be all powerful but still, Hogwart's is a big place. And be wary of the headmaster, he's not as simple as he looks." Lupin warned.

Sirius, couldn't help by adding his two cents in, "Anyone who calls you names or jinxes you, humiliate them with some of Ol Paddy's little tricks." Harry smiled widely gave his two uncles a crushing hug before sprinting towards the train.

The scene again changed before him

"Join me Potter, Unimaginable Power, Knowledge...Immortality, I can help you! Use my knowledge, give those who have mistreated you with what they deserved." A voice hissed. "YOU'RE MINE NOW!" The voice cackled loudly with insanity.

Harry instantly shot up from his bed, gasping as if he had ran a marathon. Realizing that it was just a flashback of his childhood, he dropped back down on his back and breathed deeply. Looking at his alarm clock, it was five o'clock, he had only two hours left before he joined up with the other squad mates for the U-17 World Cup for their first training session.

Now he was awake, Harry felt like it was impossible to fall back into the realm of Morpheus again so he got up from bed, and with a

wave of a hand, the bed made itself. Then changing into dark blue jeans and a George Best T-Shirt, Harry made his way down the stairs.

Turning on the lights, Harry placed a pan on the stove and after mouthing a wandless incendio, began frying scrambled eggs with ham. He smiled while tossing the flawless golden colored egg in the air before catching it again like a professional chef. Satisfied, Harry found a plate and placed the lovely smelling scrambled egg and ham on it.

Turning around, Harry froze when he saw Lily Potter looking at him from the entrance of the kitchen. To say Lily Potter was shocked was a mild understatement, she had just seen her eldest child cook for himself, as if he had been doing that for his whole life. I

gnoring her presence, Harry sat down in an empty seat and began eating his breakfast quietly.

"Harry..." Lily started.

Harry looked up, Lily felt worried and scared that her son had absolutely no emotion on his face, Harry tilted his head, as if saying "Yes?"

"Harry, do you have any plans for the summer?" Lily asked, hoping that he would say no so that she will have a chance to talk to him more and care for him like any normal mother would.

Harry pondered for a bit, "Should I tell her about my recent development?"

"Umm....yeah, Elan's gonna invite me over and we're hanging out together. I'm leaving in a bit" Harry lied convincingly and with a flick of his palm, cleaned the plate and placed it on the dish rack.

"Goodbye mother." Harry said without a hint of emotion as he slowly swept away from the kitchen, even though Lily Potter was a novice at Legilimency, Harry still had his mental barriers active and his senses alert, it that was something one certain hardcore badass auror had taught him.

A twelve year old Harry was ready for his first dueling lesson, or so he thought. "I wonder who's going to be teaching me." He thought to himself as he stood in the dueling room.

Suddenly, a blur swirled in front of him, before he could comprehend what was happening, a red beam of light flashed before his eyes and everything went black.

"Enerve" A gruff voice barked.

"Ugggh" Harry groaned.

"First rule sonny, CONSTANT VIGILANCE." The voice shouted loudly. Finally out of his daze, Harry gulped, kneeling in front of him was a face containing the most horrifying scars he had seen on a man. It was as if it was carved out by a child who had the vaguest knowledge of what a man looked like, the man had grizzly graying brown hair, one small narrow eye the other eye was vivid, electric blue and it was moving around independently, swirling around in comparison with his normal one which was fixed on Harry. Long grueling scars ran down the man's cheeks and Harry cringed as he saw that the man had lost a bit of his nose, there was only one man that looked like he had gone to the deepest depth of hell and returned, Alastor 'Mad Eye' Moody.

"My nose? Rosier took most of it." The legendary auror said with a maddening laughter, noticing where Harry's eyes were looking at. Harry gulped, he was seriously going to beat the crap of Sirius for getting him to do this.

"Now CONFRINGO!"

Harry cursed before dashing away from the blasting curse....

Lily Potter felt tears rolling down her cheeks, she was sad that her baby was resisting her company but a tiny part of her was jumping with joy when she heard him address her as 'mother', there was still hope. Harry felt conflicted as he picked up his sports bag, which he had charmed to become bottomless, "Why did I call her mother? What's wrong with me today?"

Shrugging his head, he crept out of his bedroom and decided to take a last peak at his little sister, gently opening the door, a smile grew

on his face as he saw a small red bundle wrapped tightly with a pink sheet. In the whole world, no one could get to him like Little Rosy can, Harry couldn't help but love and protect her. "Goodbye Rosy, be a good girl." Harry whispered before shutting the door and walked down the stairs and out the manor. Taking one last look at his home, Harry pulled out a golden snitch and commanded, "Activate!" With that, he felt the ground opening beneath him and soon he was sucked into a vortex.

"HARRY!" Three other voices shouted as Harry whirled into a fancy, spacious magical tent.

"How've you all been?" A smiling Harry said as three bodies tackled him.

"Good, we just got here, Davies here landed rather suavely with his portkey portkey." Elan joked earning a glare from said poor lander of portkeys. Harry noticed a few more people sitting on couches, some talking quietly, no doubt some other players, he thought.

"Neat place huh?" Cedric asked from his bed.

Harry nodded as he placed his sports bag next to an empty bed next to Cedric's. Then a man of medium height, broad shoulders with graying blonde hair and blue grey eyes stepped in the middle of the tent and said in a commanding authoritative voice, "All right lads, everyone is here I see, now listen up, you have been chosen to represent your nation because you are the best...don't take the U-17 World Cup for granted, it is no walk in a park, many legends have been produced through this tournament, who am I and why are you going to listen to me? I'm Raymond Anderson, former Puddlemore and England Chaser of the squad that won the cup way back then, seeing that England is in a crisis, I am taking the role of U-17 coach. Take it from me, the teams today are way more difficult to beat than they were back then...now lets go out to the pitch and see what y' all are made out of. Bring your brooms." With that the coach walked out of the tent, the teens filing out behind him.

Harry's eyes widened as he saw the Quidditch practice pitch, "This is it." He thought to himself as he clenched his Nimbus 2000 tightly.

"Alright, chasers, Peterson and Smalling heaped tons of praise on you, lets see what you got." Ray said gruffly throwing Harry a Quaffle.

Immediately Harry, Roger and Elan kicked off from the ground, immediately Ray let loose two bludgers, which he did with a wave of his wand and aimed them at the chasers, it shot at surprising speed and homed into their target.

Harry saw what the coach was doing as he shot up and smirked, gracefully dodging the oncoming bludger and passed it to Roger who feinted from the second bludger and threw the Quaffle at Elan who caught it and threw a swerving shot which flew passed the upper right corner of the top hoop.

Beneath them, Ray smirked and with a flick of his wand, conjured up three wooden dolls and animated them. The three now 'alive' wooden dolls each grabbed a Comet Two Sixty and kicked off the air, "This is going to be fun" Harry said as he saw the wooden doll speeding towards him with the Quaffle in its grasp.

The doll passed the Quaffle to its teammate left of it but was intercepted by Harry who already foresaw the oncoming pass and sped quickly towards the opposing team's hoops. He swerved passed the furious bludger and threw a fast left handed shot which flew passed the hoop right of the top hoop

"Ambidextrous player....interesting." Ray thought to himself as he surveyed the black haired youth.

Half an hour had passed, the dolls had yet to score on Harry's team. Harry, Roger and Elan worked flawlessly as a collaborative unit, attacking and defending as one, something which Ray was impressed with, teamwork and team chemistry was the most head aching part for all coaches. After one hour and seeing enough of the dolls getting pummeled by Harry, Roger and Elan, Ray cancelled the spells, the dolls immediately fell limp on their brooms and casted the bludgers who were still furious back into its holder.

"Good work." Harry said while waving a salute. He was returned by two salutes as they landed back on land.

"Wow, I have never seen you play this hard before..." Cedric said with awe as he handed his three friends towels and a bottle of ice cold pumpkin juice.

"We're not at Hogwarts anymore, all the matches are so boring save Slytherin." Roger said with a shrug.

"You got that right, the other teams would all stop trying to play if we gave 100%...and that would be no fun. Except when we play against Elan...we have a rep to protect." Harry said with a wide grin.

"Idiot." Elan teased while rolling his eyes. Then remembering where they were, the three teens turned around and saw their coach's calculating gaze,

"So, how'd we do boss?" Elan asked respectfully.

"Acceptable work lads, you three have the strongest teamwork I've ever seen. I've never seen three chasers working so hard to regain the Quaffle after scoring and moving together when attacking and defending. I can see why Jack and Frederick praised you so highly." Ray commented.

At this Elan grinned at his two chaser counterparts.

"I'm curious, did you all start playing together very young?" Ray asked, his blue grey eyes narrowing.

"Yes boss, we played together and against each other since we were in eleven, sir!" Harry said.

Ray cracked a rare smile and then barked, "Diggory, you're next..."

Cedric looked green as the coach released the golden snitch, he kicked off quickly on his Nimbus 2000 with two furious bludgers released after him.

Meanwhile back at Potter Manor, James Potter had just waked up and was eating breakfast with his wife, son and daughter. Then an owl with black feathers flew in and landed on a perch, with a Morning Daily Prophet in its mouth. He went over and the owl released the newspaper into its hand and in return got fed with some

owl treats. His face turned blue as he got the biggest shock of his life when he glanced at the headline on the front page,

Changing of the Guard

Douglas Sherrifield

This morning a statement has been released from the U-17 England Quidditch Training Camp, for all you Quidditch lovers out there, our newest generation of players are unveiled. Many people, myself have been waiting impatiently for the next generation of players, this reporter has had the privilege of watching the lads perform a short demonstration. England, for the first time in its long history, now has given birth to three brilliant chasers. Our chasers, Harry Potter, the brother of the one who vanquished the Dark Lord has accumulated over a record five thousand points from his four years at Hogwarts: School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. His house, Ravenclaw has remained control over the Quidditch House Cup for four straight years. This reporter was lucky enough to be able to question young Potter and he had this to say,

"This all happened so fast, it's like living in a dream...I have never, in my wildest dreams expect myself to be good enough to play for England." When questioned on whether he had special training at a young age, Young Harry Potter responded with this, "No, I didn't even own a broom until eleven, it was all thanks to Professor Filius Flitwick and Professor Severus Snape that I was able to earn enough money to buy my Nimbus 2000. I will always remember them encouraging me to pursue my dream." This reporter was shocked to hear that young Harry had nothing to comment on his parents, it is understandable that having the Boy Who Lived as a child can be complicated but not even buying a simple thing like a broom for a gifted child?

Potter's housemate and partner Roger Davies, son of Jonas Davies, Head to the International Magical Games Association, has also been called up by Scouts Peterson and Smalling. This striking young man as also amassed a stunning three thousand points during his four years at Hogwarts. Lastly we have Elan Malfoy, son of Lucius Malfoy, a well respected figure in the British Ministry of Magic and a senior figure in the Board of Education of Hogwarts: School of Witchcraft ad Wizardry, young Elan Malfoy has also amassed a

breathtaking three thousand points for Slytherin House and has remained as Slytherin's best chaser in its long and grand history.

As we interviewed Raymond Anderson, long time England and Puddlemore legend now coach of England's newest group of talent, he had this to say, "These lads are brilliant, I have to give all the credit to my scout staff, Jack and Frederick, they're real rare talents, I've never seen chasers who can change between defense and offense so quickly, we know that this will be one tough year, there's a lot of teams with many exceptional players but we've got good quality players here as well..."

Next up we have Cedric Diggory, son of Amos Diggory, Head of the Department of Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures. Young Mr. Diggory has maintained the perfect record of catching the snitch in his every match for Hufflepuff. On the topic regarding our young seeker, Mr. Anderson had this to say.

"Cedric's got good balance and dexterity, he's been absolutely brilliant, a bit camera shy." At this he adds with a polite chuckle, and adds, "He's a good team player also."

Seeing these statistics and these young men in action. This reporter is now more sure than ever that these young lads can lead our nation to victory on the upcoming U-17 World Cup, as well as the Quidditch World Cup that will be hosted in Glasgow, Scotland two summers from now.

Above the article was a huge photograph of Harry, Roger, Elan and Cedric with their respective brooms in their hands, already clad in the traditional white robes of England staring expressionlessly at the camera. James Potter felt nauseated as he lowered the newspaper, his eldest son had scored over four thousand points in just four short years, even he wasn't any where near that landmark.

Suddenly, guilt washed over him, he didn't even know that Harry liked playing Quidditch; he then decided that he would make it up to Harry, no matter what it took.

"James, what's wrong?" Lily asked with concern on her face.

Without a word, James handed her the daily prophet, instantly all color was drained from her face. Her son had lied, it was such a

huge decision yet he didn't consult it with them first. Tears began to flow out of her eyes, she had not even bought Harry a single thing after his 4th birthday whilst Eric got whatever he asked.

Eric Potter snatched the paper away from his mother's hands and his face grew red with anger. "What is this? My useless brother's popular as I am, that glory hound, I knew it, he's always been trying to steal my spotlight." He ranted.

"You, Shut, Up, Fatty!" Little Rosy shouted loudly and threw her spoon, at Eric was struck on the forehead and fell out of his chair.

"YOU, YOU DARE?" Eric yelled as he got back into his chair and stared menacingly at Rosy who just stuck out her tongue at him.

"Settle down, Eric, finish your breakfast, your sister is just a baby." Lily scolded, still shaken from the article on the front page.

Meanwhile in Number Twelve Grimmauld Place, a man let out a dog like laughter, staring at the photograph on the front of the Daily Prophet, "My godson's a pro, what a lucky sod, all the chicks are gonna throw themselves at him...hope Moony would see this." Sirius said to himself in the large house.

Meanwhile at Spinnet's End, in a house, a hooked nose, greasy haired Potion's master's lips curled into a half sneer, half smile as he read the Daily Prophet on his comfortable chair. Snape still remembered the first day Harry entered his classroom, for an hour he mercilessly threw questions that would sent most sixth years into panic at Harry; to his surprise, the boy answered every single goddamn question correct. Harry didn't even whine nor question why Snape was doing this. After that class, Snape decided to treat Harry as a gifted student rather than a spawn of his arch-nemesis, which was hard to do but the boy was clearly gifted at potion brewing, as much as he hated it. Since then they had a mutual respect going on between them, when he heard that Harry didn't have money to buy a broom because his parents gave him none, he offered the boy jobs of cleaning cauldrons, brewing potions and being his personal assistant.

For the rest of the day, the team worked on aerobics and strengthening their muscles with muggle training machines at a training center in the camp. Harry got to know the other members of

the team quite well, there were the two beaters and keeper from Salem Magic Academy of America: Jeremy and Jason Bale and Daniel Jones. They were thankful that the media paid no attention to them since they liked to stay low profiled and teased Harry and his Hogwarts teammates about the attention they'll get. Speaking of attention, Ray had announced that after their first game against Hungary, there would be a team and fans signature signing event, despite the quartet's loud protest, Harry in particular, he didn't need anymore fan girls. As night came, Harry fell on his comfy bed, which was situated next to Cedric's. Closing the curtains around his bed, Harry blacked out due to fatigue with a certain little redheaded girl as his last thought.

Plz comment, I plan for Harry to meet Fleur and Gabrielle in the next chapter

Chapter 5: World Cup, The Goddess, Confrontations

The match against Hungary was unlike anything Harry had experienced, he was up against players that were near his standards, Ray was right, Harry couldn't afford to lose concentration and underestimate his opponents. England led by three hundred points after one hour and a half but it was no easy lead, the Hungarians had nasty beaters whom were harassing the golden trio a lot. Eventually Cedric caught the snitch, the game ended 750-300.

Even though it was just the U-17 World Cup, the seats were all sold out. The female fans in the crowds screamed loudly when Harry threw them the Quaffle, Ray had been adamant about his players spending time to sign autographs after matches to retain a healthy relationship with fans and the media in general, which was why poor Harry was getting mauled by female fans who wanted a lock of his hair or to steal a kiss. After several grueling autographs, Harry walked back to the changing room, blowing a kiss before disappearing into the tunnel; making all the women in the stands sigh in content.

"Woo, here comes ladies man." Elan and Roger cat called, Harry just rolled his eyes at them as they looped their arms around him and walked him into the changing room.

Ray was already there with a smirk on his face, standing in front of a magical white board with tactics drawn onto it. "Great first game lads, four hundred and fifty point difference, we've racked up the most points of all the teams in the first group match. Next game is in two days, against Lithuania. They won't be as tough as the Hungarians but they're still definitely no pushovers. I expect each one of you to continue off where we left off today. That is all." Ray commented and then promptly left for the after game press conference.

After shedding their Quidditch pads, the quartet left the changing room after exchanging some high fives with the twin beaters and their keeper. Portkeying to Diagon Alley, the quartet found an expensive café with outdoor tables near Gringotts.

"You're not going anywhere Potter, I'll take care of our money problems." Elan said in a dead serious tone for once.

It was well known that Harry was particularly wary about money issues and budgets, since he never had the privilege of getting pocket money from his parents and always had to work for his money, he was always careful and calculating with what he had.

"Fine Elan...just don't order the whole menu." Harry warned and added with a grin, "Or we'll have to invite Crabbe and Goyle over." Elan, Cedric and Roger immediately let out hysterical laughs, the two corpulent Slytherins were well known for their abilities to stomach a whole house's amount of food.

They then took an outdoor table and Harry immediately regretted it due to the attention they were starting to get. Elan then waved over a blushing waitress and made their order, not before the waitress stammered for their autographs, which the quartet was happy to give, she almost fainted when Harry sent her the smile that had charmed witches all across the world.

"Wow Harry, you're actually getting into your character really well." Cedric said with awe.

"Well, everyone would expect me to act like that eh." Harry replied behind his Dior sunglasses, ignoring all the narcissistic stares and giggles from all the female customers sitting around him. But it became increasingly annoying as the quartet were asked by more and more fans for autographs and soon, photographers were staging themselves outside the café, flashing photos. However, with so much annoyance, the four retained their professional attitude, they complied to signing photographs and giving autographs politely whenever fans approached them.

The four then was luckily given a brief reprieve to enjoy their meal and chat about the match and their upcoming opponents.

As they were about to leave, Harry was approached by a small, silvered hair girl with wide baby blue eyes,

"Hello, miss, can I help you?" Harry said kindly, the little girl reminded him of his adorable little sister somehow.

"Erm....'ello, 'Arry Potter...May I 'ave an autograph." The silver haired little girl stuttered, pulling out a photograph of Harry and a quill as her face reddened.

"You guys go ahead." Harry said to his sniggering friends. Cedric, being the more mature one out of the three, grabbed Elan and Roger by the scruffs of their shirts and hauled their protesting arses out the café.

Harry then smiled kindly at the small girl and gently pried the photograph out of the girl's hand and the quill before asking in French while simultaneously taking off his sunglasses; revealing his soul alluring green eyes,

"What is your name?"

The small girl gasped with shock and then stammered, "Gabrielle, Gabrielle Delacour."

"That's a beautiful name, dear angel." Harry teased, signing To Angel Gabrielle, and his signature underneath, smirking as the girl blushed harder and looked down onto the floor from the corners of his eyes.

In his mind, Harry mentally thanked Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy for teaching him and Elan French, as well as Spanish, Italian, German and Russian every summer after Hogwarts had ended.

As he handed back the autographed photo, he heard the most musical voice he had ever heard calling, "Gabby where are you?"

Looking up, Harry saw the most beautiful girl-no, woman- he had ever seen, she had long, flowing silver blonde hair, white smooth skin, piercing sapphire blue eyes and a face and body that would put the Greek goddess Aphrodite to shame. She was possibly the same age as him as she swept over elegantly.

"Gabby there you are! I've been looking all over this place for you, why did you run off without telling me, mama or papa." The older girl said with relieve to Gabrielle, who Harry deducted was no doubt the goddess' sister.

"But people were chatting about Harry Potter being here also, so I went to get an autograph." Gabrielle whined while blushing heavily and clutching her autographed photo tightly. Harry chuckled politely as he watched the sibling interaction.

Turning to Harry, the older girl said in accented English, "Thank you for not letting my sister run around the place, she 'as a very curious mind."

"I understand your troubles, I have a sister myself. It is no trouble." Harry said in French, causing the girl to widen her eyes.

"I'm Harry Potter." Harry introduced himself with a dazzling smile, and stuck out a hand.

The girl returned it with smile that could melt Antarctica, "Fleur Delacour." Then stuck out her own hand which Harry held tenderly and brushed his lips gently against her knuckles.

"Enchanté mademoiselle." Harry whispered as he released her hand, it felt so delicate, like silk.

"So, England's going to win a trophy after over twenty years?" Fleur teased, ignoring all the incredulous stares from the females in the café.

"We just might." Harry said with another smile.

"I wish I can stay and chat longer but our papa no doubt wants us to go back now." Fleur sighed.

"I understand, I have to return back to camp now, our coach will no doubt chew us out if we don't return before curfew, it was a pleasure meeting you, Ms. Delacour, Gabby" at this, Gabrielle blushed and hid herself behind Fleur who let out a musical laughter "Enjoy your meal...au revoir." Harry said understandingly, taking out his Dior sunglasses and slid it over his emerald green eyes and strolled out the restaurant, his black cloak billowing loosely, where his three pals were staring gobsmacked at Fleur.

"Stop staring and drooling, remember who we're representing." Harry hissed before steering them off, giving Fleur an apologetic smile. Fleur just waved understandingly, after the rising Quidditch star left, a realization hit her, Harry wasn't affected by her Veela allure at all. He was the first man to not go all gooey eyes and gaping mouth to her. Men who were immune to the Veela charm

were almost non-existent, for Fleur, the only person who was able to overcome it other than Harry was her papa.

She was still deep in her thoughts about the mysterious English chaser, totally oblivious to the angry stares that all the women were giving her and the lusting gazes from the men as her sister dragged her to their table where her parents were sitting.

"Where 'ave you two been, what did I say about walking off on your own?" Apolline Delacour scolded her daughters.

"arry Potter was 'ere, so I went and got 'is autograph. The real thing waz so much better tho" Gabrielle said with mist in her eyes and a wide loopy smile on her face.

Apolline and her husband Alain shared a knowing look, ever since the mentioning of Harry Potter being part of the English U-17 Team, Gabby had developed a huge crush on the handsome black haired youth, like many girls her age.

"e was so handsome, polite and do you know 'e can speak fluent French?" Gabby shouted excitedly, and earned a 'Shh' from Fleur.

"Well eet looks like that Gabby won't be sleeping much tonight." Apolline said with a teasing smile, but Gabrielle just held her head high, not ashamed of her huge crush.

"What about you Fleur, was 'e interesting to you?" Apolline asked, a mischievous smile on her ethereal face.

"E iz a very handsome man, and very good natured...'e shrugged off my allure as if eet didn't exist." Fleur said with a far away look in her eyes, her cheeks turning pink "Not to mention 'e also dresses in style and has the sexiest alluring green eyes I 'ave ever seen." She thought to herself, remembering the dragon hide boots, billowing hooded cloak and his eyes which were capable of seeing the depths of a person's soul.

Apolline widened her eyes in surprise at the revelation. As Veela, it was hard to be in the presence of men, let alone have a civilized conversation with one and not have them drool over by their appearance, and she could tell that the young superstar had also smote her eldest daughter.

"Can we 'ave dinner now? For God's sakes Apolline, they've only met." Alain said, making his wife and daughters laugh musically.

"Wow Harry, that babe...damn, you're such a lucky sod!" Roger shouted as they arrived back to the England Camp via portkey.

"She has to be part Veela. We were gaping like goldfish." Elan added as the quartet walked back towards their tent.

"What? But I noticed that our dear Harrikens wasn't affected." Roger joked.

"I dunno, I'm immune to the Imperius curse and am a natural Occlumens." Harry said in a matter-of-fact tone and ignoring his 1st year nickname.

"Someone used the Imperius curse on you?" Cedric asked, outraged.

"Yeah, my dueling master cast it on me once, glad he actually did it, all it does is...its just a small voice at the back of your head trying to convince you to do something against your well." Harry explained, the old auror definitely deserved his nickname but Harry was still thankful.

"So, what do you lads want to do now, its still early?" Elan asked as they neared the team tent.

"I dunno, coach's gonna bust our arses if we do anything he disapproves. I know what you're thinking Malfoy, but we're underage no matter how famous we have become overnight, and not to mention Anna's gonna have all our heads on her wall if she finds you pissed out drunk with many company in flimsy outfits." Cedric answered along with a fake cough.

"Damn!" Elan ranted.

"I'm going to bed." Harry murmured tiredly, stretching his arms as he staggered back to the team tent. The trio watched him walk off, "Man, Harrikens takes things too seriously." Roger said, shaking his head.

"Tis man's tragedy..." Elan wailed clutching his heart dramatically.

"I HEARD THAT!" Harry shouted as he was about to enter the tent, ignoring their sniggering laughter as they followed into the tent.

When they were inside, the quartet quickly changed into more comfortable clothes, Harry had his nose behind his Advance Dueling: Multi-Casting, a birthday present from Lucius Malfoy. Quietness engulfed the camp as Harry looked up: Cedric was reading a muggle play called Macbeth by William Shakespeare, Roger was listening to his Discman while reading his fan mail, Elan was writing a letter back to Draco. Harry then quickly remembered the England Quidditch National Team Replica robe that he had gotten for Rosy and asked Roger to lend him his, which he only got a grunt in response.

Tying a note to the package, Harry fastened the package to the Owl's talons and it took off into the night. Then he promptly fell back onto his bed, his mind was racing through a variety of different things: the match against Lithuania the next day, wondering what Little Rosy was doing and lastly the image of Fleur Delacour entered his mind.

Even though he might be immune to her allure, there was still something about her that Harry couldn't figure out. No other girl had ever made him feel that way at all, and Harry didn't know what to make of it except that he was a bit concerned; emotions made one weak, emotions can cloud one's logic and give the enemy a weakness. Turning off his night-light, Harry waved his wand, causing the curtains to close around him, allowing the darkness take him.

Potter Manor

Lily Potter was looking at the Daily Prophet for who knows how many times now in the kitchen, smiling sorrowfully at the photo where Harry was smiling dazzlingly at the camera with fist posed directed towards the camera after winning the match against Hungary. She never truly realized it until it was too late, that after that day where she and James had forgotten to take Harry to King's Cross when he was eleven, Harry no longer was that sniffling little boy who longed for affection. Tiredly she went to bed, clutching the photo next to her, hoping that it would all be a dream when she woke up the next morning.

Next Day

Harry cringed as he flew in the rain, the match against Lithuania was struck by a sudden massive storm, making the hoops harder to see and the Quaffle more slippery than ever. He was having a tough time staying on his broom every minute and from the looks of Elan and Roger, they weren't faring any better than he did. Ducking a wet bludger, Harry threw a quick straight shot through the middle hoop, making the score 490-180.

The Lithuanians didn't have the ferocity of the Hungarians but they used their counter attacks to great effect, ways of beating Ray Anderson's England side were on every national coach's minds ever since their first match against Hungary.

Harry feinted left and passed the Quaffle to Roger who ducked a furious bludger sent in his direction and threw it at Elan who slammed it past the Lithuania keeper. The crowd cheered madly under the shelter in the stands, soon Harry scored another hundred points and it wasn't long before Cedric ended the match by catching the golden snitch that was struggling helplessly in his palm, the match ended, with England winning 740-220.

The English supporters cheered wildly as their national team landed back on the ground. Quickly retreating to the tunnel, Harry took off his goggles and ran a hand over his wet hair. He quickly swept into the dressing room and after shedding his soggy, rain soaked clothes, and getting an after match talk from Ray, Harry stepped into the hot shower and gave a sigh of content as the warm water from the faucet washed away all the coldness away. After a while, he got out and quickly changed into new clothes, which consisted of a black button up shirt, black spats and a black Armani suit jacket.

Fashion was never Harry's thing but there was nothing to complain when there were people chosen specifically to take care of it. Walking out of the dressing room, Harry activated his portkey and his stomach gave a lurch as he was sucked into a vortex.

A familiar sense of disgust and nausea was what Harry felt as he appeared at the front door of Potter Manor, the coach said it was alright to go visit families after the match since there would be no time in the latter stages of the World Cup.

Pulling out a key, he unlocked the door and closed it behind him. Shrugging off his dragon hide boots, Harry walked into the living room, and was immediately tackled by a small red bullet.

"Hawrry...I....missed...you..sow...much....Don't....Lweave...Me...A gain.." Little Rosy sobbed loudly while wrapping her little arms around her big brother's legs. Harry just smiled widely as he lifted his adorable baby sister into his chest and patted her soothingly, not caring that his clothes were getting wet.

Looking at the England Quidditch National Team Replica robe that his sister was wearing, Harry grinned and whispered, "You wore it..."

He got a sweet giggle and chirp in reply. "Brother Hawrry the best at flying..."

"I'm glad you think so." Harry whispered while tickling the little red head in his arms who squealed loudly. Settling on the couch, he placed Rosy next to him and handed her a small box wrapped in wrapping paper, squealing in thanks and planting wet, sloppy kisses all over her brother's cheeks.

Rosy's eyes widened like galleons when she saw a golden snitch with four signatures engraved on it. Harry smiled warmly for the first time in many days at the site before him, Rosy laughed when the snitch gently nuzzled her nose and she reached out with her small hands and attempted to catch it.

"Harry?" Harry turned his eyes from Rosy and that smile immediately disappeared. Lily Potter came into the living room with an apron around her, hoping to find out what had caused such a racket and she stopped when she saw her eldest son, he was barely recognizable after leaving home for a few days, his face had become more angular, and he was dressed in expensive clothes. The only thing that didn't change was his hair, which refused to be tamed, he looked like a total celebrity.

"Rosaline, can you let your brother and your mother talk alone for a bit?" Lily said.

Rosy gave Harry a pout when he didn't allow her to stay but hugged him tightly before chasing the snitch out of the living room, laughing melodically as she went.

SMACK! Harry felt his cheeks sting as he just realized what had just happened.

"HOW COULD YOU? HOW COULD YOU MAKE A DECISION AS BIG AS THIS ON YOUR OWN?" Lily ranted angrily.

"What? It's not like I have anyone else I can turn to...I'm not Eric who needs to have his hands held whenever he needs to go to the loo." Harry yelled back.

"You have me, your father..."

"HAH, AS IF, why the hell would I ever talk to people who're just going to neglect and treat me as if I'm air?" Harry shouted.

"Please Harry...I didn't mean for you to be treated that way..I'm so very sorry..." Lily sobbed.

"YOU'RE SORRY NOW? NOW I'M FINALLY MAKING A NAME FOR MYSELF, YOU WANT TO GET BACK INTO MY LIFE? WHAT? IS BEING THE MOTHER OF THE BOY WHO LIVED ISN'T EXCITING ENOUGH FOR YOU, YOU MAKE ME SICK!" Harry shouted with pure hatred.

"WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU? WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I WAS ALL ALONE, WHERE WERE YOU?" When Lily didn't answer him but broke down, it made Harry even more angrier, his eyes saw red when he saw James Potter appearing from the floo.

"Harry, nice game today, I've never thought you had it in you..." James said, completely oblivious to the fiery atmosphere in the room.

"Don't act all buddy buddy with me, we both know that you're an ignorant, childish bastard who only thinks about his own reputation." Harry sneered.

"Harry...what are you talking..." James didn't get to finish his sentence as he got chewed off by an extremely irate Harry.

"YOU KNOW FUCKING PERFECTLY WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! NOW THAT OUR UNFAMOUS SON IS A FAMOUS CELEBRITY, LET'S ACTUALLY TREAT HIM LIKE A HUMAN BEING!" Harry shouted sarcastically.

"Harry please...we're sorry.." James started wrapping an arm around his sobbing wife who had slumped to her knees, hoping to calm Harry down.

"SORRY? SORRY? YOU THINK A SIMPLE SORRY CAN FIX ALL THE THINGS YOU DID TO ME? I HATE YOU, WHY DON'T YOU BOTH DROP DOWN AND DIE?" Harry yelled out his frustration, his silver aura flashing dangerously around him. With that he turned away from his parents, who had sank to their knees, Lily was reduced to a mess while James just held her.

Feeling satisfied about finally yelling out years worth of frustration, Harry went up the stairs and arrived at his sister's room after walking through a corridor.

"Hawry...." Little Rosy chirped as she jumped from her bed into her brother's arms.

"Hawry, did mommy and daddy do not nice things to you again?" Rosy asked in her innocent sweet voice. Harry sighed as he looked down and saw the adorable face of his baby sister looking up at him, how could his temper not settle down after looking at a face that could brighten the whole world.

"Hawry..." Little Rosy chirped while holding out a copy of The Tales of Beedle the Bard. No words were needed as Harry took the book from his sister's small hands and flipped to her favorite story, The Three Brothers. Even though he had read that story millions of times, Rosy would often pick it for Harry to read; it had also been Harry's favorite story when he was a child, from it he deducted that he was a Peverall, for only a true Peverall can master the Elder Wand and gain its eternal allegiance.

The Wand maker Ollivander had told him that his wand had a rather long and bloody history, each previous owner killed, however, Harry can only deduct that it was the way of the Elder Wand to function as it does so that it could find its true owner. He was about to reminisce about the talk with Ollivander when he heard a slump. Harry smiled

gently as he saw his sister had fallen asleep, placing the book back on its shelf, Harry pulled the covers over Rosy's small frame and gave her a tender kiss on the forehead.

Then he just simply sat back down on his chair, crossed his legs and said to the sleeping girl, "Thank you Rosy, for being the only person who loves me back."

Meanwhile in the master bedroom, a very distressed mother cried softly onto her pillow, after Harry had left the living room, Lily had cried and cried for her baby to forgive her until her voice was raspy, James was faring no better simply holding her and offering what comfort he could give.

"Don't fret too much about it Lils, things are going to get worst before they get better." James said

"What if they don't?" Lily whispered. "Then we'll keep begging until they do." James said with a sigh. It was late when Harry portkeyed back to the England Camp, noticing that all his friends were sound asleep, Harry found his trunk and after changing into his nightclothes and entered his bed and placed a framed photo of him and Little Rosy on his shoulders, tugging his hair and laughing by his bedside table. Harry sighed, it would be some time before he could go home again.

Chapter 6: Champions of the World, Letters, Shopping in Diagon Alley

The entire British Wizard World was in shock as the weeks went by, England against all odds, finished first in their group, knocked out Italy in the first knockout round, the three time World champions, were stunned by a 790-350 score line. England then proceeded to defeat Spain in the Quarterfinals, who were the champions of the last World Cup and Ireland in the semi-finals in a heated derby. Critics and Quidditch pundits quickly changed their views on the current England side, labeling them as the best side since the team who won the Cup back in the 40's, however the team refused to celebrate just yet, there was simply no room for complacence.

Reporters were frustrated that the players refused to be interviewed, the training sessions were completely closed to the public.

Ray was adamant in making training a living hell for his players, pushing them beyond their limits, this was the crucial time of the tournament, the final, success or failure was all down to this match, especially as it was against the French. The French National Quidditch Team had the best chasers second only to England, Harry, Elan and Roger were intrigued as they watched the matches of the French chasers from memories projected from a pensieve an hour from the match held in Paris.

"They're good, but not as good as I predicted." Elan muttered. Roger and Harry nodded, it wouldn't be much of a challenge.

"They might not seem so now but wait until you get in the skies." Ray said with a serious face.

"Yes boss." The three chasers chorused and the team crowded around a Quaffle portkey, which would transport them to the stadium in Paris.

"Activate." Immediately, they were sucked into a vortex and were regurgitated into a tent obviously expanded by magic to house the players.

"Alright, here we go." Ray said as he straightened his tie and walked out of the tent, Harry smirked while he followed suit, already in his white Quidditch robes. The team was immediately greeted by the

cool night filled with loud screams and roars from fans who were struggling against men who were dressed in black suits, and sunglasses with communication ear pieces in their ears. The team waved to the fans while strolling towards the stadium, the bodyguards situating themselves in a row on both sides of the team, barring the fans off.

After entering the stadium, the team brought out their shrunken brooms and casted an engorgement charm on them, returning them back to their normal state.

"Alright lads, this is it, we're one step away, one step away from being world champions, from showing the world that England's era has begun. Go out and enjoy." Ray said animatedly.

The team nodded and positioned themselves at the tunnel entrance for their queue.

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the final of the Under 17 Quidditch World Cup, today we are blessed with a great match between two fantastic teams, both who had won all their games so far in this tournament- first the home side, France- Keeper: Bernard, Beaters: Petit and Martin, Chasers: Moreau, Durand and Dubois and Seeker: Richard." The French commentator bellowed. Loud cheers erupted in the French section as their team flew out of a tunnel near the top of the stadium wearing deep ocean blue robes. They did a lap around the stadium before steadyng themselves at their half of the pitch.

"I agree with my French counterpart that this will be one cracking match, now ladies and gentlemen, I give you, our finest English team since 1944, Keeper: Jones, Beaters: Jason and Jeremy Bale, Seeker: Diggory, Chasers: Davies! Malfoy! annndddddd POTTER! At the mentioning of their star chasers, the stadium was drowned with loud cheers and screams, mostly from the female fans. The screams and cheers furthermore intensified as the English team flew out of the tunnel and did their pre-match lap around the stadium.

The referee than signaled for the captains, Harry and Moreau to shake hands, then both teams got into position. In the top box, Draco Malfoy was cheering wildly for his elder brother and Harry, not caring that his father was face-smacking himself for his son's un-purebloodish way, Narcissa just smiled proudly as she saw Elan and

Harry's faces projected on a large magical screen, seeing Harry smile so happy warmed her heart, a child as special as Harry should have never been treated so poorly as he did.

"Where is my dear cousin, Elan told me that Harry did send tickets." Narcissa pondered and suddenly, like a summoning charm; Sirius Black was walking confidently towards her with a large Cheshire cat grin on his face, wearing a black Miu Miu suit.

"Hello dearest Cissy." Sirius said with a large grin on his face. Narcissa smiled back and hugged Sirius, who had been like a brother to her since their toddler days.

"I'm so glad you could make it tonight, Harry would be very happy to know that you're here for him." Narcissa said.

"Of course I came, my brilliant awesome godson's the best chaser of England since father's time." Sirius said proudly.

Lucius just rolled his eyes but smiled when he shook Sirius' hand, he was very sure that Sirius would have ended up in Slytherin House, as he was very famous for cracking devious jokes on unfortunate people; to say Lucius was surprised would be a very large understatement when Sirius was sorted in Gryffindor, however so, they still had mutual respect towards each other, especially after Narcissa was married to him.

"Where's Remus?" Narcissa asked, looking amidst all the people in the box.

"Umm, Moony couldn't make it tonight, Dumbledore sent him on a mission not long ago. I rarely see him these days" Sirius said sadly, shaking his head.

"Father, Mother, Uncle Siri, match's going to start now." Draco shouted animatedly, drawing a disapproving look from Lucius, a giggle from Narcissa and a wide smile from Sirius.

Indeed, the English team had finished talking about their game plan in a huddled circle on their brooms and was in position. The referee threw the Quaffle high into the air from the center of the pitch, instantly Harry caught the Quaffle and immediately sped full speed towards the French Hoops, dodging two French chasers, Harry

threw the Quaffle and the English fans roared with delight as they opened the scoring.

Instead of celebrating wildly, Harry retreated back to defense along with Elan and Roger, who immediately won back the Quaffle and after doing a quick one two with Elan, scored again. In another end in the top box, a silver haired blonde was watching a certain black haired youth who intercepted the Quaffle and flew at an astonishing speed towards the French Hoops.

Ever since that fateful encounter in the café several days ago, Fleur Delacour found herself thinking more and more about Harry Potter, even the smallest things that he did; such as the way he smiled that seem to say "I care", the soft tone of his voice when he spoke, and those gorgeous emerald eyes that could see through her.

All the boys Fleur had seen and met at Beauxbatons either just drooled at the sight of her or just stared at her well shaped chest, however, Harry had treated her like a normal woman- no- lady with total respect; something which she had never felt from anyone except her father. She couldn't help but feel drawn to him, he was just different in a very special way, her thoughts were lost as her hands covered her mouth in fear when she saw Harry narrowly dodge a bludger before passing the Quaffle to the blonde chaser.

Fleur also had to admit, Harry was as good as the press had said he was, again Fleur smiled, Harry didn't openly flaunt and boast about his skills, his humbleness impressed her greatly.

"He is very dashing, if I have to say so myself." Apolline said to her eldest daughter with a knowing smile, making Fleur blush slightly.

Gabrielle, meanwhile was cheering loudly for her idol and huge crush on her father's shoulder, behind her magically charmed binoculars; whilst her father tried to calm the little veela down with no avail. Meanwhile, in the air, Harry received the Quaffle from his keeper, and accelerated towards the French hoops, noting the positions of the beaters and the opposing chasers, Harry darted, feinted and flew passed all of the opposition players and chucked the Quaffle through the middle hoop, it flew passed the keeper's helpless arms, gasps could be heard as Harry nearly got slammed in the face by a roaring bludger which only whizzed past the side of his face.

The English fans were all crazy with delight as they watched the solo effort, the stadium was now filled with loud chants of, "HARRY! HARRY! HARRY! HARRY!" Harry just held out a number one gesture as he did a quick lap around the stadium. England soon controlled the match's tempo as they led by 400 points. Then after what seemed to be hours to the fanatic fans, the match ended with Cedric catching the snitch again, keeping his one hundred percent record in all their matches in the World Cup.

The magical screen showed Cedric being swarmed by robes of white as the whole team hugged each other tightly, they had finally done it, and they were now young champions of the world. Together as a team, England landed on the grass pitch dropped their brooms temporarily. Forming a line, they waited patiently for the French National Team who received their silver medals quickly.

Finally, with Ray in front leading, it was time for the English National team to receive their gold medals, surrounded by loud roars of cheering, the team made its way up to a small area where the U-17 Quidditch World Cup was gleaming brightly. After every member of the team had been donned with a gold medal and have shaken hands with the officials of the International Games Association, Elan and Roger pushed Harry towards the cup with massive grins on their faces.

The screams and cheering only become more deafening as Harry stood up on the small podium and accepted the cup from Jonas Davies, who was the Head of International Magical Games Association, Jonas gave Harry a manly hug and whispered his congratulations before moving away to congratulate his son, Harry raised the cup with both hands, immediately, white and red confetti littered down from the air, while fireworks of white and red filled the skies. The English supporters were now cheering with pure ecstasy. Harry sighed in relief as he looked at the golden cup above his head, it had been his most difficult professional match since the start of his career.

Slowly, Harry stepped down from the podium and descended down the stairs and stepped onto the pitch. Handing the trophy to Elan, Harry found the game Quaffle, which Daniel tossed to him with a knowing smirk, Harry then blindly threw it into the crowd.

Fleur was snapped from her thoughts when people around her were screeching insanely about a Quaffle. She looked up and her eyes widened as she saw a Quaffle flying towards her. Moans of displeasure and disappointment could be heard as Fleur caught it, with the Quaffle in her hands, she looked down and was shocked to see Harry smiling warmly towards her, the alluring green eyes met the mesmerizing blue for a moment. No words were needed as Harry gave her a nod of acknowledgement and smiled one last time before walking off towards his teammates.

A bright smile appeared on Fleur's face as she watched Harry walked off; he had remembered her.

"You're so lucky Fleur!" Gabrielle screamed, eying the Quaffle with awe. Fleur just smiled as she looked on, meanwhile Apolline just studied her daughter with an analyzing expression, she knew that look, it was the exact same look she had when she had first met Alain, her baby girl had fallen in love, whether she knew it or not.

After a quick shower, Harry came out of the dressing room with black jeans with a white t-shirt along with a black short sleeved dress shirt over it and his usual Dior sunglasses over his eyes. Soon he was sitting down on a chair behind a desk with his Ray sitting next to him. The coach had requested him to accompany him to the after match press conference, since he was the best player in the final and captain for England.

Harry stared emotionlessly behind his sunglasses as the cameras flashed annoyingly.

"Mr. Potter, Mr. Potter, from Daily Prophet, congratulations on winning the world cup, do you believe now that we might have a chance winning the Senior World Cup?" Ray looked at Harry who looked to have thought for a while then answered

"I'm not going to assert anything right now, we'll let our playing do the talking when the matches roll in."

"Mr. Potter, Mr. Potter, rumors has it that Quidditch heavyweights, Puddlemere United, Caerphilly Catapults and Vratsa Vultures all are competing for your signature, are those comments true?" Another reporter asked.

"Those are all fantastic teams with great history but they are only rumors, right now I'm only focusing totally on the upcoming World Cup Qualifiers." Harry replied.

"Mr. Potter, Mr. Potter, do you have any romantic interests of late?" A reporter shouted, making all the reporters in the room look on with anticipation.

"Mr. Potter is not here to answer questions about his personal life." Ray interjected quickly much the reporter's disdain.

"Mr. Potter, Mr. Potter, from what we have heard from Filius Flitwick, your head of house at Hogwarts: School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, you are quite the star pupil, having all Outstanding in all your final exams and class work, did your parents play a huge part in your childhood." A reporter asked.

Harry's knuckles instantly shook and all color was drained from it, leaving it bone white. Harry took several minutes to calm himself down and replied quietly, "Most of it was self study as my parents were often busy with my sibling." Silence then filled the conference room, this wasn't an answer that the reporters were expecting.

"Anymore questions?" Ray asked, noting the intense situation, when no one asked Harry stood up and promptly left the room with Ray not far behind him. The two portkeyed back to the England Camp, it was noisy with loud bantering of teenage boys.

"Harry, a word if I may?" Ray asked, Harry stopped in his tracks and nodded after taking off his sunglasses. Together, coach and player walked.

"You have extraordinary talent Harry, you still have many many more years ahead of you. I hope you won't lose what is most important to you...like me, as you step into the Quidditch World." With that Ray waved a hand in dismissal and walked off alone towards the coach tent.

Harry was in a pensive mood as he walked in, the entire team was celebrating wildly, Roger had his letter sent from Elena Turpin stolen by Elan and was chasing him all over the tent with a pillow in his hand, Cedric was playing exploding snap with the Bale brothers.

"Yo Harry." Harry smiled in thanks as his keeper Dan Jones threw him a bottle of butterbeer.

"This is it huh?" Dan said as he took a sip from his bottle.

"I guess so...it seemed so slow when we first came here, now we have to go back home tomorrow." Harry said sadly.

"Don't worry mate, we're gonna meet up very soon for the actual World Cup Qualifiers very soon." Jason Bale said cheerfully.

"And guess what? Coach Anderson's going to be our manager for the senior World Cup." His twin, Jeremy Bale said happily.

"Really?" Roger said, chasing Elan temporarily out of his thoughts.

"Yeah, the entire English Quidditch Association was literally begging him on their knees to take charge." Jeremy said.

"That's great, he's an awesome coach." Elan yelled.

Everyone was immediately excited by the news, "Picture, picture." Roger shouted, procuring a camera from his trunk.

"Remind me why you bring the oddest of things." Elan muttered and got elbowed hard in the ribs. The team locked arms around each other's shoulders, forming a line and FLASH!

"Wonderful!" Roger pranced as the photo came out immediately. He then waved his wand and made six duplicates and handed them out to the team.

The party by now had wind down a bit, "Yo itty bitty Harrikens, an owl just dropped a letter." Roger said, one hand holding an envelope while the other held more butterbeer.

"Really?" Harry asked without a care in a world, he suspected that it was another fan mail until Roger said, "Yeah, from a Fleur Delacour."

Immediately, his chaser instincts flared alive as he snatched the letter from Roger's hand faster than one can say Stupefy. Harry retreated to his bed, ignoring all the teasing from his teammates,

broke the seal of the envelope and took out a folded piece of parchment. It was written in neat French

Dear Harry Potter,

I'm not quite sure how to start this letter but congratulations on winning the World Cup you played very well, I was watching in the top box. Thanks for the Quaffle, Gabby was ecstatic and pouting on how lucky I was, she was begging me if she could take it to bed... Anyways, I know that this must be very difficult for you but I want to be your friend, PLEASE DON'T STOP READING...I want to know the real Harry Potter, not the brother of the Boy Who Lived. You are the first person to show me kindness and treat me like a normal woman besides my family, it must be a surprise to you but I am quarter veela. All girls and women hate me because they feel that I would steal their men away and men only look at me with lust. Only when I'm with you I can be myself..... sorry for ranting....I would understand if you want nothing to do with me...

Love,

Fleur Delacour

Harry read and re-read the letter, in his childhood, too many times had he been heartbroken when he met people who only wanted to use him to know his younger brother. It was the reason why he froze himself when in the presence of others, it was only with the help of Little Rosy, Uncle Sirius, Uncle Remus, Mr. and Mrs. Malfoy, Roger, Elan, Cedric that he slowly returned back to the boy who could smile.

Fleur's response had truly surprised him, she wanted to know the real him. Quickly taking out a quill, a bottle of ink and some parchment, Harry wrote his reply and used Elan's silver feathered owl, who hooted happily at the request of having something to do as it carried off the letter. Then Harry, exhausted from the day, fell asleep as he hit his bed not before giving the photo of Little Rosy who was on his shoulder one final glance.

The next morning was melancholy for Harry, after one final breakfast with his teammates and coach, he waved goodbye as the Bale brothers, and Dan Jones took the portkey back to America, they had mentioned that many English had emigrated there and that America was a more entertaining place than England. Harry sighed as they

disappeared in a whirl, even though it was merely an au revoir, he still felt sad.

"Alright I guess this is it then." Elan said quietly.

"Don't worry, we'll see each other soon at Diagon or at Hogwarts when term starts." Cedric said reassuringly.

"Yeah yeah, whatever just go already and snog Chang will you." Roger said, making Cedric go red with embarrassment in the face.

"Arsehole." Cedric muttered, before giving each of his friends a Hufflepuff handshake and activating his portkey.

"Take care, H" Elan said before portkeying away, Slytherins just do not do hugs, no matter how friendly.

"I'll see you real soon Harry. Remember to write us." Roger said with a grin before whirling into a vortex.

Harry took one last look before activating his portkey and disappeared into a vortex. He sighed as he appeared at the front door of Potter Manor, taking out his keys from his jean pocket, Harry unlocked the door and closed it behind him. Once in his home, Harry immediately went upstairs to his bedroom with his magically charmed sports bag slung over his shoulders.

Harry placed his sports bag on his bed and was suddenly pushed onto his bed. Before he realized what was going on, his baby sister was jumping up and down on his stomach.

"Yay...Hawrry is back." The four year old chirped.

"Hello, beautiful..." Harry said with a warm smile making Little Rosy giggled loudly.

"You wanna go to Diagon Alley?" Harry asked, Little Rosy immediately squealed with joy as she gave Harry several sloppy kisses on his face.

"Alright, lets go." Harry said with enthusiasm as Little Rosy jumped onto his back with a loud cheer. After casting a wandless shrinking charm on a heavy looking pouch and slipping it in his pocket, Harry

left his room but not before casting a powerful locking charm on the door. With Little Rosy situated comfortably on his shoulders, Harry walked down the stairs just as Eric Potter was walking up the stairs. Little Rosy immediately quiet down when she felt Harry stop.

"So, finally remember this home do you? Jealous spotlight stealing jerk!" Eric Potter sneered at his older brother. Harry just yawned and watched with immense amusement behind his sunglasses as Eric Potter's face became red with rage.

"Look who's talking, must be hard to feel that you're not on the front page anymore. Not that you've done anything to earn it." Harry sneered back.

"I'M THE BOY WHO LIVED, IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, YOU-KNOW-WHO WOULD STILL BE ALIVE!" The fat boy ranted angrily.

"Blah blah blah, like I give a damn, you can't even say his sodding name. Go sulk in your own miserable fantasy world, I actually have a life to live." Harry retorted, immediately Eric sputtered angrily, his face turning a deep purple. Harry then walked pass and out the front door.

"Sorry Rosy..." Harry started but was cut off by a childish giggle.

"Hawrry always good person." Little Rosy chirped as Harry waved his hand on the sidewalk, immediately a three deck purple bus pulled up out of thin air with a loud bang.

"Welcome onboard the Knight Bus, my name is Stan Shunpike and I'll be your conductor today." A skinny man in a purple uniform said.

Harry pulled out several sickles and handed it to the light brown haired conductor and said, "Diagon Alley."

Stan nodded and pulled out two tickets and handed them to Harry who stuffed it into his jeans pocket and climbed onto the bus.

"Careful Rosy, hold on tight." Harry warned as he placed both hands on a pole.

"Alright Ern, start her up Diagon Alley." Stan shouted and the bus shot off with a loud bang, making Rosy scream loudly with

excitement. Harry was struggling to keep his balance as he saw the bus compress itself between two double deck muggle buses. After a few more twists and turns and sudden stopping and starting Harry arrived at the Leaky Cauldron with legs of jelly.

Upon entering, Harry was greeted by an elderly old man with a hunchback.

"Hello Tom, how's business recently?" Harry said, taking off his sunglasses and stowing them inside his black denim jacket.

"It has been good, people have all enjoyed gathering here to watch the World Cup on our projector. Congratulations are needed I think" Tom said, forcing a butterbeer into Harry's hands.

Harry was about to say something but Tom just shook his head and said,"It's the least I can do Harry. No arguing."

Harry just thanked the man as he went out of the back of the Leaky Cauldron and pulling out his Elder Wand, tapped several bricks and Rosy looked on with o-shaped mouth as the bricks begin to twist and turn before revealing a clear passage.

Meanwhile in Paris, France, a pair of sapphire eyes opened, Fleur Delacour stretched on her bed like a cat before smiling widely at the Quidditch Quaffle that Harry had thrown towards her, it was placed intentionally so that it was the first thing she saw the first thing in the morning. Unwillingly, she got out of bed and donned on a silver silk short gown, her eyes widened when she saw a enveloped on her desk, on it was the name From: Harry Potter written in neat and fancy calligraphy. Immediately awake, Fleur broke the seal and hurriedly took out the piece of folded parchment.

Dear Ms. Delacour

It was indeed surprising to receive your mail, I hope you liked the Quaffle. Thanks for your congratulations, it meant very special to me, especially since it was from you. I am very happy that you want to be my friend, making friends has never been easy for me when I was younger, people only wanted to know me because I was the brother of an infant that survived a killing curse. Really Ms. Delacour, you didn't have to reveal your heritage, I don't think of you as a veela but a breath-taking, smart woman who cares greatly for her

sister. I believe that everyone should be treated with respect and fairly. It may come to you as strange but I am a good friend with several goblins, a werewolf godfather and a helper to a half giant. So whenever you're feeling down, I'll always be there for you.

Yours truly,

Harry Potter

P.S.- Say hello to Gabrielle for me, it really bugs me of how similar she is to my sister. Maybe you'll see her real soon.

As Fleur finished reading the letter, tears of happiness filled her eyes, she couldn't believe it, Harry had called her a breath-taking, smart and caring woman; from what she heard from Magical Britain, magical creatures were looked down upon. But again, Harry surprised her with his loyalty and ideas of equality. She couldn't explain it but her heart was pounding hard and she felt her room's temperature had risen significantly. Heading for a shower, her head was filled with the thoughts of the Quidditch superstar. Everyone at the table noticed the rare, huge happy smile on Fleur's face as she came down to the kitchen for breakfast.

"So, what has you smiling so widely this early?" Apolline asked, her blue eyes twinkling madly along with a knowing smirk on her face.

"Harry Potter replied my letter..." Fleur said.

"And?" Apolline pressed on, her daughter just handed her the letter and a smile grew on her face.

"Handsome and kind hearted...Gabby would be brokenhearted. Don't you think so Alain?" She teased and grinned when her eldest daughter begin to flush bright red, while her husband just grunted in response causing Apolline to scowl playfully.

"Stop being such a killjoy Alain, at least act like you're happy." Apolline said.

"But they aren't even dating yet. I really don't want to play the mean and protective father just yet." Alain groaned from his Quidditch magazine which, ironically had Harry charming smiling face on the cover, underneath were three words, Harry Potter, Exclusif. Fleur

was just stared off into space as she ate her breakfast, wondering what Harry was doing right now.

Harry smiled as he walked into Diagon Alley, the brick wall reconstructing itself behind him. Partway down Diagon Alley, near its intersection with Knockturn Alley, stands an imposing snow-white marble white building: Gringotts Wizarding Bank, Harry couldn't help staring with awe at the towering structure which dwarfed all the shops surrounding it.

It was still how he remembered it as Harry walked into the bank, he nodded respectfully at the goblin guard who was dressed in a uniform of scarlet and gold. Now with Little Rosy holding his hand much to her displeasure, Harry walked passed the entrance hall and another set of doors.

Then a vast marble hall with hundreds of goblins working rapidly at their counters awaited them. Little Rosy clung onto Harry's robes tightly as they walked across the hall, Harry saw his baby sister's scared reaction and chuckled; it seemed just like yesterday when he entered Gringotts holding onto Sirius and Remus' robes.

"Master Griphook, may your gold continue to flow." Harry said in Gobblegook, causing said goblin to fall from his chair with a startled cry, Harry again mentally thanked Lucius Malfoy for having the patience to teach him the Goblin language; Harry learnt that if a wizard could speak the goblin tongue, they would gain respect from the goblins and that it is worth more than all the gold in the world.

All the other goblins cracked smiles as they saw the wizard that even Ragnok, their director respected.

"Mr. Potter, may your gold flow as well. Now what do I owe this pleasure" Griphook said, returning back onto his chair.

"I wish to make a deposit." Harry said, sliding off his sunglasses and taking out the shrunken pouch, which he enlarged with his wand.

"Deposit for.... Twenty million galleons." Griphook wrote down, his narrow black eyes looking inquisitively at Harry, who was desperately trying to keep Little Rosy from running around the place.

"Wolfsbane Potion, Pepper Up Potions, Sleeping Draught, Nutrition Potions. The rest is from the Quidditch Team and commercials." Harry stated, making the goblin laugh.

"I didn't say anything." The goblin said to which just Harry rolled his eyes.

"Is there anything else?" Griphook asked.

"Isn't there a card which can allow a person to pay for a transaction without actually having gold in their pocket?" Harry asked.

"Ah yes, those have become very popular lately, please fill out this form and I will get it all set up for you." Griphook said pulling out a form along with a quill dipped in ink. After filling in all the necessary information and re-reading it several times much to Griphook's amusement; Harry handed the form in exchange for a blue credit card with his name suddenly etching itself in gold letters as well as a number code.

"This card will work in both the magical and muggle world." Griphook explained. "Now, I have to go deposit your gold to your vault....do you have anything else you need?"

Harry pondered for a while and then asked, "Master Griphook, do you know any decent places where I can buy a house?"

Griphook instantly froze and closely studied the green eyed wizard. "I might but you aren't planning to run away, are you?" the goblin asked.

"I wouldn't call it running away...besides after this year with my Ordinary Wizarding Level Examinations, I don't necessarily have to stay put with my parents. As you no doubt have heard from the Daily Prophet, I can take care of myself now." Harry said casually.

"I see, I shall owl several destinations, please contact me if any of those are to your liking." Griphook said, then goblin and wizard shook hands, much to the surprise of the recently employed goblins.

Harry chuckled lightly to himself when he heard Griphook mutter something along the lines of "That boy sure knows how to get quick

money..." to the other goblins as he climbed onboard the small cart which went deep underground.

"Hawry speaks weird." Little Rosy chirped as her brother lifted her back onto his shoulders.

"It's called Gobblegook, the goblin language." Harry replied with a chuckle as they returned back to the busy streets of Diagon Alley. He smiled when he saw Little Rosy with a pensive look on her face, she was just unbelievably cute whenever she did that.

"Ice Cream?" Harry asked as they neared Florean Fortescue's Ice Cream shop, he was rewarded with a tug of his dark locks.

"Lets go!" The little redhead shouted as if Harry was her stallion.

Many onlookers were smiling and giggling at the older brother with his baby sister on his shoulders.

"Awwh, isn't that the cutest thing you've ever seen?"

"I wish I had a brother like that!"

"Oh my god, that guy is so hot, and he's good with kids!"

Harry just shrunk and thanked himself for having his sunglasses with him as he neared the Ice Cream shop.

"Hello Harry, congratulations on winning the tournament, show the world we Brits aren't going down without a fight, now what flavor do you want today?" Florean said from behind the counter. "Mr. Fortescue, how on earth did you-" Harry started but was cut off by a warming laugh.

"I wouldn't forget my most loyal customer ever, I still remember when you were still a wee tiny little boy, barely able to see pass the counter. Now what flavor would you want to try today?" At this Harry just scowled lightly, when he was eleven, he was one of the shortest in his year when he arrived at Hogwarts for his first year. Many older girls would often cuddle him as a teddy bear due to his short stature and cute looking face. Sirius did nothing but boast with pride that his

godson was becoming an attracting babe magnet like him when Harry complained about all the women swarming at him.

"I'll take a strawberry cheese cake in a cup and a vanilla on a cone please." Harry held out his card. After the transaction was down, Harry was given a cone and a small cup, he then slowly went to an empty table outdoors and after settling Little Rosy down on her chair, handed her the vanilla ice cream cone which she squealed her thanks at.

Lifting his sunglasses to his messy black locks, Harry smiled truly at his little sister who was devouring her ice cream in the most unlady like way. He then grabbed a plastic spoon and started to eat his treat when suddenly loud girlish screams erupted in the alley.

"Look, its Harry Potter!"

"Quick, gimme a quill!"

"Oh my God, he's so sexy!"

"I want him now!"

"Do you think he will sign my panties?" Harry just groaned when he heard the screams, Little Rosy just giggled as she saw what was happening. Soon cameras were flashing dangerously at the superstar chaser who could do nothing but stay seated and smile, causing more screams erupt. After finishing their respective treats, Little Rosy resumed her place on her brother's shoulders and both became invisible after Harry casted a disillusionment charm on both of them.

Harry inwardly smirked when he heard the disappointing moans and cries.

"HeeHee, Hawrry has girlfriends." Little Rosy chirped teasingly.

"Oh no...not you too, I must have a word about this with Uncle Padfoot for influencing you with his perverseness ." Harry said with fake worry in his voice. The rest of the afternoon went by smoothly as Harry went into the Madam Malkins', the apothecary and Flourish and Blott's to get his school robe, potion ingredients and books. Harry grinned widely as he saw his face etched on many hair

products in a hair product store, he had signed several contracts with several companies who specializes in hair products right after the World Cup and he could tell that business was booming. Quality Quidditch Supplies was absolutely swamped, people were in long lines for the newest England replica robe, many fans were disappointed to hear that the Harry Potter name printing was all out of stock. Harry chuckled lightly, his bank account would certainly overload during the next few months, his contract with the English team had stated that anything with his name and face on it, 70% of the profits went to him.

Then with a napping Little Rosy on his back, Harry floored back home from the Leaky Cauldron just before dusk had come. With a sigh, Harry lumbered up the stairs with his little red headed angel on his back. Gentle as ever, Harry slid Little Rosy beneath her bed sheets and smiled warmly when she protested sleepily. Then, without making a sound, Harry closed the door behind him, only to find Lily Potter staring at him. Harry raised a questioning eyebrow.

"Explain, now." Lily Potter said, holding up an envelope with a broken G seal. Harry casually took out the parchment and his smile grew as he unfolded it and scans the first several sentences, Griphook had indeed outdid his expectations, there were several good housing locations in Kensington, Chelsea, Little Venice, Mayfair and Belgravia; all of which were millionaire locations.

"Harry...please don't tell me you're planning to run away." Lily said, tears starting to mass in her eyes.

"I have to move one day or another, better for you, there's going to be one less worthy person in the manor. And what's it to you? You should be jumping with joy." Harry said with no emotions whatsoever.

"Harry please, don't do this... we won't be that way anymore, please... stay with us. Give us a chance, your father and I want do what we didn't as your parents all those years ago." Lily pleaded.

"You don't get it do you? You've lost that chance years ago. Now that I'm making a name for myself, I don't need to rely on you anymore. Funny since that you were never here for me to rely on." Harry said calmly, not even bothering shouting anymore; he wasn't a child anymore.

Then without bothering to hear what Lily was going to say next, Harry walked down the corridor and disappeared behind his door. Harry leant on his door, suddenly he felt very exhausted, placing the envelope that Griphook had sent him on his desk when he noticed another letter already there. He shrugged then fell onto his bed after tossing his black denim jacket to his chair, drifting to sleep. He couldn't wait until he was back at Hogwarts again.

Chapter 7: Fifth Year, The Fraud, Bad Feeling

First of September came quickly, as usual, Harry climbed out of bed just as the sun began to rise and did his routine jog in a nearby park and 100 sit ups and push ups. Sweat matted his hair as he walked back to the manor, he then quickly went into shower and came out wearing a white tank top which fitted his muscular body perfectly and his favorite black colored jeans.

He was drying his hair with a towel as he walked into his room and it suddenly hit him that there was another letter on his desk. As he took the envelope in his hands, Harry smiled, seeing it was from Fleur Delacour. He had been unhappy that his rights were violated last night when Lily Potter opened his letter from Gringotts but was too tired to start an argument so he just left it alone. The first thing he did after waking up was re-charging the privacy wards and locking ward around his door, he figured that it must have weakened during the time he was absent. He then slowly flipped the folded parchment open, reading the neatly written French

Dear Harry, (Please call me Fleur, I want you to)

Thank you for accepting my friendship, it has never been easy for me to make a friend... ever since my veela powers manifested, all my female friends pushed me away because they were afraid that I might steal their boyfriends. Besides Gabby, I have no other person I can relate things to that. So you can't possibly believe how happy I was when you said you didn't care about my heritage and would be here to listen to what I have to say. Thank you Harry, no one has ever said that to me. I can't believe school's starting so soon, I really hate having to put on my mask in public, but what can I do? I hope you have a great school year.

Love,

Fleur Delacour

P.S. – Please don't forget me, promise you'll write, it gets lonely when you don't have anyone to talk to

Harry smiled as he finished reading the letter, he could smell the seducing light fragrance of Chanel perfume wafting from the piece of parchment. He was stunned when he spotted a photograph behind

the parchment, his blood froze when he saw it. Fleur had her silver blonde hair in a bun and was in a ballerina outfit which greatly showed off her perfect curves, Harry's nose nearly bled out when he saw Fleur grab the front of her ankle and pulled back, bringing her foot near her head, demonstrating her incredible flexibility. She then smiled dazzlingly at the camera, if she knew how Harry would react and did an elegant spin, finishing with standing on her left foot, her right was perpendicular to it while she had her arms spread out wide.

Placing the photograph down, Harry was in a confused state, not that he didn't like what Fleur had shown him but why. He just shrugged it off as he assumed that she wanted to show him her passion for ballet and went off to put his new bought books into his trunk, along with his potions ingredients and several sets of robes and uniforms.

He then shrunk his trunk with a wave of his hand and stowed it in his pocket, he pocketed Fleur's photo in his other pocket. As he was walking out the room, a squawk made him stop at the door. Turning around, Harry saw a silver feathered owl standing on his windowsill with an envelope in its beak. Harry walked over and took the envelope, tossing an owl treat which the owl gobbled with glee. Breaking the seal and unfolding the parchment, Harry's eyes narrowed as he read the letter.

Dear Mr. Potter

It is with great pleasure that you have been selected to become prefect for Ravenclaw house, you along with another newly selected prefect will hold the responsibility of keeping our students safe and from harm.

From,

Minerva McGonagall

Deputy Headmistress of Hogwarts: School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

A prefect badge fell out of the envelope as Harry tilted the envelope, he just groaned, "That's great, hallway babysitter. I knew I shouldn't make fun of Percy Weasley, now karma has just bitten me in the arse" He thought as he stuffed the badge into his pocket. Then he

walked out of his room, down the stairs and into the kitchen where his parents and siblings were already seated.

Lily Potter was staring disapprovingly when she saw her eldest son wearing nothing but a white tank top and black jeans. "Harry throw something on, I'll not have you walking like that in King's Cross." She snapped. Harry just rolled his eyes and with a wave of his hand, a thin black leather jacket flew towards him from his room and he pulled it on, ignoring the shock looks on his parents' faces when he did wandless magic and the jealous look from his brother. Little Rosy was just clapping loudly with her small hands, as if it happened all the time, Harry offered her a small smile.

He grabbed a box of cereal and poured some into a bowl and after pouring some milk from the refrigerator; he devoured it without saying a word.

"So Harry, fifth year eh? How're you doing in your classes, ready for your O.W.L.S?" James asked, trying to start a conversation. Harry just simply scooped the last of his cereal into his mouth and with another wave of his hand, the bowl became glistening clean.

"Are you deaf? Dad's asking you a question!" Eric shouted but shrunk when Harry sent him a glare that was worse than Snape's.

"Ask Professor Flitwick if you want to know." Harry said coolly.

"Think you're all high and mighty now that you can fly on a broom? You spotlight stealing arsehole!" Eric Potter shouted.

"MIND YOUR LANGUAGE, I'LL NOT HAVE YOU TALK TO HARRY IN THAT TONE!" Lily Potter yelled, making her son widen his eyes in disbelief.

"How ironic. Coming from someone who can't stand leaving the ground." Harry muttered with a mirthless smirk and left the table.

Soon, the Potter Family drove to King's Cross, Harry staring emotionlessly out the window from behind his sunglasses. As the car stopped, Harry stepped out the car with Rosy's hand firmly in his and went towards Platform 9 and $\frac{3}{4}$ ignoring his parents who were fussing over with Eric. Harry smirked as he heard his little sister

squealing loudly as they ran together pass the barrier, brother and sister then found themselves on the busy platform.

Keeping a low profile, Harry quickly found Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy in their usual location, far away from all the other families. His eyes widened behind his shades as he saw Sirius and a shabby looking Remus Lupin standing next to the Malfoys.

"SIRIUS, MOONY!" Harry shouted as he sprinted with Rosy towards the two people who were always there when his own parents were not.

"Arrgh Pup, careful, you're no longer that small little boy." Sirius said with a dog like laugh as Harry crushed him in a hug.

"Yes and Padfoot isn't exactly a young lad anymore." Lupin said jokingly.

"Hey! Women still love me." Sirius retorted getting a swat in the head by Narcissa.

"Ow...you've been taking lessons from Andy then dear Cissy?" Sirius joked and was rewarded with a kick to the shin.

"Yep, definitely, Harry you were fantastic in the final. I couldn't believe what I saw, Moony and I are very proud of you. Excuse us for a minute, Cissy, Lucius...Harry listen, I have something for you." Sirius said leading Harry and Rosy away a bit and pulled out a cage which Lupin had held in his arms, Harry gasped, in the cage was the most beautiful, proud looking Red-tail Hawk Harry had ever seen.

"Beautiful isn't she?" Sirius remarked, smiling at Harry's awed face. Harry could only nod, as the majestic bird suddenly locked its fierce brown eyes with him.

"Hello young one" Harry gasped when he heard the voice,

"I'm not imagining things am I?"

"Of course not, my hatchling, do you think I'm just a simple bird?"

"No, I didn't mean that...but what are you exactly?"

"I was a red tailed hawk one time, roaming the skies like any of my species, one day I was shot by an arrow by hunters...I thought I was going to die when I smelt a forest fire coming my way but suddenly the undead one appeared, I was healed by his tears of pureness and it in a way gave me the abilities of the undead one." Harry watched as the hawk's wings began to turn into orange flames.

"I am honored to be your companion." Harry said through the connection.

"Likewise hatchling."

"But what shall I call you?" Harry asked, the hawk just stared at him, as if giving permission for him the decision. "How bout Rina?" Harry asked out loud, the hawk squawked loudly with approval.

"I take it that you two are acquainted." Sirius said grinning with Lupin.

"She's perfect Sirius, thank you so much." Harry said giving his godfather a bear hug. Rosy was now staring blankly at Harry's new companion, and squealed when Rina nipped her fingers playfully. Then the Hogwart's Express gave a low whistle and Sirius then ushered Harry to the nearest entrance after Narcissa had given him his ritual hug and Lucius with his handshake.

Rosy sulked as she held on the hand of Narcissa, watching her eldest brother sprinting onto the train, she hated it when Harry wasn't around her to play with her or to read stories at night.

"Don't worry Rosaline, it won't be long until you start your first year." Narcissa said warmly,

"I know, I know Auntie Cissy." The little four year old chirped, still looking down.

"I can't believe our little pup is so big now." Sirius said, his eyes moist.

"I know exactly how you're feeling Padfoot. He's a man now." Lupin said tiredly as he watched the train move away from the platform. On board, Harry quickly scurried into the front compartment where he knew where his friends were sitting in, passing many gasps and mad giggling that caused goose bumps to rise on his skin. He

quickly slid the compartment door open and was greeted by a crushing three man hug,

"How're you doing Potter, who's your friend?" Elan asked he sat down at his window seat, nodding to Rina.

"Good, this is my companion Rina. She's a phoenix red tailed hawk hybrid. See you all in a bit, prefect business." Roger and Elan's eyes widened in wonder as they gawked at the hawk who just glared back, making them gulp.

"Do I have hearing issues or did Harrikens just say he had prefect business?" Roger asked Elan who was suddenly in shock. Harry went into the prefect compartment and inwardly groaned when he felt all eyes on him.

"Potter, I see you received your prefect badge." Elena Turpin remarked, already in her school robes with a prefect badge next to the Ravenclaw House badge.

"If by prefect you mean hall way babysitter then yea." Harry muttered and took a seat next to his fellow Ravenclaw. The meeting went by quickly as Harry spaced out the entire time the Head Boy and Head Girl talked about rules and nighttime patrol, he had no idea why McGonagall would pick him as prefect of all people.

After an agonizing patrol of the train's corridors with many female students harassing him for autographs, he successfully made it to his compartment in one piece. Roger and Elan were playing wizard's chess as he walked in and both smirked at him.

"Have you guys been to Diagon? Quality Quidditch Supplies was absolutely swamped." Harry asked.

"Of course, we're champions, of course everyone's going to want to buy a replica robe." Elan said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"Yeah, I can't believe Harry and Cddy here are the most popular with the babes." Roger whined.

"Awh, looks like someone needs a hug." Harry said comfortingly.

"Bloody Arse." Roger muttered but still smiled.

"Luckily father warded our particular compartment on the train so that it would only allow the four of us and my brat of a brother in. Or we'll be swamped" Elan explained.

"That's amazing, I have to remember to thank your father. And speaking of Ced, where is that manwhore?" Harry asked.

"Went out to see Chang couple minutes ago, probably snogging the brains out of each other." Elan snorted, who was reading the sports section of the Daily Prophet. Harry just shook his head as he took out his copy of Advanced Dueling Techniques: Non Verbal Casting by Antonin Dolohov, a well-known Death Eater who was now locked up in Azkaban. The book was particularly difficult to find, Sirius had told him that he had to go deep into Knockturn Alley to acquire it, an experience which he didn't wish to go through very soon.

Harry couldn't help but admire the man who wrote the book he was so grossly entranced to, sure Dolohov was a Death Eater but he was also a master duelist, charms master and an ingenious spell creator, on par with Bellatrix, who had been the dark lord's favorite. He was particularly interested when he read the line "the light is foolish, they only think of stunning and disarming their opponents, such intent reflects on their spells and thus they will never be a match against one who aims to harm and kill." Sirius had told him once that even though Dolohov was a Death Eater, he was to be respected in a duel since he single handedly killed the Prewett brothers in the first war between Voldemort and the rest of the magical world.

Noticing the compartment door opening, Harry close the book and saw a glass eyed Cedric walk in. with lip shape marks in red lipstick on his face. The three froze for a minute then broke down in uncontrolled laughter, in Roger's case, he had dropped to the floor.

After several failure attempts to stop their laughter, the three finally had their laughter controlled, much to Cedric's embarrassment.

"I take it that it has been a rewarding endeavor." Harry mused.

"Shut it, Potter...as I recall, you were mind-shagging the day lights out of that French girl that other night." Cedric said, hoping to relieve

some of the spotlight, Roger and Elan turned to Harry and immediately let out cat calls and wolf howls which Harry ignored, however that didn't stop the three from ganging up and teasing him. Harry just shrugged and went on reading.

"Oh I heard that your savior of a brother never made it on the train, overheard some second years." Cedric added in a much serious tone.

"I could care less, if he doesn't come then thank God." Harry said in an uncaring voice.

"Oh congrats on making prefect by the way. Have fun doing nighttime patrols with Turpin." Cedric added with a grin on his face. Harry just rolled his eyes as the rest of the train trip went by quickly. The train lurched to a halt as it rolled onto Hogsmeade Station, the four Quidditch superstars quickly filed out from their compartment in their respective school robes and quickly went into one of the carriages which pulled them slowly to Hogwarts castle. Relieved that they were the first of many to arrive at the Great Hall, they took their seats at their house tables.

Very soon, students filed into the Great Hall, the noise level became excruciating. Harry breathed with relief as Cho Chang took the seat next to him, Roger on the other hand also let out a sigh of contentment when Elena Turpin took the seat that sandwiched him. Both were grateful that they were surrounded by friends instead of rabid fan girls.

Harry smirked when he saw Elan yanking a protesting Draco into sitting next to him. Then as always, the sorting started. Harry didn't pay much attention except when a dirty blonde girl with a dreamy expression named Luna Lovegood was sorted into Ravenclaw. The girl was definitely odd, with a bottle cap necklace around her neck.

As he scanned around the Great Hall, he saw Hermione waving wildly at him. Which he returned with a wave of his own causing all the girls at the Gryffindor table to glare daggers at the resident human library, ever since that troll incident, she had been like a sister, which he cared greatly about.

Dumbledore then stood up and gave his monotonous opening term speech, which Harry ignored. When the headmaster introduced the

new Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher, Harry and Roger both sniggered. Posing haughtily was one Gilderoy Lockhart, or as the four Quidditch players like to address 'Goldylocks'. Sirius and Lupin had told Harry before school term that Lockhart was nothing more than a narcissistic fraud with an ego as large as Eric Potter, who took the credit for the accomplishments of others, they would know since they went to school in the same era. Harry was reduced to tears with laughter when he heard that Lockhart had the lowest grade in Slytherin's history. How could people not notice the low life was a fraud was something that intrigued Harry to no end. Just by reading the first sentence of his books, he knew that Defense this year would be a load of rubbish just like last year.

"Here I was, thinking that at least we'll learn something in Defense this year, is that too much to ask?" Cho sighed; the Ravenclaws of all houses had been most quiet during the introduction of Lockhart.

"Well, its not like we need it anyways. Hogwart's is a pretty secure place." Marietta Edgecombe, Cho's best friend said.

Then the doors of the Great Hall swung wide open, Harry smirked when he saw a sneering Snape leading a pompous Eric Potter into the Great Hall, Snape looked like he had been forced to down an entire barrel of boil skele-grow. The entire Great Hall was filled with deathly silence until Dumbledore enunciated in a loud voice for everyone to dig in.

The mutterings then started as voices gradually became louder. Harry piled his plate with a rib-eye steak and mash potatoes and began to eat very delicately, he was less than impressed when he again saw the poor table manners standards set by his brother and his friend Ronald Weasley as he glanced around the Great Hall, the Gryffindors around them trying their best to ignore the two who looked like they haven't eaten in weeks.

"So Harry, I heard that you won't be re-joining the Ravenclaw Team this year." Cho asked, being a Quidditch Fanatic. Harry nodded and smirked when she pouted.

"Sorry but World Cup Qualifiers are more important, we're going to set a new age record. And besides, players playing on professional teams are prohibited in joining the house teams." Harry explained. Roger nodded sagely at his explanation.

"What the hell? Now who's going to replace you two?" Cho groaned in frustration. Harry just smiled and shrugged. Soon chocolate pudding was served and finished, Dumbledore then stood up from the teacher's table and bade all students farewell.

As always, the Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs rushed out of the Great Hall, pushing and shoving each other to see who would get out first while the Ravenclaws and Slytherins watched with amusement. Then the Ravenclaws filed out, with Harry grumbling whilst he led a group of chattering and giggling first years up to Ravenclaw Tower. He allowed Elena to fill them out, only piping in when they arrived at the portrait entrance. Fan girls then swarmed him as he entered the common room, quills and parchment shoved into his hands. Harry, being the man he was, made sure every witch or young wizard who wanted an autograph got one.

With a resigned yawn, Harry was heading to bed when he saw the small form of Professor Flitwick entering the common room.

"Harry, the headmaster would like a word with you." The tiny charms master squeaked. Harry narrowed his eyes but didn't say anything as he nodded and followed his head of house out the open portrait.

"I watched you fly from the Leaky Cauldron, I have no doubt you will lead England onto glory the coming World Cup." Flitwick squeaked happily.

"All thanks to you Professor." Harry murmured as professor and student walked to the Headmaster's office.

"The Headmaster wishes to see you alone." Flitwick squeaked with a sigh as Harry stepped onto the staircase, suddenly a burst of flames erupted out of nowhere and a regal looking red tail hawk was suddenly on Harry's shoulders. "My feelings tell me that I should be here. I'm not taking any chances, even with mental shields as strong as yours." Rina said through their link.

"Professor, meet my familiar, Rina." Flitwick was just stunned, his star pupil's familiar was a new species, he gave a short bow while Rina simply gave a calculating glare.

"Nothing ever is ever ordinary for you isn't it, Harry?" Flitwick chuckled. "Sherbet Lemon." With that the staircase began to shift upwards.

Dumbledore was still in a pensive mood when Harry walked in, he immediately felt the boy's aura leaking out of him. It was strange, Eric Potter was still average in terms of his magical core, the leader of the light was certain that the potential of the boy who lived should have manifested already.

"You wished to see me Headmaster?" Harry's lips curled into a sneer, he had always thought that Dumbledore was a good person when he was younger but it turned out that he was only another Emperor Palpatine, a two faced manipulative bastard.

"Ah, Harry my boy, it has been some time since we last conversed, has it not? Your parents have told me earlier when I went to pick up your brother that you are planning to move away. It is in your best interest to not do so." Dumbledore said in his grandfatherly voice.

"Let me make this clear headmaster, I am not your boy. And who are you to tell me what to do? Unlike my parents and 'almighty' brother, I am not your personal lap dog one you can call on for your personal entertainment." Harry said, placing his hands on the headmaster's desk, staring straight into those falsely warm twinkling blue eyes and instantly he felt a probe trying to shatter his mind barriers.

At that moment, Rina appeared, screeching in her phoenix form; Dumbledore cried out in pain as he felt a new force combining with Harry's drove him out and not too gently.

Harry just smiled at his flaming companion, "I think I could have handled him on my own just fine love."

"I know hatchling." Rina responded and changed back into her hawk form as she perched on Harry's shoulder and sang a musical note.

"I see that we are done here then sir?" Harry sneered at the old man who was trying to stand up after being crudely exorcised from Harry's mind. "Nice to see you again Fawkes." Harry bowed his head at the phoenix who was looking amused at the entire

confrontation and inclined his head. Harry then swept his robes as he turned around and left the office.

As he walked alone back towards Ravenclaw Tower he stopped when he suddenly heard a weird voice hissing "Blood....I smell fresh blood.....kill.....I must kill..."

"Hatchling, something dark is lurking behind these walls, head back to your common room IMMEDIATELY!" Rina screeched hurriedly through their mental link. He smacked his face, he really had a bad feeling about his following nine months at Hogwarts

Chapter Eight: Personal Demons, Friendship, Dueling Club

"So weak. So pathetic" A voice whispered. "I'M NOT WEAK!" Harry shouted at the emptiness around him, desperately trying to locate the voice. His eyes widened in shock as he saw himself out of the darkness, the other Harry was wearing robes of pure black and eyes red as blood.

Suddenly Harry felt himself pull down towards the darkness, both him and counterpart fell onto what seem to be a living room. He saw the date on a calendar, it was to be his seventh birthday.

"Eric, honey! There you are." Harry froze as he saw his mother pass right through him, he saw as she picked up his two year old brother and left the room, not noticing a five year old Harry sniffling behind the armchair. Instantly familiar feelings of loneliness and worthlessness immediately came back. Harry had always thought his mother had the most loving smile on the planet, but he couldn't recall the last time she smiled at him anymore, she didn't love him anymore.

Slowly, tears that had been kept inside began to slid down his face like rain after a long drought. No matter how much he wanted to hate his family and Dumbledore, a small part of him still craved for their approval and attention. He wanted to be loved, to be worthy in their eyes.

"Pathetic....so pathetic." A weeping Harry Potter looked up and saw his counterpart leaning against the wall, his face an emotionless void.

"After all this, you still crave for their affection? Don't you remember how they treated you? You were more powerful than Merlin and Le Fay combined yet they lavished all their care on that undeserving filthy squib who shouldn't even be given air to breathe" Red eyed Harry sneered.

"You're wrong, I don't crave their affection." Harry said, wiping his tears.

"You really think you can lie to me? When I am a part of you?" Dark Harry cackled. "Don't deny it, you wish everyday that she might smile at you the same way she smiles at that irksome brat. But that

will never happen....because she doesn't love you anymore. They're all USING you. No one LOVES you."

Harry was now clutching his head, as his knees gave to the floor "SHUT UP! SHUT UP!" He screamed with agony.

"Can you feel it, closing in on you...O, I can" The red eyed Harry whispered before flashing a malicious grin as he began to walk towards his screaming host.

"Harry...Harry" Harry opened his eyes and saw a concerned Roger looking at him.

"What..." Harry spluttered.

"You were talking and screaming in your sleep. You feeling okay mate?" Roger explained.

"Fine, just a dream." Harry muttered, wiping the cold sweat away from his forehead. Roger nodded and slowly went back to his bed.

Harry clamped his eyes tightly as he laid back onto his pillow, behind the seemingly perfection, handsome face and all the glamorous tittles of: Best Student of the year, Dueling Champion of Hogwarts, Quidditch Captain for the England youth team, Ravenclaw Prefect, was still that little boy who felt he was worthless and unloved.

Slowly and uneasily, Harry drifted back to sleep puzzled and surprisingly with fear, his dark counterpart hadn't appeared in years, what made this year an exception?(One guess of what 'Dark' Harry actually is) Could it be related to the mysterious hissing voice he heard not long ago.

A few days later Roger, Elan and Cedric could tell that something was up with Harry, for one, he didn't talk much, his tan skin was incredibly pale and was acting just like the way he did in first year, isolating himself from everyone, while Harry was not the most sociable person at times, he rarely acted this way anymore.

"Harry, HARRY!" Cedric shouted as he caught up with the lone Ravenclaw with Roger and Elan close behind him.

"WHAT?" Harry snapped angrily, and pulled his robe tighter to him in discomfort. Cedric was surprised at the ferocity, Harry was normally a calm guy.

"Just wanted to talk to you...you alright?"

"I'm fine." With that Harry turned away and walked towards his first period class. He sneered when he saw the resident fraud Lockhart, swaggering slowly from his office, why did he even bother showing up for Defense class, he would never know.

He blanked out as Lockhart boasted about his stolen achievements and his books,

"Are you alright hatchling?" A melodic voice sang.

"Rina? What are you talking about?"

"Hatchling, you can never lie to me, for we are bonded companions, please talk to me. What is it that makes you suffer so?"

"I'm afraid..."

"Of what?"

"That I'll remain alone in the dark for the rest of my life." Harry said, remembering the nightmare, standing all alone in the dark. Sure he had his friends but they'll part ways eventually, even his anchor, Little Rosy would drift apart from him as she got older, she'll have her own friends, it was cruel but reality for Harry has never been a fairy tale with happily ever after endings.

"Oh hatchling, I will forever and always be by your side." The hawk phoenix hybrid sang.

"And I'm grateful." Harry said truthfully through their mental link. Harry then turned to look at the clock and saw that class was about to end. He felt disgusted when Lockhart had tried to suck up to him, telling him that he would gladly give out pointers on Quidditch to him if he wanted. He just glowered at the fraud who didn't seem to notice his annoyance.

As soon as they were dismissed, Harry immediately strolled towards the outdoors, ignoring the concerned looks on his gang's faces, Rina appeared with a burst of flames, singing a melodious note as she perched on her bonded companion's shoulder who was staring vacantly at the Black Lake.

"You should really talk to them, they are very worried for you." Rina sang.

"They'll never understand..." Harry whispered to his familiar.

"I'm sure they will, you're not alone hatchling, and you'll never be....rely on them for strength, don't keep anything inside." Harry didn't say anything but stared straight at the Black Lake.

Hermione Granger was walking to the Great Hall when she saw a small figure in clearing just at the edge of the Black Lake. Her curiosity got the best of her as she neared the figure, and gasped when she saw a flaming red tailed hawk perching on the student's shoulder, singing reassuringly. Whirling around, the entrancing emerald green eyes of Harry Potter locked on to her chocolate brown ones.

He smiled forcefully and said, "Hello Hermione. How is second year going on for you?"

"It's alright but you have no idea how frustrating it is when the professors always compare me and the standards you've set up." Hermione said with a grin, taking a seat next to Harry on the soft grass. Harry just smiled but didn't say anything.

Noting her curious expression, Harry said, "This is my bonded companion, Rina."

"This is my friend, Hermione." He then said through their mental link. Harry was actually surprised when Hermione actually touched Rina's flaming wing and he chuckled lightly when he saw her awed expression that her hand was unscathed. After many questions, Hermione was still staring at Rina with absolute awe. "I think you have a fan." Harry chuckled through their link, which caused Rina to peck at his ear

"Are you feeling alright Harry?" Hermione asked.

"Am I that transparent?" Harry said sarcastically, but then remembered what Rina had said before and swallowed his urge to lash out at the girl.

Hermione just nodded and in a gentler tone asked "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, just had an unpleasant dream." Harry responded quickly, hoping the younger girl would drop the issue.

But she didn't, in fact she pressed on, grabbing his hand and said, "Tell me."

Harry didn't know why but felt he could trust her, Hermione had always reminded him of his sister, curious and kind hearted. With that he spilled everything, from his childhood neglect, because his brother was savior of the wizard world, he was always alone all the way to his recent nightmare. When he finished, Harry looked away, realizing that he had just spilled everything that he didn't want anyone to know.

However Hermione surprised him by wrapping her arms around him, giving him heat, "It's okay...I know how you feel." She whispered. Harry just looked at her with puzzlement. "My parents were dentists....Harry don't laugh, it's a well respected profession." Hermione said with playful frown noting Harry's rising smirk. "Anyways, with their profession, they never had time for me and I have always had trouble with making friends so that's why I dedicated myself towards books..." Hermione said sadly before brightening up and said, "But you changed that, you made me feel that I'm not alone in this world." Harry looked dumbfounded as the younger girl planted a kiss on his cheek and walked off with a hop in her steps.

"See what I mean? You're not alone hatchling. You have others around you." Rina sang soothingly. With renewed strength, Harry sat up from the grass and walked back into the castle, his fears no longer troubling him. Rina disappeared in a burst of flames as soon as he neared the Great Hall to his dismay but it was only after she had nuzzled his nose and nipped his ear. For a long time, Harry had never felt such relief as he walked into the busy Great Hall, he settled down next to Cho who gave him a quick sisterly hug.

Sometimes actions spoke better than words, which was exactly what Harry needed right now. She then passed him a note which,

Harry,

Meet us at the Quidditch Pitch after lunch IMMEDIATELY

Roger, Cedric, Elan

Harry then whispered his thanks and left the Great Hall, upon arriving at the empty Quidditch pitch, he was surprised when a furious Quaffle slammed into him.

"Oof" Harry was caught off guard by the force of the Quaffle and landed on the grass in a heap. Harry groaned but then saw an outstretched hand, looking up, he saw Cedric with a loyal and friendly smile. Harry took the hand and was soon on his feet, "Bloody hell, could have given me a heads up." Harry said, massaging his right shoulder.

Then suddenly, Roger and Elan swooped down on their brooms, both were in their respective House Quidditch Robes. Realizing what he needed to do, Harry said with his head down, "Look, I'm sorry for biting your heads off and being an arse, I was just..."

"We understand Harry, you don't need to apologize, we're your friends and nothing will ever break that. Friends help and rely on each other." Cedric said like the true Hufflepuff that he was.

"You don't have to go on alone." Roger said.

"Father and Mother treat you like one of their own, Draco and I see you as a brother, we're here for you." Elan said for once with total seriousness.

"Guys..." Harry could only say before Roger threw him his Nimbus 2000.

"I hope you're not rusty already." Roger said before kicking off into the air. With a wide grin, Harry threw off his robe and undid his tie before kicking off. Soon they quickly grabbed the attention of students who quickly came onto the pitch, ignoring the calls of the professors.

The resident Quidditch Superstars were playing 2 on 2, Elan and Cedric playing against Harry and Roger. The cheering was especially loud whenever Harry got the Quaffle, he was captain of the U-17 English Team after all.

The match ended when McGonagall shouted for the students to return to class with a Sonorus charm. Although everyone could hear the disappointment in her voice, little did people know but McGonagall was probably the biggest Quidditch Fanatic in all of Hogwarts.

"Great game...all win streak here we go." Elan said animatedly, walking back to the castle with his three friends behind him. Harry just smiled, playing in the actual World Cup really made him look forward to the future. The days went by, slowly with the presence of Rina, his friends and letters from Sirius and Lupin, the little boy who was alone and afraid in Harry slowly faded away.

Speaking of letters, Harry had received another letter from Fleur and that was when he realized that he never wrote her back. With a sigh, he grabbed a piece of parchment and began to write. "Rina, can you deliver this to Fleur Delacour in Beauxbatons Academy of Magic in France? I would use a normal owl but the trips too draining plus they can't teleport." Rina just sang a musical note and allowed her companion to tie the envelope to her talon and with a burst of flames, she disappeared. The weather surrounding Hogwarts began to drop as winter came. Harry was having a tough time staying awake in Professor Binns' History of Magic class even with all the coffee that he drank to stay awake. Binns had this droning voice, which immediately causes a person to feel immense and unexplainable fatigue. Harry lazily looked around and saw that no one else besides him was actively listening and taking notes about a war between goblins and wizards, Roger's incessant snoring didn't help either.

"I don't know how you do it Harry but how can you not fall asleep in Binns' class?" Roger yawned as they exited the ghost professor's classroom. Harry didn't say anything but grinned, he was well known at Hogwarts for being the only student to not doze off in Professor Binns' class, which itself was considered to be a monumental achievement.

Meanwhile, in Beauxbatons Academy of Magic, Fleur Delacour had her ice princess mask on, as all the girls around her gave her disgusted glares. Fleur sighed as she brushed a strand of silver blonde hair behind her ear, she wished everyday that she could just be an ordinary girl, she would willingly give up all her beauty in exchange for being ordinary.

She often thought about the one man who had treated her normally, who didn't drool and act stupidly in front of her. Ever since sending that letter and photo to him, she never got a response back which saddened her greatly. She knew she shouldn't have sent that photo, what would he think of her when he saw it? Would he still want to be her friend after that? She wouldn't be surprised if a man as kind and loving as Harry already had a girlfriend. Fleur was wallowing in her sadness, not noting her favorite bouillabaisse in front of her when suddenly, a burst of flames appeared, startling many students. The teachers of Beauxbatons were amazed as the flames took shape and soon a phoenix screeched loudly.

Fleur was speechless as it flew near her and she shut her eyes as it landed on her shoulder, preparing to be burnt, however, she found herself feeling very warm, as if nothing could make her sad. She opened her sapphire blue eyes and saw the phoenix's burgundy red eyes staring into hers as if assessing her. It was then when Fleur realized that there was an envelope strung to its talons, untying it, the phoenix sang a musical note to her, and disappeared in a burst of flames, looking down at the envelope she gasped when she saw the neat calligraphy of the name Harry Potter; at that moment Fleur suddenly felt as if she were the happiest young woman on the planet, Harry had written her back. Ignoring the glares and loud whisperings, Fleur broke the seal of the envelope and fished out the parchment,

Dear Fleur

As you can imagine, I hope you're not shocked by Rina's entrance, she does have a tendency of making grand entrances. Don't worry, she's perfectly harmless, I'm terribly sorry for not returning your last letter, due to a personal problem, I was incapable of focusing on pretty much everything, much less write a letter but it was only a minor inconvenience. How are you doing? Ignore those ignorant idiots, you shouldn't be upset because of them; they aren't worth it. You have an interest in ballet then? You look nice in a ballerina outfit Tell me

more about your school, what's your favorite class? I hope the food is way better than what we have at Hogwarts.

Sincerely yours,

Harry

P.S.- Be proud of who you are!

Fleur's unhappy day suddenly became all the brighter as she read the letter, when she was finished, she had a wide smile on her face. She didn't know how a few words of encouragement could make her feel so warm but it was exactly how she felt. Fleur could sense him near when she read his postscript it was as if he were there, sitting right next to her.

Her day further brightened when she took out a photograph of Harry, he was standing in the Quidditch Stadium with a towering castle situated not far away; clear blue skies with cotton candy clouds . He had a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up and several buttons unbuttoned at the top with skinny long black pants. His hair was still how she loved it, black and messy, with a pompadour style. In his right hand, he held his Nimbus 2000, he did nothing but tilt his head slightly and flashed her the smile she loved most. It was that same smile that seem to say, "I care about you." She couldn't help but laugh when she saw the fine calligraphy at the back of the photo,

Err....I don't know ballet, this is the first time I actually did something like this so....I just decided to stand with my broom. Um...hope you like it.

Fleur, from that day onward was never affected by the cold demeanors of her classmates, knowing that Harry was always there subconsciously, giving her the strength to go on. The next few days at Hogwarts was unexpected for Harry, he had to stop Draco and his brother from starting a brawl when Draco had taunted Ronald Weasley about their 'infamous' financial situation.

Another thing that happened was that the cat of public enemy number one, Argus Filch was mysteriously petrified, again with Eric Potter at the scene of the incident. Harry at that moment knew that terrible things would happen this year when he saw the words

written in blood on the walls, The Chamber of Secrets has been opened. Enemies of the Heir, Beware.

"Enemies of the heir beware, that means you all mudbloods." Theodore Nott sneered with his two lumbering troll like bodyguards, Crabbe and Goyle behind him. Hermione, who had coincidentally been standing next to Harry when they witnessed the incident, gripped his arm tightly. Harry didn't know what to do but place a hesitant arm around the pale girl's shoulders and walked her back to the entrance of the common room.

"Don't worry too much about it Hermione." Harry said soothingly to the younger girl.

"But I'm A MUGGLE BORN!" Hermione was now shaking. Harry placed both hands on her shoulders, forcing her to make eye contact with him,

"I'll never let anything happen to you. Promise." Harry said, holding out a pinky. When Hermione didn't respond at first, Harry felt ridiculous but smiled when she giggled and she crossed his pinky with her own. She had been there in his difficult moment, listening to his problems, now it was his turn to help her.

After sending a more cheerful Hermione into the Gryffindor Common Room, Harry immediately went to the library and with Madam Pince's expertise with books, began to read everything he could regarding to Salazar Slytherin. He had a gut feeling that the re-emergence of his nightmares with dark Harry and the re-opening of the Chamber of Secrets was connected, but how? Harry didn't return to Ravenclaw Tower until eleven p.m, with Rina perched at his bedside desk singing softly, Harry quickly fell into the realm of Morpheus. For the first time in his life, Harry Potter had a truly dreamless sleep.

Next day it was obvious that everyone in the castle has been affected in one way or another by the re-opening of the Chamber of Secrets and hearing about a potential monster lurking within it did nothing to calm the students down. After a few days, a student was found petrified, a young Gryffindor named Colin Creevey who had been trying to visit Eric Potter in the hospital wing who was sent there by Draco for harassing some Slytherins. Speaking of his

brother, Harry had to resist strangling him when he caught him bullying Luna Lovegood the other day.

Harry was walking from Transfiguration, they had began learning animal transfiguration and was walking to Charms when he saw a dirty blonde haired Ravenclaw with her book bag on the floor. Harry's blood boiled as he saw his fat arse of a brother calling her names, he quickly strolled over.

"Mr. Potter, detention with Professor Snape for bullying a student." Harry shouted, causing Eric Potter to protest, "Loony here deserved it."

"Make that double detention with Professor Snape." Harry barked. "Now get lost." Eric Potter and his sidekick Ronald Weasley quickly scurried away muttering under the Ravenclaw prefect's furious glare.

"Are you alright Ms. Lovegood?" Harry asked as he picked up the girl's book bag and offered a hand to her, which she took and with relative ease, Harry pulled the wide eyed girl back on her feet.

"What's your next class?" he asked softly.

"Potions." Luna said, pink tinges forming on her cheeks, she couldn't believe it, she was talking to the most desired wizard in Hogwarts and probably all of Britain. Harry just nodded and with an arm wrapped around her shoulder, causing her blush to darken and led her to the dungeons, oblivious that many witches were glaring daggers and growling with jealousy at Luna. As they arrived at the dungeons, Harry bade her farewell and quickly strolled back to Charm's class. Luna had a bigger dreamy smile on her face, at least now there was someone who cared for her.

Harry snorted when he heard that a Dueling Club had been put together during lunch one day. "Are people actually naïve to believe that a monster is capable of dueling? If so, they're more delusional than I thought" Harry snorted as he ate his pudding.

Meanwhile on the teacher's table, Dumbledore was staring intensely at a certain messy hair Ravenclaw prefect. "Severus did you know Harry Potter has mastered Occlumency as well as Legilimency?"

Snape gave a start at the sudden question and nodded. Dumbledore was livid, "You knew all this time?"

"Ever since he first walked into my classroom, I have known." Snape said without a care in the world, inside he was secretly enjoying the fact that he had pissed off the great leader of the light.

"I must keep a closer eye on him, he must not fall to the dark side." Dumbledore thought to himself, a wizard as powerful as Harry with knowledge of mind magic and wandless spell casting must not turn out the way Tom Riddle did. After lunch had ended, Harry went to his afternoon classes, which consisted of Arithmancy, Charms and his favorite, Double Potions.

After dinner, Dumbledore waved his wand and the tables of the Great Hall were pushed to a corner in a stack, leaving the Great Hall spacious as a long dueling stage rose from the floor.

"Who do you think will teach us?" Cho asked as they neared the stage.

"I hope its Flitwick, he's a dueling champion, if there's anyone who knows about dueling its gotta be him." Cedric said in a hopeful tone.

"I wish." Harry muttered loudly when Lockhart in all of his pompousness, swaggered onto the stage making Roger and Elan groan and fake puking noises.

Lockhart waved an arm in silence, "Gather around, gather around! Can everyone see me? Can you all hear me? Excellent! Now, Professor Dumbledore has granted me permission to start this little dueling club, to train you all up in case you ever need to defend yourselves as I myself have done on countless occasions - for full details, see my published works." Lockhart then unfastened his cloak and threw it into the crowd, causing his female fans to gasp as they tried to catch it.

Harry grinned when he saw Elan placed the back of his hand to his forehead and pretended to faint like a fan girl, only to be caught by a grinning Anna Zabini. She looked at him with an amused smile as Elan grinned up at her. Anna tried not to laugh and smacked him on his forehead before pushing him upright again. "That hurt." Elan said,

oblivious to the sniggering students around him, Anna just rolled her eyes.

Harry smirked then turned his attention back to the stage. "Let me introduce my assistant, Professor Snape." Said Lockhart, with another dramatic wave with his arm.

As quiet as a ghost, Snape walked smoothly up to the stage with his usual sneer on his face. He looked like he rather be kissing a troll, than standing on stage. "I'm so going to enjoy this. I feel sorry for Goldilocks" Elan whispered to Harry, Harry nodded affirmatively; he looked forward to what jinx the creator of his favorite Sectemsempra curse would cast.

"Now I don't want any of you youngsters to worry. You'll still have your Potions Master when I've finished with him. Never fear." Lockhart proclaimed loudly. Both snapped their wands up, then down and bowed before taking ten steps back and turning around. "One - two - three -" Lockhart said with a smug smile. Both of them pointed their wands at their opponent; with a wave of his wand too quick for the raw eye to see Snape cried: "Expelliarmus!" There was a flash of red light and Lockhart was blasted off his feet and landed on the end of the platform.

The Slytherins and many other houses cheered, mostly boys. "Do you think he's all right?" Hermione squealed worriedly, from her place next to Harry.

"Who cares?" Elan, Roger and Cedric chorused grinned widely as Lockhart got unsteadily to his feet.

Lockhart walked back to his previous position an embarrassed smile on his face, "An excellent idea to show them that, Professor Snape, but if you don't mind my saying so, it was very obvious what you were about to do. If I had wanted to stop you it would have been only too easy-

Snape interrupted in a silky voice, "Perhaps it would be prudent if you first teach the students to block unfriendly spells." He looked like he was near to casting a Cruciatus. Lockhart didn't even notice the killing gaze Snape was having on his face as he stopped and turned around, "An excellent suggestion professor Snape. Let's have a

round of people come up. Ah Potter, Weasley how about you give it a try."

Harry couldn't help but snigger when he saw his brother and his lap dog swaggering up to the stage. Many people started talking and whispering excitedly.

"Weasley's wand causes devastating effects, he'll be sending Potter to the hospital wing in a matchbox..." Snape sneered and said Weasel's ears turned red as he fidgeted his scotch taped wand.

"How did it break anyways." Cho asked no one in particular.

"Oh, it broke when Dumbledore apparated them into Hogsmeade station. I overheard them complaining about it." Hermione said with a roll of her eyes.

"Wow, very suave." Cho said with a matching grin

"Might I suggest someone from my own house? Draco, perhaps?" Snape said and immediately Draco climbed onto the dueling platform as if his life depended on it.

The students in the Great Hall watched as Draco floor The Boy Who Lived with a well placed tickling charm. Harry gave a thumbs up at Draco who merely rolled his eyes at the one sidedness of the duel.

Harry was impressed when Draco had managed to cast Serpensortia. Many shrieks and cries of fear could be heard as a Black Mamba shot out of Draco's dragon heartstring wand. Eric Potter froze entirely as the snake slithered towards him, it was a secret but Eric Potter's greatest fear was always snakes.

Harry grinned at Snape who looked like Christmas had arrived early, "Don't worry Potter, I'll get it for you." Snape said lazily but was cut off by Lockhart who pompously said,

"Allow me Professor" and with a wave of his wand incanted, "Alarte Ascendare" The entire Great Hall watched as the snake was thrown into the air before landing back on the floor with a thump. From what he had learned from Biology in muggle school, Harry could tell the Black Mamba was now agitated with rage as it arched its neck.

"Filthy two legs, making me lose my meal, what is this place." Harry suddenly heard a voice hissing. Then suddenly it hit him, the familiar hissing noises, immediately Harry remembered the strange hissing noises he had the other night when he had been walking back to Ravenclaw Tower.

Now he was a step closer to solving the identity of the monster in the hidden chamber, it was a snake who could petrify.

"Vipera Evansca" Snape incanted and a golden beam of light shot out of his wand and hit the snake causing it to disappear with a crack. Everyone couldn't help but snigger at Eric Potter, who seemed like he was going to piss in his pants if the snake had disappeared seconds later.

Then Harry slipped out of the Great Hall stealthily; not noticing a bushy haired bookworm had seen him. Harry arrived at the library and immediately asked Madam Pince for books related to reptiles that can petrify. As he hauled the books to a desk, he noticed Hermione sitting at a desk waving wildly at him, even though it was just the two of them in the library.

"What are you doing here?" Harry asked sitting in an empty chair across from her, with a raised brow.

"I could ask the same." Hermione said smugly.

"Just some light reading. The Dueling club will only worsen my skills." Harry replied, opening a textbook, with diagrams of many mythical animals.

"Full of yourself much?" Hermione piped.

"No, it's a fact. Look, if you want to make yourself useful, start looking through one of these books and help me locate a snake that can petrify." Harry said, thrusting her two giant textbooks. After much silence and inhuman speed of reading, Harry was startled by a loud "AHA." Harry couldn't help but chuckle at Hermione's expression, it looked so much like Little Rosy when they played "Where is Wally?" back in Potter manor.

"What?" Hermione said cutely,

"Nothing. What have you got?" Harry said clearing his throat loudly.

"Here, the Basilisk" Hermione said moving to the seat next to Harry with the book. Harry had a bad feeling as he read the page, "Of the many fearsome beasts and monsters that roam our land, there is none more curious or more deadly than the Basilisk, known also as the King of Serpents. This snake, which may reach gigantic size, and live many hundreds of years, is born from a chicken's egg, hatched beneath a toad. Its methods of killing are most wondrous, for aside from its deadly and venomous fangs, the Basilisk has a murderous stare, and all who are fixed with the beam of its eye shall suffer instant death. Spiders flee before the Basilisk, for it is their mortal enemy, and the Basilisk flees only from the crowing of the rooster, which is fatal to it." Next to it was a detailed picture of an enormous snake with dark green colored scales and large yellow eyes.

"Fifty Feet in length." Harry said with true fear in his voice, he knew it would be bad but this was far worst than he could have ever imagined. Suddenly a burst of flames appeared on table, wings of flames took shape as Rina sang, "We'll defeat it. We'll find a way....together" Harry chuckled at how she stressed the last word.

Opening his personal notepad, he began to jot down notes on the now known monster in the chamber when Hermione started, "How does a snake that big go around the school."

Instantly, the hissing noise behind the walls gave Harry the clue as he said "Pipes." Hermione's eyes widened in surprise and revelation, then Madam Pince ushered them out of the Library, as it was time for the Library to close. After accompanying the second year Gryffindor back to her dormitory, Harry did his prefect patrol with Rina on his shoulder as a precaution. Harry breathed in relief as he finally made it back to Ravenclaw Tower, he had not encountered the Basilisk during his patrol. Harry went to bed with one question nagging his mind, where was the entrance to the Chamber?

Chapter 9: Visions, Chamber of Secrets, King Of Serpents

Harry was standing at behind edge of the entrance of what seemed like a bathroom, "Open." A voice hissed, Harry gasped, there was someone else who knew Parseltongue. He couldn't make out the identity of the mysterious figure who had a hood up but judging by size, it was someone in first or second year. Immediately a loud clunking sound echoed the bathroom, Harry watched on with fascination as the tap glowed a brilliant white and began to spin, the sink sunk downwards and out of sight. The figure than leapt down and disappeared.

"Ready?" Harry asked, looking at his trembling brother next to him. "You know, you might want to go back to bed. It's not going to be pretty down there, knowing what's in there." Harry said.

"Ginny's missing, she's my best mate's sister, I have to do this." Eric Potter squeaked, desperately trying to put up a brave front.

"Okay, but don't say I didn't warn you." Harry said and held out an arm, Rina appearing with a burst of flames. The two of them slowly crept towards the where the hooded figure had disappeared and saw the large pipe that led the way to infinite darkness was exposed. Harry gagged, the stench was horrible, a mixture of dead carcass and decomposition.

"What are you doing?" Eric Potter asked with fear as his brother raised his wand in at his face. Suddenly he saw a bubble forming around his head.

"If you rather breathe in that stench by all means." Harry said with a shrug before casting a bubblehead charm around his own head, then before Eric could say anything Harry jumped downwards with a loud "Woo Hoo." Harry casted a cushioning charm as soon as he fell out of the pipe and was glad that he hadn't landed on the pile of what seem to be a carpet of bones of all sorts of different creatures.

Harry then twisted in his bed as the scene changed before him.

"What the hell?" Harry exclaimed as he felt his brother tugging the back of his sleeve. Eric Potter was now close to pissing in his pants as he pointed towards what seemed to be recently shed snake skin on the floor. "Why are you so surprised? Basilisks can grow up to

sixty feet in length." Harry said with a frown and went on deeper in the cave like tunnel, he was already scared enough already. He could feel it, a familiar presence, but where? The tunnel leads to a solid wall, carved with two entwined serpents with emeralds for eyes.

"Open" Harry hissed. The eyes of the snakes gleamed as they slowly untwined and the solid wall opened, they open into a long, dim corridor, lined with monumental statues of snakes, including two towering stone pillars with more carved serpents that brace the ceiling. A colossal statue of Salazar Slytherin, looking ancient and monkey-like, is at the centre.

Before Harry could do anything, Eric Potter dashed pass him, "That stupid Gryffindor." Harry muttered angrily before whipping his wand to light up the dark chamber.

Scene Changing

"Oh Fuck." Harry said, noting the size of the snake that was coming out. It was enormous, over sixty feet in length and six foot wide with dark green scales with what Harry was sure, deadly yellow eyes. "Attack."

Harry immediately shot up from bed, panting and gasping for breath, it had to be a vision, complimentary of his precognitive dreaming ability. Rina sang a note with concern at her perch next to Harry's bed. His previous dreams were all distorted, all jumbled up with no clear purposes at all. But ever since Christmas, his dreams were becoming clearer, more detailed. This dream in particular, as if he were really there, immediately.

"I believe we know the hideout of this monstrosity now." Rina sang.

"I believe so too. I recognize that bathroom, it's the one with Moaning Myrtle haunting it...now all that remains is who? And why is my brother there with me?" Harry said in their link, clearly confused, as far as he knew it, they've been at each other's throats ever since that night the Dark Lord paid his visit.

"I do not know either hatchling but if that is how it happened, it must be. His fate is connected to ours." Rina sung as she flew off her perch and landed in front of Harry and gently nuzzled his cheek with her beak. Harry didn't like it but if it was how he dreamt it would

happen, there was no way he could change it. Harry glanced at his clock, it was only five in the morning. Instead of falling back to sleep, Harry changed into his school robes and with Rina walked out of the dormitory. He began finalizing plans on how to defeat the Basilisk, being a true Ravenclaw that he is, he had even stayed at Hogwarts over Christmas, despite the protests of Sirius and Lupin; there was no way in hell Harry would have told them that he was preparing himself for a sixty foot death staring Basilisk. The skin of a Basilisk most likely has magical protection like most Occamy and magical snakes. Normal spells most likely won't harm it, and Harry didn't know if he had the intent as Dolohov stated in his Advanced Dueling Technique book to cast the killing curse. Also there was the death stare, literally.

"How can I defeat something that I can't even face."

"You have me, hatchling." Rina said through their mental link.

"But-

"Your concern is noted Hatchling but you forget what I am, the stare cannot kill me." Rina said, gently nibbling her companion's thought as he stared out the window of Ravenclaw Tower. It was frustrating, Dumbledore and the staff aren't taking any decisive action, placing their trust on a fraud. He had learnt from Elena Turpin that a Hufflepuff was petrified as well as the Gryffindor Ghost, Nearly Headless Nick

"How many more until it finally uses its death glare?" He thought. He then fished out his Dueling books, which Lucius and Sirius had sent him for Christmas and began looking for spells that might helpful against a sixty feet abomination, even if Rina did blind the beast, it still has its superb sense of smell and hearing not to mention, its poisonous bite. Rina disappeared in a burst of flames as the students began to wake up and file down to the Great Hall, all were shocked when they saw U-17 England Quidditch Captain Harry Potter sitting on the sofas with stacks of books beside him, reading furiously.

"Wow Harry, what's with all the sudden cramming? I don't think we have any upcoming quizzes do we?" Roger asked, scratching his head. Harry didn't answer but smile cheerfully as he pounded the books into his bag as the two walked down towards breakfast.

"Hopefully not my last breakfast." Harry thought as he cut his sausages before placing them in his mouth. Meanwhile Eric Potter was fidgeting slightly, he kept on thinking about the other day in Dueling Club when he clearly heard the snake that Malfoy had summoned. But how had that happened, being able to speak snake tongue was a trait of dark wizards, he had seen his brother's expression that other day, he only glanced once but it was enough to see the shock on his face; it had to be a genetic trait. He was unusually quiet with the food around him, what would people say if they found out that their savior could speak snake tongue. Harry took no notice in his classes that day, knowing what was just around the corner; it made him want to throw up, it wasn't everyday a person has a destined encounter with a sixty feet snake. The only thing that kept him focused on the task ahead was Rina's comforting song, which she sang through their link.

He was about to head to the library to read more about spells since it was free period after lunch when he saw more people crowding around a corridor. Going into Prefect mood, he shoved pass the mass of people, "Prefect, prefect. Move aside, NOW!" He shouted, Harry's eyes grew wide with fear as he spotted the bushy hair on the floor.

"Please no, please not her." Harry thought desperately as he shoved the onlookers aside. There she was, her face frozen with shock, clutching a mirror with one hand was Hermione Granger. "Hermione, no, Hermione...please wake up, wake up." Harry said desperately as he placed a finger on her wrist, he was relieved to feel a pulse. Somehow, the bushy haired witch had grown in his heart and became as close to him as Little Rosy was, ignoring all the whispers and staring, Harry lifted Hermione bridal style and quickly ran to the Hospital wing,

"Madam Pomfrey!" He called for the matron who quickly burst out of her office.

"Harry what is it?" Poppy Pomfrey asked and one look at Hermione's frozen body answered her question.

"This way." She said and guided Harry to a bed, gently, he placed her stiff body on the bed.

"Harry, I'm afraid you have to go now, you have classes to attend to. There's nothing you can do...until the Mandrake Drought is completed." Madam Pomfrey said softly, noting the tears forming at the Ravenclaw Prefect's eyes.

"I have free period right now, I'll just stay by." Harry murmured as he took one of Hermione's small hands in one of his large Quidditch battered ones. Madam Pomfrey felt her heart go out to the black haired wizard as she watched him weep, muttering while holding her hand in his in a distance. News soon spread out, Cho and Elena all gave Harry hugs, they had become fast friends with the residential bookworm. All afternoon, all Harry could think of was the Chamber and the Basilisk that lurked within, he would make sure that it pay for what it did to Hermione. Harry was shocked when he overheard some older years saying that Hagrid and Dumbledore had been carted off to Azkaban by Nott Senior and The Minister, after checking one last time that his wand was securely strapped in its holster, Harry set off towards Myrtle's bathroom.

He couldn't tell his friends, handling a Basilisk was just too dangerous. "Hermione's already been petrified, I'm not going to let them follow me into this madness." Harry thought as he neared the bathroom.

"What are you doing here." Harry quickly spun around with his wand quickly drawn, and in dueling position. His eyes narrowed when he saw his brother oddly enough he was alone without his Weasley lap dog.

"It doesn't concern you." Harry said, lowering his wand slightly but still gripping it tightly.

"You understood what the snake Malfoy conjured was saying didn't you?" Eric stated, it didn't sound like him at all, to be all polite and civilized; it amazed Harry. Not knowing what to do, Harry nodded, no words were needed here, both of them knew Parsel-Tongue.

"Someone's coming." Harry hissed and with a wave of his wand too fast for the human eye to see, casted a disillusionment charm on himself and Eric. Shutting his eyes and hoping that his brother would do anything brash like ambushing the hooded figure, he waited. He sighed in relief when he saw that Eric hadn't moved a step.

"Open" a voice hissed.

"Here we go." Harry thought, it was happening exactly like the dream. Immediately a loud clunking sound echoed the bathroom, Harry watched on as the tap glowed a brilliant white and began to spin, the sink sunk downwards and out of sight. He looked over at his brother who was shaking in fear,

"Goddamn it, isn't he suppose to be bravest?" Harry thought. . "You know, you might want to go back to bed. It's not going to be pretty down there, knowing what's in there." Harry said quietly.

As in the dream, Eric Potter squeaked, "Ginny's missing, she's my best mate's sister, I have to do this."

"Okay, but don't say I didn't warn you." Harry said and held out an arm, Rina appearing with a burst of flames.

"My familiar." Harry added quickly, noting his brother's o-shaped mouth. The two of them slowly crept towards the where the hooded figure had disappeared and saw the large pipe that led the way to infinite darkness was exposed. The stench was more unbearable than it was in his dream, he quickly casted a bubble head charm on his brother and himself. "Last chance to back out." Harry said but Eric just shook his head stubbornly. Harry shrugged his shoulders and jumped down towards the impending doom. He couldn't help but enjoy himself as he slid down, it was like a giant slide.

As soon as he flew out at the end, Harry casted a cushioning charm and was glad that he didn't land face down onto a carpet of animal bones, his brother was not so lucky as he flew out with a loud scream. Harry just shook his head and with a wave of his wand incanted, "Lumos." Behind him, Eric Potter did the same thing as they went deeper into the lair of the serpent.

"What the hell?" Harry exclaimed as he felt his brother tugging the back of his sleeve. Eric Potter was now close to pissing in his pants as he pointed towards what seemed to be recently shed snake skin on the floor. "Why are you so surprised? Basilisks can grow up to sixty feet in length." Harry said with a frown and went on deeper in the cave like tunnel, his heart was literally in his mouth. At last he arrived at the tunnel leads to a solid wall, carved with two entwined

serpents with emeralds for eyes.

"Open" He hissed in Parseltongue, the eyes of the snakes gleamed as they slowly untwined and the solid wall opened, they open into a long, dim corridor, lined with monumental statues of snakes, including two towering stone pillars with more carved serpents that brace the ceiling. A colossal statue of Salazar Slytherin, looking ancient and monkey-like, is at the centre, it was exactly how his dream had played out.

"Ginny!" Eric Potter rushed pass his brother towards a motionless figure lying on the floor not too far from Salazar's statue.

"That stupid Gryffindor." Harry growled as he ran, lighting up the torch holders as he sprinted.

"Ginny, please don't be dead." Eric Potter sobbed.

"Her hands are cold. Please wake up." He exclaimed. Harry meanwhile was walking closer to Salazar Slytherin's statue, he was one hundred percent sure that the king of serpents was inside, waiting to be commanded by its heir. Speaking of Slytherin's heir, Harry was stumped, Ginny Weasley couldn't have been the heir and there was no one else. Salazar Slytherin had done well in designing his chamber, it was the darkest, dankest and most depressing place Harry had ever seen in his life.

"She won't wake," said a soft voice. Harry immediately directed his wand at a tall figure leaning against the nearest pillar. Harry's eyes narrowed as soon as the figured near them, it was a tall, black haired boy.

"Tom – Tom Riddle?" Eric Potter stammered. Riddle nodded, not taking his eyes off Eric's face. Riddle, that name struck a chord in Harry's mind, the wizard that was awarded with Special Services to the school nearly fifty years ago, something was very wrong with that picture.

"What d'you mean, she won't wake?" Eric said desperately.

"She's not-she's not-?" "She's still alive," said Riddle. "But only just."

Meanwhile, in Harry's Ravenclaw mind, there was nothing but numerous possibilities and calculations going on. How could Tom Riddle, a student who attended Hogwarts fifty years ago keep his appearance of a sixteen year old, and why did the feeling he got off from Riddle feel so familiar?

"Be careful around this one, he does not feel quite normal to me." Rina said through their link as she gazed at the tall Slytherin boy.

"Are you a ghost?" Eric said uncertainly.

"A memory, preserved in a diary for fifty years." Riddle said quietly. With that he pointed at a little black diary on the floor near the statue's giant toes, Harry saw as Eric's eyes widened with recognition; he would have to ask him about that later.

Then Harry found Riddle's gaze fall on him, Harry thought he saw a flash of surprise appear on the Slytherin's face. "Who are you?" Riddle asked uneasily.

"Potter, Harry Potter. I don't recall knowing a Noble House of Riddle." Harry said, he had a bad feeling in his gut.

Riddle immediately balled his fists, this confirmed his suspicions, Salazar Slytherin's heir wasn't a pureblood. "Quite ironic." He mused.

"Harry, this isn't time for throwing smart arse insults, give me a hand with Ginny." Eric shouted to him, quickly remembering what was at stake, Harry went over and helped his brother with the red head's dead weight. As Harry hoisted Ginny off the floor, Eric bent down to pick up his wand. But it had disappeared.

"Did you see-?" He looked up. Riddle was still watching him-twirling his wand between his long fingers.

"Thanks," said Eric, stretching out his hand for it. A smile curled the corners of Riddle's mouth. He continued to stare at Eric and Harry, twirling the wand idly.

"Expelliarmus." Harry incanted but his eyes narrowed when the disarming spell went right through Riddle.

"Interesting, if I can't hit you... Accio Eric Potter's Wand."

"Protego." Riddle hissed as the shield blocked the summoning charm. "Now onto business, Harry, Eric," said Riddle, still smiling broadly. "Twice in your pass, in my future, we have met—" "Met, I don't think so." Eric said causing Riddle to laugh, it was cold and high pitched. Harry immediately cringed, he heard that laugh before, last year and the night Voldemort attacked, "This can't be," he thought.

But his fears were confirmed when Riddle drew the words TOM MARVOLO RIDDLE IN THE AIR and with a wave of Eric's wand, the words reformed themselves into I AM LORD VOLDEMORT.

"You see?" he whispered. "Thanks to dear Ginny Weasley here, I've learnt all about the-boy-who-lived. But where was I, yes- it was a name I was already using at Hogwarts, to my most intimate friends only, of course." He then turned to Harry. "You think I was going to use my filthy Muggle father's name for ever? I, in whose veins runs the blood of Salazar Slytherin himself, through my mother's side? I, keep the name of a foul, common Muggle, who abandoned me even before I was born, just because he found out his wife was a witch? No, I fashioned myself a new name, a name I knew wizards across the world would one day fear to speak, when I had become the greatest sorcerer in the world!"

Then before Harry could throw another spell, Riddle hissed loudly, "Speak to me, Slytherin, greatest of the Hogwarts Four" Harry gulped,

"This is it. The dream can't help me anymore." He thought. Slytherin's gigantic stone face was moving. He could only stand with true terror as Slytherin's mouth opened wider and wider, to make a huge black hole. And something was stirring inside the statue's mouth. Something was slithering up from its depth.

"Hatchling, it is time." Rina sang as Harry allowed her to fly off his shoulder.

"Now, Harry, Eric, I'm going to teach you both a little lesson. We shall match the powers of Lord Voldemort, heir of Salazar Slytherin, against the Harry and Eric Potter. Something huge hit the stone floor of the chamber, Harry and Eric turned their heads away, they could feel it, the giant serpent uncoiling itself from Slytherin's mouth.

"Kill Them" Riddle hissed

"Oh Fuck" Harry muttered before whipping the Elder Wand out of his holster, knowing that he was probably the only one capable of fending off the behemoth, Harry casted a fast disillusionment charm on Eric, knocked him out cold with a stunner and quickly ran, avoiding the yellow death stare. Riddle watched on with great fascination, the older Potter was no doubt the stronger one out of the two that came, his magical core was almost as powerful as his own and a phoenix familiar, phoenixes did not bound with ordinary wizards.

"Rina, help me." Harry literally yelled through their connection. In his frantic mood, Harry slipped and fell face down into the cold stone floor, he tasted blood as he bit his tongue. The slithering sounds were so close, as he shut his eyes to brace for the worst, he wanted to retaliate so badly but the chance of the death stare was too great. Then he heard a loud squawk followed up by a painful hiss and liquid spattered the floor.

"It is done." Rina sang through their connection.

"Bloody Brilliant." Harry said as he quickly got up and turned around to see his bonded familiar in her flaming phoenix mode, soaring away from the now blinded Basilisk, both its great bulbous yellow eyes had been punctured by Rina; blood was streaming to the floor as the king of serpents thrashed in agony.

"NO!" Harry heard Riddle scream. "Leave the bird! The boy is behind you. Smell him. Kill him!" Harry smirked, now that the death glare was removed from play, he could look at his target.

"Sectemsempra." Harry incanted and smiled when the dark cutting curse slashed through the Basilisk's magical skin. He repeated the curse several times, the Basilisk was now hissing furiously as it tried to bite its target only to be met with a painful cutter.

Knowing that it was time to use the spells he learnt from Antonin Dolohov's book, he waved his wand in an intricate pattern and incanted "Intabeviscus." The Basilisk let out an especially loud and agonizing hiss as it was hit with an organ-liquefying curse, Riddle could only watch on as the King of Serpents blindly thrashed with

pain as it no longer had the strength to attack and keeled over sideways and fell, twitching, to the floor. Although the organ liquefying curse definitely worked and was taking its toll, the time it took for it to kill something as big as the Basilisk would take unbearably long; Quickly conjuring a silver long sword, Harry casted a protection charm on the blade so it would last for the task he was about to do. Waving a hovering charm, the silver sword was guided above the barely conscious Basilisk's head,

"Forgive me." Harry hissed before making a slashing motion with his wand, the sword immediately impaled itself downwards, the thick Basilisk skin was useless as the blade of the sword plunged itself deeply into the roof of its head. The King of Serpents gave a shudder then promptly fell limp.

Clap, Clap, Clap, Harry looked away from the dead Basilisk and saw Riddle clapping with a hungry gaze on his face. "Well done, Potter... now...." He raised Eric Potter's wand at Harry who prepared himself for a wizards duel until suddenly, Rina squawked at him and dropped a diary into his empty hand.

"Riddle's diary, of course, this is the key to all this madness. How could I be so stupid." He thought and before Riddle can utter a curse, Harry waved his wand and the sword, which had been lodged in the Basilisk's head suddenly flew into his outstretched hand. Time seemed to stop as Harry dropped the diary on the floor in front of him and caught the steel blade, now covered with Basilisk venom; with one downward thrust, Harry plunged the sword into the diary.

There was a long, dreadful, piercing scream. Ink spurted out of the diary in torrents, flooding the floor. Riddle was writhing and twisting, screaming and flailing and then disappeared with an explosion. Eric Potter's wand fell t the floor with a clatter and there was silence save the steady drip drip of ink still oozing out of the diary. There was a huge whole in the diary.

Harry then quickly cancelled his disillusionment charm on Eric and for the first time of his life, slung him over his shoulder. "Merlin, this lad really needs to ease off the meat and dessert." Harry thought. Then he heard a faint moan from the end of the Chamber. Ginny Weasley was stirring and before she could realize what was going, went limp from a mild stunner casted by Harry.

"No one must know what happened, especially Dumbledore." Harry thought as he waved his wand and Ginny's small body was levitated from the floor. Tucking the silver sword into his belt, pocketing the charred Diary and after a long moment of consideration, a Basilisk fang with he had pulled off from the snake carcass. Harry left the Chamber of Secrets.

"Hatchling, grab onto my tail feathers." Rina sang. Harry obeyed and grabbed onto his familiar's tail feathers and he almost let out a cry of surprise when an extraordinary lightness seemed to spread through his whole body and the next thing he knew, he was flying upwards through the pipe.

It was soon over as Rina pulled the four of them back to the wet floor of Moaning Myrtle's Bathroom. After checking the two Gryffindors were still unconscious, Harry levitated them both as he casted a disillusionment charm on all of them and strode towards the Hospital Wing. After placing them on beds, Harry cancelled the disillusionment charms and called Madam Pomfrey to check them up.

Harry strolled towards Hermione's bed and sat down on the empty seat, "I did it. It's gone. Forever." He whispered into the petrified girl's ear before tucking some bushy hair behind her ear. "Harry, the Mandrake Drought will be completed very soon...you may leave..and judging by your hygienic state, I don't even want to know where've you been the last couple of hours. Go wash up...NOW!" Madam Pomfrey practically yelled the last word, with a chuckle, he hugged the elderly matron who clenched her nose at his awful stench.

He was on his way out of the Hospital Wing when he came face to face with the last person he wanted to see on the face of the planet. Albus Dumbledore had rushed to the Hospital Wing when he had heard his poster boy had been sent there, without Eric Potter, there was no one else who could open the Chamber. He was about to slam the doors wide open when they opened, revealing a grime soaked Harry Potter. Awkward silence passed between the Ravenclaw Prefect and the Headmaster.

"Harry, my boy. I heard that your brother has been sent to the Hospital Wing." Dumbledore said while silently probing the boy's mind with mild Legilimency. As tired as he was already, Harry instantly reinforced the barriers in his mind, "That is correct,

Headmaster, good day." Harry inclined his head and quickly strolled away.

Dumbledore thought he saw a flash of silver as Harry walked off but quickly went over to the dazed boy who lived. After using Legilimency on both the semi conscious Eric Potter and Ginnerva Weasley, Dumbledore was livid, he had seen Harry Potter go down to the chamber with Eric Potter and he was the one who had fought the Basilisk. At that moment, Albus Dumbledore knew that Harry Potter was the one he should keep his eyes on as he went to summon the parents. Harry was in rush when he walked back to Ravenclaw Tower under his disillusionment charm.

"You did it hatchling." Rina sang.

"No, we did it." Harry corrected her with a tired smile as he removed his dirty, smelly clothes onto his bed and went into the showers. Harry couldn't help but wonder his brother's newfound attitude,

"What caused this?" He thought as the warm water cascaded down his body. Refreshed, he came out of the showers with a new set of robes. The sun had set, the night slowly approaching. Time amazed Harry, just not too long ago, he was fighting for his and the lives of two other people in the dark Chamber. He then walked down to the Great Hall and was immediately confronted by McGonagall and Flitwick, he raised an eyebrow at them.

"The Headmaster wants a word in his office." McGonagall said with her Scottish accent. Harry just shrugged as he followed the two teachers.

"Lemon Drops," said McGonagall as the gargoyle sprang alive and carried the three of them up to the Headmaster's office.

"Harry!" Harry found himself seeing a sea of red hair before he felt himself pulled into an embrace. He just stood there as Lily Potter cried into his robes

"I just changed, for heaven's sakes." Harry thought as he felt his robes getting soaked, gently; he pushed her aside and casted a quick wandless drying charm on his robes.

"Headmaster you wish to see me?" Harry said sitting down on a chair across from Dumbledore.

"Ah, Harry, how good to see you again." Dumbledore said in his grandfatherly voice.

"Cut to the chase, Headmaster please." Harry said.

"Very well, Harry, I merely wished to award you with special services towards the school." Dumbledore said, the twinkling in his eyes on full blast.

"What-" Harry started before being cut off by the Headmaster.

"Your Occlumency skills are formidable, I admit, however your brother's is non-existent as with Ginny Weasley. Need I go on?" Dumbledore said. Harry merely raised an eyebrow, meanwhile the Potters were fuming.

"Albus, you used Legilimency on your students?" James Potter shouted.

"Relax, there is no harm done. They were barely conscious." Dumbledore reassured them but kept his eyes on Harry. Knowing that he was stuck in a sticky situation, Harry told the headmaster exactly what happened minus the dream and the fact that he used an organ liquefying spell and the dark cutter spell that he had learnt from Snape.

"I see, that is no small feat at all....not at all." Dumbledore muttered.

"I had help, headmaster." Harry said curtly.

"Ah, your bonded familiar. Of course, phoenixes are immune to the death glare of the Basilisk."

"Harry, when did you get a familiar?" Lily Potter asked, still shaken by the fact that her fifteen year old son had faced a Basilisk.

"September 1st, When Sirius came to see me off." Harry replied. "Now is there anything else, headmaster?" He asked, Dumbledore shook his head and Harry promptly stood up and left the headmaster's office, not once did he look back. Dumbledore's gaze

never left the tall black haired boy, he reminded him of another student who was brilliant, "Hopefully, he would not follow in Tom's footsteps."

Chapter 10: Another Year Over, O.W.L.S

"Albus, you have absolutely no right to mind-rape our sons and Ms. Weasley." Lily shouted at the ancient headmaster, her body shaking with rage. After Harry had left, Lily Potter's anger had reached breaking point. James just stood next to his wife, not willing to butt in due to his wife's fiery temper.

"Lily I assure you, it was a necessary act, Harry's Occlumency shields are near impenetrable therefore I had to take an alternative route, Young Eric and Ms. Weasley are not harmed in any way I assure you." Dumbledore said, rubbing his temple.

"Wait, how did Harry learn Occlumency?" James asked, hoping to distract his wife from destroying the headmaster's office.

"There are two ways, one is of course is learning with an instructor, most Occlumens tend to take that route, the second option is self taught, self taught is only reserved for those who are naturals...my guess is he is self trained but due to his close ties with Severus, Harry might have learnt it from him."

"That overgrown bat..." James muttered, but Dumbledore's old ears still managed to catch it as he frowned.

"James, this feud between you and Severus has gone on long enough. I think its time you two end this childish feud." Dumbledore frowned.

"No way am I going to apologize to him. He leaked the prophecy to Voldemort!" James said with outrage.

"A shame, Sirius and Remus has already made their peace..." Dumbledore muttered and turned his chair so he was facing a view of the Black Lake behind the windows, the little black book that was Riddle's diary, something was very wrong about it but the headmaster had no idea what.

"Albus, did you talk to Harry about not moving away?" Lily said, a tearful face now replaced her temper.

"I've tried to talk to him but Harry is adamant as ever, I cannot do anything to force him, he will be an adult technically speaking after

taking his O.W.L.S." Dumbledore said tiredly. Nothing more was said as the Potters left, with Lily in a crying mess and James escorting her out.

Meanwhile in the Hospital Wing, Eric Potter woke up feeling like his head had been cracked opened and put back together badly as he sat up on his bed in the Hospital Wing, the last thing he could remembered was hearing the Basilisk slithering out of Salazar Slytherin's statue.

"Easy shrimp, you hit the floor pretty hard." Eric flinched when he saw his older brother leaning against the wall next to his bed.

"What happened?" Eric asked, rubbing his head.

"Basilisk came out of Slytherin's statue, you turned and slipped on the wet floor." Harry said with his arms folded across his chest, there was no way he would say the truth, that he saved his life by stunning him, thus making himself the only target for the Basilisk, "My good deed to him for the decade." Harry thought to himself.

"Oh..." was Eric Potter's only response. Silence enveloped the Hospital Wing before Eric murmured, "Thanks for carrying me back here."

Harry was stunned and thought, "Who knew that Gilderoy Lockhart number two could actually thank anyone."

"Rest, you're gonna need it." Harry said curtly as he watched the source of all the misery in his life slump back onto the bed, just because he saved his brother's life didn't necessary mean that he didn't hate him. He just shrugged but then at Madam Pomfrey's signal, He quickly strolled to Hermione's bedside where she was about to be administered with the Mandrake Drought. That was when Harry noticed a certain Professor Goldilocks at a bed at the farthest corner.

"What happened to I am King of the World?" Harry questioned Madam Pomfrey.

She rolled her eyes and said, "Got hit by a memory charm, apparently he was trying to curse Weasley but it backfired." Harry couldn't help but laugh loudly, this was one he would show Sirius for

sure. Harry couldn't help but turn away at the brownish liquid in the vial held by Madam Pomfrey, his eyes watered at the strong stench. Madam Pomfrey rolled her eyes at his antics and poured the potion into Hermione's opening mouth. About a minute later, the hand Harry was holding began to twitch and Harry saw Hermione's eyes focusing, her eyelids slowly opening and closing.

"Hermione?" Harry whispered. Slowly Hermione turned her head sideways and she felt like all the blood had gone to her cheeks, in front of her was the most ethereal man she had ever seen. Harry looked so different since the last time they've talked, he had became more handsome than ever, the features of his face more regal and sharp; he didn't wear his hair in his usual pompadour style which was just the way she liked it.

"Hey..." She whispered hoarsely. Harry immediately conjured up a crystal goblet, pointed his wand at the inside of the goblet and incanted "Aguamenti", immediately the goblet was filled with clear water. Harry handed the goblet to her and smiled as she drank it in one go.

"Feeling better?" Harry asked.

"That's a sixth year charm." Hermione said making Harry burst out laughing. "What?" She asked with her eyebrows raised.

"Nothing, there's definitely nothing wrong with you Hermione." Harry said with a grin. Hermione blushed but quickly asked,

"The Basilisk..."

"Gone. It can't get you anymore Mia." Harry said. Immediately Hermione flung her arms around Harry's waist, giving him a bone crushing hug, slowly, Harry wrapped his strong arms around the bushy haired second year Gryffindor.

No words were spoken as Harry allowed her to hold onto him, "So Mia?" She asked with a gleam in her eye as she pulled away.

"You don't like your nickname?" Harry asked nervously, rubbing his hand at the back of his neck.

Hermione just giggled and shook her head, "No, I love it." Then a large growl was emitted from Hermione's stomach and Harry sniggered while the human library blushed deeply.

"Come on, we're just in time for dinner." Harry said holding out an open hand, Hermione took it and together, they left the Hospital Wing. All eyes were directed at the pair as they entered the Great Hall, Hermione could see that Harry loathed all the attention they were given by the way his lips curled into a sneer. Luckily, Harry led her to the Ravenclaw table where he sandwiched her between himself and Cho Chang, who was studying her with great fascination.

"Glad to have you back Granger, Harry's been a miserable sod since you got attacked." Roger said with a grin but then yelped when Elena smacked him continuously on the head. Harry didn't say anything but shot his oldest friend a death stare that rivaled Severus Snape's.

"So you and Harry..." Cho teased a tomato colored face Hermione.

She shook her head violently, "There's nothing between us..." Hermione squeaked quietly and added in a quieter voice, "He's more like a big brother." Cho just smiled as Hermione queried her about the O.W.L.S.

"Where the hell have you been? Dumbledore announced that you, your brother and that Weasley girl all disappeared into the Chamber." Roger asked.

"You don't want to know...perhaps later." Harry muttered and shivered as he remembered the gaping jaws of the Basilisk. Dinner felt extra delicious to Harry as he ate a lamb chop ravenously.

"Ready to take the O.W.L.S Harry? It's in a couple days." Cho asked.

"You know me Cho since your first year, when haven't I been number one when it comes to academics." Harry said as he ate his mash potatoes.

"Such modesty." Elena said curtly

"It's a fact, be prepared to be number two again Turpin." Harry said with a mischievous gleam in his eyes. Elena growled, it was

common fact at Hogwarts that the competitiveness between the two Ravens in academics was legendary in Hogwarts.

"Not this time Potter." She said with fire in her eyes.

Roger was helplessly looking back and forth at his two friends like a tennis match, "Um guys?" he asked.

Immediately both turned onto him, with glares that would be able to freeze anyone at the spot and hissed "What?"

"Can you both cool down before you destroy the Great Hall?" Roger asked, more like pleaded to Harry who rolled his eyes.

"Its meaningless to argue, I think the results shall speak for the both of us." Harry said, Elena nodded and dinner resumed as they began to strike up conversations that did not involve academics.

"Are they always like that?" Hermione asked questioningly, just a moment ago, they were close to drawing their wands.

Cho smiled and replied, "Yeah they have, ever since first year, Roger told me all about it. But they know where the line is." Hermione was suddenly very interested about Harry's first year and asked Roger about it. Seeing that Harry was talking to Elena about their respective summer activities, Roger was happy to oblige.

"Harry was very...how do you say, very quiet and distant when he first came, of course everyone went Oh My God, and I Never Knew The Savior Had An Older Brother; that perhaps made him more distant than ever. However, the professors all thought he was a genius, prodigy if you will whenever he was asked for a demonstration whether it be Transfiguration, Charms, even Snape couldn't complain about his potions and Snape always complains about everyone's' potions, save his Slytherins." Roger was about to say more when he was cut out by an icy tone.

"Yes and how would you like to write my autobiography Davies?" Harry asked, his eyes looking murderous.

Roger gulped, "I thought so." Harry said, hinting to stop telling about his early years in a polite manner.

"Why? I want to know more." Hermione whined.

"It's not exactly a fairytale." Harry grunted and wouldn't answer anymore questions relating to his past; those were days he didn't ever want to relive again. Dessert came in the form of strawberry ice cream and once those were gone.

"Harry, I'm saddened that you never came to watch our games." Cho suddenly said with a pout.

"Sorry, I totally forgot that, loads of stuff to do, people to dodge. But hey, Slytherin's match is only a week away right? I'll come watch after O.W.L.S." Harry said hurriedly, Cho quickly became happier and nodded.

Dumbledore then stood up and bade everyone a good night and wished luck for all the fifth years who were soon to take their O.W.L.S. Harry scowled when he felt a slight irritation brushing against his Occlumency shields, his eyes locked on with the headmasters and Dumbledore immediately pulled his probe back with a sad expression, knowing the intense pain that would be ensured if he tried to prod deeper.

Later at night, Harry received a letter from Sirius who obviously heard the tale of the Chamber from his parents and berated him for acting reckless without any back up, he didn't like it at all, he was almost as powerful as the Dark Lord himself, The dark lord had admitted it himself; but Harry knew that the reckless part was probably correct.

After seeing that Roger was already in deep sleep, he pulled out the silver sword which still had dried Basilisk venom laced on the blade. He couldn't help but feel proud of his quick transfiguration, McGonagall would certainly go crazy if she saw the quality of the conjuration. As he marveled the sword, he suddenly remembered the inhuman scream that came out of Riddle's Diary; he would need to consult with Sirius and Lucius, who had a special eye for strange and dark objects. Harry scribbled a note of apology and a promise that he'll write before diving head first into situations again, he sighed as Rina delivered it with a burst of flames. "Rest, hatchling..." Singing a melodic tune, Rina slowly lured her bonded companion to sleep.

That night, after so many nightmares and premonitions, Harry had a dreamless sleep. The next few days were hectic, as smart as he was, Harry soon felt the heat on the back of his neck as he read his textbooks. He spent most of his free periods in the library with Roger, Cedric and Elan, it was a good idea except when the library was suddenly flooded with fan girls.

"What're we going to do? We'll never be able to study!" Roger shouted with panic as the four Quidditch stars quickly stuffed their books in their bags and that was when they realized that there was only one entrance.

"Follow me." Elan shouted as they ran to what seemed to be a dead end. "What have you done Malfoy? I'm too young to die, I haven't even got laid yet" Roger said fearfully.

"Ah, it shall not be so." Elan said sagely as he turned towards a painting of a young dark haired woman with an aristocratic face and purple eyes holding a bouquet of white roses in a grassy field, "Hey Sarah, would you mind saving me and my charming companions from a painful death?"

"Elan, it has been so long...why haven't you talked to me more often." Sarah asked.

"Sorry baby, but with classes, homework and all that nasty stuff, I was unable to bask in your astounding beauty. However I intend to rectify that." Elan said with a 'sincere' face. "Okay, I expect you to come around more often." Sarah whispered and the portrait swung open.

"Anything for you babe." Elan said.

"Quit flirting, lets go!" Harry shouted as he yanked the elder Malfoy by the scruff of his shirt and hauled him into the passage.

"Finally." Cedric growled as they entered the portrait, all of them had their wands lit.

"Whoa, who knew that Malfoy here could charm a painting." Roger whistled, his fear of fan girls forgotten already.

"Yeah, Sarah's really nice, it's a shame she's a painting." Elan said as a portrait door swung open and they found themselves in a corridor outside of the Great Hall.

"Weird, don't portraits usually come in pairs?" Cedric asked as they studied the blank frame.

"Oh yeah, Sarah told me that it's a one way passage." Elan said as they walked up the stairs.

"We need someplace where we could study without any people bothering us." Cedric pointed out.

"I know just the place." Harry grunted and motioned his three friends to follow him. Soon they arrived at the seventh floor, Harry stopped at a wall opposite of a large tapestry of Barnabus the Barmy attempting to train trolls for ballet. Then suddenly a room appeared, "What the hell?" Elan exclaimed with his mouth agape.

"Gentlemen, may I present, The Room of Requirement." Harry said with a smile. Whooping with excitement, the four fifth years entered the room and was shocked to see that the entrance had disappeared.

"Don't worry. You just need to concentrate and the exit will appear." Harry reassured them and they approached a huge rectangular table and some comfortable armchairs.

"Comfy." Cedric noted as he took a seat.

"If you require anything, concentrate three times and it'll appear, food excluded." Harry said.

"How'd you find this room?" Roger piped. "First Year, I needed to get away from the mass." Harry said simply and flipped his Arithmancy textbook and began reading.

"You know, it's a shame that Professor Vector's not going to monitor the Arithmancy O.W.L.S." Elan started.

"I think Harry out of all of us would be the most upset." Cedric grinned maliciously at Harry's sudden start of surprise. "Yeah, he totally had a thing for the hottest teacher at Hogwarts." Roger

muttered. "Really? I thought that was only a myth." Cedric said with eyeing the messy haired Ravenclaw with newfound respect. "Shut up." Harry said as he read. Soon as the days passed and the moment arrived, it was finally time to show the world that he was the best of the best, as Harry strolled into the Great Hall at half past nine for his Charms O.W.L.S. He took a seat at the front row of desks and grinned widely as Elena took the seat right of him and glared at him intensely.

"Good luck Harry, this should be a walk in the park for you... you too Ms. Turpin." Flitwick squeaked to his two most brilliant students. Harry inclined his head respectfully and pulled out his personal ink pen, which had been a Christmas present from Narcissa during his first year and a bottle of ink. He took one glance around and grinned when he saw Elan studying his finger nails, Cedric who was stretching his neck and Roger, who looked like he was going to pass out, Harry gave them all nods of good luck.

When everyone was seated Flitwick said in his squeaky voice on top of a pile of pillows, "You may begin," and turned over an enormous hour-glass on the desk beside him.

Harry turned over his paper and his eyes narrowed the first question,
a) Give the incantation and b) describe the wand movement required to make objects fly.

"How disappointing." Harry murmured in a Snape like way and began writing.

"Well, it wasn't so bad, was it?" Roger asked anxiously in the Entrance Hall two hours later.

"Shit easy....might as well give me the O right now." Harry said boringly.

"Well not all of us could be almighty, all knowing like you can we Potter," Elan teased. Harry shrugged as the four house tables appeared again in the Great Hall with food ready to be eaten. After lunch, they were herded off into the small chamber beside the Great Hall, where they were to wait until called for their practical examination. Harry just rolled his eyes when he saw his fellow classmates practicing their wand movements besides himself and Elena.

He was tossing a silver sickle when his name was called by a very excited Flitwick.

"Professor Tofty is free, Harry," He squeaked and pointed at a balding examiner, a short distance from Elan and his examiner.

"Harry Potter is it? Privileged, my daughters speak very highly of your Quidditch Skills," said Professor Tofty, looking over his notes.

"Lets get this over with shall we? It'll be over in a jiffy," He said with a clap of his hand, "Now, if I could ask you take this egg cup and make it do some cartwheels for me."

"As if my disappointment can't be any bigger." Harry thought as he did as instructed. After turning a rat orange as well as engorging a tea cup, the practical part was over. After bidding Tofty farewell, Harry strolled back to his common room and turned in for the night.

Transfiguration the day after was just as easy, McGonagall was skeptical when Harry turned in his written exam a bit under an hour but she was rendered speechless when she read his well answered responses. His practical portion was just as flawless when he vanished the whole of his Iguana, where as Roger had only managed to vanish everything save the head.

They had their Herbology exam on Wednesday and Harry was able to list all types of Mediterranean water plants as well as the bonus question on Mandrakes and their purposes. Then came Defense Against the Dark Arts, the subject which Harry could do even in his sleep.

Many students began fretting when they realized that nothing had anything to deal with what Quirrell or Lockhart 'taught' them. Harry's pen was a blur as he quickly flashed through all the answers, having two godfathers and Lucius who knew much about Defense and the Dark Arts did really pay off indeed as Harry completed the written portion in a record twenty five minutes, leaving Flitwick and McGonagall agaped as they scanned through his answers, finding no fault.

Harry smiled when he caught Elena glaring at him with rage, he simply mouthed, "Can you beat me baby?" and blew a kiss, which

caused much of the female test takers to sigh and Elena to growl and almost snapping her quill. McGonagall couldn't help but smile at Harry's antics, he was not like his parents at all, which shouldn't be, she made note to talk about that with Lily in their next meeting. Her eyes widened in amazement when she saw Harry hovering a silver sickle with his hand, it was evident that he was bored to the core.

The practical portion was borderline to pathetic as Harry had little ease performing all the counter jinxes and defensive spells with his left hand, Moody had said he was great with both hands and to use it to his advantage in their insane, near to-the-death duels.

"Excellent....very excellent." Tofty cried as Harry demonstrated a perfect Boggart banishing spell, a useful spell taught by a certain fur ball godfather. Harry couldn't help but smirk as he saw Tofty talking excitedly with Flitwick. Seeing that he still had a lot of time left, Harry summoned his Nimbus 2001 from his common room and kicked off flying laps around Hogwarts, he had almost forgotten how good it felt to be flying.

He grinned when he saw a certain bushy haired witch sitting at the edge of the Black Lake with Padma Pail. Without a warning, he darted down and with one arm yanked the startled Hermione on the back of his broom. She didn't even time to let out a squeak as she suddenly found herself very far away from the ground.

Her fears of height immediately came crashing towards her as she tightly held onto Harry's midsection.

"Hope you don't mind me borrowing you for a while." Harry said with a chuckle as they flew across the Black Lake.

"You big, idiotic-," She didn't get a chance to finish and shrieked loudly as Harry pulled a Wronski feint, nearly crashing into the lake before pulling up the last minute.

"My my Granger, you know how many girls would kill just to be where you are right now?" Harry said cheekily as they flew back to the Castle.

Hermione just slapped his back, "How'd you do on your O.W.L.S?" She piped.

"As the yanks would say it, a piece of cake." Harry replied as they slowly descended on the clearing where her bag and an amused and jealous looking Padma Patil was waiting.

"You afraid of heights Mia?"

"A bit." Hermione mumbled as she loosened her hold on his midsection and she blushed bright red when she realized how well toned he was.

"I'll see ya around Mia..." Harry shouted as he took off once more.

"Oh my God, you just flew with Harry Potter." Padma squealed and Hermione found herself in the midst of many girls, face turning redder and redder as the questions became more... detailed.

The weekend passed by rather quickly for Harry, he had been making the Draught of Death when most first years were struggling with the Boils Cure Potion, thanks to the extra lessons from Narcissa and Severus Snape, who unwillingly admitted that Harry was good. The written paper was of no difficulty, as he his pen flew from one question to the next.

The afternoon practical was also a disappointment; he felt that he would make a mistake without Snape hovering beside him. Sure it was intimidating but it also influenced him to not make a mistake in front of his strictest teacher. Harry corked his sample of flask feeling relieved that the exam was over.

"Four more left, I think I did okay on Potions." Cedric whooped to Harry as they headed out the Great Hall.

"Without that greasy bat, Potions was almost fun." Roger added with a huge breath of relief.

Harry just chuckled, "Magical Creatures is next." Elan said catching up to them.

"Rumors have it that Kettleburn's going to resign after this year." Roger suddenly said. For a moment, all of them stopped in their tracks, "Really?" Elan asked quietly.

"He's a good teacher...see ya all later." Harry said and went on his way, his robes billowing behind him. Tuesday's Care of Magical Creatures exam took place in the afternoon on the lawn on the edge of the Forbidden Forest, where students were required to correctly identify the Knarl hidden among a dozen hedgehogs, demonstrate correct handling of a Bowtruckle; feed and clean out a Fire Crab without sustaining any burns and choose from a wide selection of food the diet they would give to a sick unicorn.

Harry couldn't help but chuckle when he saw Cedric got his finger pinched by the fire crab. Then Tofty dismissed him and he walked confidently back into the castle. The Astronomy theory paper on Wednesday morning went flawlessly. Harry had managed to remember all of Jupiter's moon right as well as describing the constellations. They had to wait until evening for their practical portion so Harry decided to take a light stroll by the Black Lake with his friends before readying himself for Arithmancy. Afternoon came as Harry went into the Great Hall to take his Arithmancy O.W.L, the only subject that Harry studied thoroughly on. He took one look of a number chart and began scribbling furiously.

"How was Arithmancy," Elan later asked while they met up at the top of the Astronomy Tower at eleven o'clock.

"Wasn't as hard as I thought it'd be." Harry said with a shrug as they arrived at the top of the tower and smiled when they saw Cedric and Roger waving at them with their telescopes set up already. Soon Professor Marchbanks handed them each a blank star chart and students began at once, switching from scribbling rapidly on their charts to looking through their telescope. All was quiet except for the rustle of parchment, the occasional creak of a telescope as it was adjusted on its stand, and the scribbling of many quills.

Marchbanks and Tofty strolled among them, watching as they entered the precise positions of the stars and planets they were observing, Tofty gave an approving nod when he saw Harry's neat star chart, ninety percent completed. He was one hundred percent sure that Harry Potter would be the first student ever to achieve all Outstandings with distinction. He watched on as Harry completed the constellation Orion on his chart and after checking over the chart walked up to him and handed the chart into his hands.

"Yes, that boy would be quite special." He thought as he watched the Ravenclaw's retreating back.

"I'm beaten." Roger said, stretching as they went into their common room in Ravenclaw Tower.

"History of Magic tomorrow." Harry said sadly.

Roger immediately whined and groaned, "There's no chance of me completing that exam, Binns makes it impossible to not fall asleep in class."

Harry couldn't help but grin as he saw Elena Turpin reading a stack of notes that were at least three and a half feet high. She glowered at him but said nothing as she returned to muttering to herself and reading her notes.

"I'm going to bed." Harry said with a yawn.

"You're not going to study?" Roger asked, their History of Magic Exam was in the following afternoon.

"What kind of question is that? I'm the only one who could pull through Binn's lessons without falling down and drool on my papers." Harry said, pointing his index finger to the side of his head.

"Hey, now that's not-," Roger didn't get to finish his sentence as Harry went up the boy's dormitory. Immediately upon arriving at his dorm, he was attacked by Rina who had been less than impressed by the silent treatment given to her the last two weeks.

"Ow, ouch, watch the face, I need it." Harry covered his face as his familiar pecked and scratched him. After several minutes of apologizing, Rina relented and returned back onto her porch next to his bed.

"Look what you did." Harry shouted as he surveyed the damage his robes sustained, quickly casting a knitting charm on his sleeves.

"That's what you get for giving me the cold shoulder these pass few weeks." Rina sang haughtily. Harry was about to retort but knew better to argue with her as he stripped down his clothes, leaving himself in his tank top and boxers.

"How were your exams?" Rina sang.

"Nothing I couldn't handle." Harry said as he climbed underneath his blanket.

"You should really send a letter back to that French girl. It's rude to keep a lady waiting." Rina sang, causing Harry to shoot up from his bed. After seeing that it was only ten, he grudgingly summoned his ink pen and a piece of parchment and began scribbling away.

Harry for the first time of his life, slept till noon the next day. Even though the exams were easy, they still required time to complete; Harry arrived into the Great Hall with his original messy tangled hairstyle. After eating a light salad, the four tables disappeared and the rows of desks appeared once more as Professor Marchbanks appeared from the chamber next to the hall. Harry took his favored seat at the front and after everyone had a seat, Marchbank gave them the green light to flip their papers over.

Harry couldn't help but feeling drowsy already, he really hated history. In your opinion, did wand legislation contribute to or lead to better control of, goblin riots of the eighteenth century?

"Goblins straight away huh?" Harry muttered as his pen became a rapid blur once more. After finishing the last question dealing with werewolf laws. Harry dropped his pen and stretched widely. He handed his paper in to Marchbanks and walked out of the Great Hall, grinning when he saw Roger and Elan yanking their hair. Deciding to get some fresh air, Harry walked to his favorite spot on the clearing near the Black Lake. Rina, sensing that his tests were over, appeared on his shoulders with a burst of flames.

"You might want this." She sang, dropping an envelop into his lap. Harry quickly ripped open the seal and took out a piece of parchment.

Dear Harry,

Apology accepted, I understand that O.W.L.S must be very tiring. I am glad that you wrote to me eventually, you have no idea how much it means to me for you to write. I miss talking to you so much

and I wish we could see each other soon. You have a very beautiful familiar, I'm so jealous. Anyways, what do you have planned for summer? I understand Quidditch Qualifiers are coming up, when are they?

Love,

Fleur

As he read the letter, Harry couldn't help but smile with joy; he didn't know why he felt so happy when he read that Fleur had missed him, it wasn't like they were dating or anything but his day brightened immediately. Then he laid back on the fluffy grass and stared up at the blue sky, thoughts centered on playing Quidditch for England.

Chapter 11: Rumors, 12 Grimmauld Place, Party Preparations

The last week of school was rather subdued, after taking their O.W.L.S, the fifth years found classes were rather free with the exception of Potions and due to the fact that their Defense professor was permanently disabled, Defense class merely became another free period. Using his spare time, Harry trained with his four soon-to-be national teammates on the Quidditch Pitch, he was sure that if Ray would be less than impressed if their game had regressed. "Harry caught the Quaffle from a lob pass, crossed over to the left and threw the Quaffle with a powerful straight throw.

"210 miles per hour, that's gotta be a new record." Cho said in an as-a-matter-of-fact voice as Harry landed slowly near her and picked up his towel and wiped the sweat off his face and body, groaning with frustration as he heard girlish giggles not far away.

"Looks like someone's got girl problems." Elena said coolly as she suddenly appeared next to Cho.

"Turpin, already finished mopping over the fact that I'm going to be number one already?" Harry smirked and yelped when he received a knock on the head by Cho,

"Can you honestly start a conversation with Elena without bringing your academic competitions?" The hazel eyed Asian girl said with a sigh.

"Sorry, old habits die hard, forgive me milady." Harry retorted with a half bow to Elena, earning a slap on his arm from Cho. Elena glared at him but didn't say anything as her calculating brown eyes watched him kick off into the air once again.

"Hey! Watch where you're going!" Elena gritted out as she bumped into someone, the books in her arms flying all over the place. She was still fuming but she couldn't help but stare as she saw the person she had ran into. It was a boy, with messy black locks, with a well-sculptured face and the greenest eyes she has ever seen, she also noticed a Ravenclaw House badge on the front of his robes, he would have been cute looking if it weren't for the angry sneer on his face as he got up from the floor and swore loudly when he examined his broken book bag.

"I should be the one asking that, are your marks so hopeless that you have to read those books all the time." The boy retorted angrily as he waved his hand and his book bag repaired itself. To say Elena was outraged would be an understatement; both her parents had graduated at Hogwarts with distinction and from the moment Elena learned to talk, she was set on the path her parents went on.

"Me? How dare you! Might I inform you that I received all O's so far in all my assignments, including Professor Snape's essay on the Draught of Death!" She fumed loudly, her brown eyes glowering dangerously but the boy seemed to ignore her rant, simply slung his fixed book bag over one shoulder and walked off.

Elena was in a horrible mood the entire day, "That oaf is the most infuriating person I've ever met." She thought angrily to herself but she gasped when she realized why that boy looked so familiar, he was Harry Potter, brother of the boy-who-lived, and the only person not in Slytherin House that Snape awarded points to, she remembered him answering Snape's questions in boorish manner and Snape's irate, scrunched up face looking at Potter as if he wanted to kill him on the spot. She was still in her thoughts when she arrived at the Great Hall for lunch, she instantly recognized the familiar untamable black hair at a lone end of the Ravenclaw House table, reading furiously while taking bites out of a sandwich. She didn't know and still won't know why she did what she did that day but Elena found herself taking the seat across from the black haired wizard who immediately looked up without any emotion on his face.

"Listen Potter... I know we've had a bad start, I'm Elena, Elena Turpin." Elena introduced herself, sticking out a hand. Harry's eyes narrowed a bit but took her hand.

"So...reading over History of Magic?" Elena blurted out, noting that she would be the one to initiate conversations. Harry nodded and replied,

"Binns bores me to death, I can never concentrate one hundred percent plus I really hate History."

"Me too. Hey, how about I test you?" Elena said with a small smile, slightly happy that he had opened up slightly, however little did she know that the person sitting across from her would soon become

one of her closest friends, rival and later, someone who she admired a lot; even if the dunderhead was completely oblivious to it.

"Hello, Elena, you there?" Elena snapped from her thoughts as she saw a concerned Cho waving a hand in front of her face.

"Oh, you want something Cho?" Elena asked.

"I was asking if you want to come shopping with me over the summer. You sort of spaced out." Cho asked worriedly.

"Just reminiscing." Elena mumbled before her eyes found themselves following Harry on his broom, for someone as intelligent as him, he sure was a dumb bastard. The end of week came fast as it was again time for the summer holidays. Harry and his fellow Quidditch teammates cheered on as Ravenclaw narrowly defeated Slytherin. Draco had surprised his elder brother as he nearly caught the golden snitch, only missing due to an unexpected bludger hit towards his face; causing him to dodge and allowing Cho to catch it. Harry watched from the stands with his arms rested against the railing, smiling with happiness that the Ravenclaw House Team could move on without him and Roger; grinning madly to himself as he saw Snape politely shook Flitwick's hand in congratulations.

"Hello Harry Potter." A dreamy voice greeted next to him, Harry snapped from his thoughts and saw one Luna Lovegood, her wide blue eyes staring at the pitch beneath her.

"Hey Luna, how was your year? I hope people didn't do anything unpleasant to you..." Harry didn't finish his sentence as Luna turned to face him and smiled widely.

"No problem Harry, everyone's toned down a bit, even your brother." She said warmly and without waiting for Harry to reply, skipped off. That evening, the Great Hall was decorated with the blue and bronze colors of Ravenclaw as they snatched another House Cup. Making it three times in a row. Once again, all Ravenclaws tossed their pointed hats into the air and cheered. Then the feast started and Harry was eating a piece of pumpkin pie when Roger shoved the evening sports section of the Daily Prophet in front of Harry's face.

"Check it out!" He exclaimed excitedly. On the front was Harry posing in his white England team robe, one hand holding his Nimbus 2000 while huge letters above wrote,

Vratsa Vultures interested snatch up Potter

By: Alexandr Sharnov

Reports have been made that seven times European Champions, Vratsa Vultures has set their sights on the Best Player of the recent Under-17 Quidditch World Cup, Harry Potter. Potter has scored an impressive average four hundred points throughout the tournament and has been critical to England's recent trophy drought. Vulture manager and former Vulture keeper Sergei Ivanov has expressed his desire to bring the young chaser to Vratsa after their European Cup victory over Braga Broomfleet. "He's a natural leader as well as a fantastic player, in terms of attacking and defending." On another note, English Giant Puddlemere United and Welsh Behemoth Caerphilly Catapults has also expressed their interest in Harry Potter.

Harry read the report with great interest, the greatest team in history has expressed their interest in him. "Wow." Harry gasped, his pie forgotten.

"That's it? Wow? Hello! Vratsa Vultures, THE Vratsa Vultures wants you to join and all you can say is wow?" Roger shouted loudly, everyone was now whispering loudly as they skimmed their respective Daily Prophets and began chattering loudly.

"Wait a moment, is the Harry Potter actually rendered speechless? That's a first." Cho teased at Harry's wide-eyed expression while Elena let out a rare giggle as she plucked the Prophet out of his hands.

"I don't know, this is a pretty bad timing, I want to focus wholly on qualifying for the World Cup first." Harry muttered.

Roger immediately went ballistic, "Harry mate! THE Vratsa Vultures! A giant contract and Veela cheerleaders! VEELA CHEERLEADERS!" He practically yelled out the last part.

"Calm down Roger...won't do us any good if you suddenly have a heart attack." Harry said calmly.

Shaking his head, Roger said in a quieter voice, "If it were me, I would accept right away...you better not let this slip between your fingers." Harry noticed a bit of jealousy and sadness in his friend's voice, he didn't know what to do but to shut up so he kept silent.

Up at the staff table, the teachers were gobsmacked, none could react properly to the news. Flitwick felt extremely proud of his favorite pupil as he controlled himself to stop bouncing up and down his chair, Snape just stared at his nemesis' son with indifference. McGonagall, being the Quidditch fanatic on the staff could only stare at the son of her two favorite students with awe, Dumbledore, being the manipulative controller behind all things simple stared analytically at the black haired youth.

The chattering, whispering and finger pointing continued until Dumbledore announced his closing speech and bade them all goodnight. Realizing that he wouldn't have any peace as he strolled towards Ravenclaw Tower, he casted a disillusionment charm on himself and went towards the Astronomy Tower instead. The cool, summer breeze gently blew against his messy hair as he arrived at the top of the tower, it wasn't so long ago that he had been gazing through a telescope and filling a blank star chart for his Astronomy O.W.L.S. Harry stared out towards the Forbidden Forest, he wanted to enjoy Quidditch, not be the center of attention of the entire school. True, he felt ecstatic that the seven time European Champions wanted him on their team but that would mean leaving his long time friends behind, something that he never wanted. But again, as Roger had yelled out, this was a one time opportunity, if he turned down the offer, it may never come knocking on his door again.

Harry clutched his head as he cursed Dumbledore, Voldemort, himself, all he ever wanted was to be normal and live a normal life, "Is it too much to ask for?" He thought as his head ached. Harry didn't return to Ravenclaw until midnight, his eyes widened when he saw a curled silhouette figure sleeping on a sofa, the crackling fire lighting the common room with a warm orange yellowish light. Walking quietly to get a closer peek, Harry was surprised to see his fiercest academic competitor and friend Elena sprawled on the sofa with a small smile curled on her lips. For the first time, Harry realized that the cold, unsocial Elena had another side, a side that was hidden, completely unknown to the rest of the student population, even her own housemates.

"Who would have thought icy, Ms. I'll-Never-Admit-That-Potter's-Smarter-Than-Me could actually smile." Harry thought as he sat in an empty armchair. She was really beautiful when she smiles, Harry observed as he looked at the sleeping Elena. His eyes captured her form entirely, starting from her soft, shoulder length brown hair, slowly descending to her smooth cheeks, then her moist pink lips which made him blush slightly. He knew that he should wake her up and tell her to sleep in her dorm but she was already comfortably asleep. Faced upon a decision, Harry conjured up a blanket and as gentle as he could, covered the sleeping girl with it.

Then he walked slowly towards his own dorm, and as quietly as he could, Harry changed into his night clothes and got into bed but not before giving his sleeping companion a loving stroke. As he shifted sideways on his bed, he saw the picture of Little Rosy giggling on his shoulders, he still haven't decided if he wanted to leave Potter Manor or stay. Too tired to think, he fell unconscious as sleep overcame him. The next morning, students were busy with packing their trunks, saying farewells to friends,

"So, you going to join the Vultures then?" Elan asked as he entered their usual compartment near the front of the Hogwarts Express.

"They haven't actually made an official bid yet...I really don't get why people are getting all hyped up, it's merely a speculation." Harry said as he looked out towards Hogsmeade Station. Knowing that he would most likely be the subject in everyone's conversations, he snuck off towards the kitchens for breakfast, which the house elves were more delighted to do. A moment later, ten minutes before the train left, Roger entered the compartment with a pile of sandwiches and bottles of pumpkin juice in his arms.

"You planning to participate in a sumo wrestling competition or something?" Harry asked with one eyebrow raised as he eyed all the food.

"Of course not, I can't get fat even if I wanted to." Roger said haughtily as he opened a sandwich and took a bite. "Barbeque Chicken...not bad." He said.

"What's a sumo wrestling competition?" Elan asked, totally clueless. Harry and Roger shared looks of pity before telling their pureblood and prehistoric friend.

"So basically, it's a bunch of fat men wearing nothing but underwear as they try to push each other out of a ring?" Elan said confusingly after hearing his two friend's explanations.

"Yeah basically, from what my friend told me after she moved to Japan." Roger said with a shrug of his shoulder.

Harry, who had been stroking his familiar opened the train window and watched on as Rina flew out. "I'll be back momentarily, just to stretch my wings." She sang as she flew alongside the train.

"Anyways, where's Ced?" Elan asked, grabbing a sandwich and eating it in a very un-Malfoyish manner.

"Probably off snogging Chang again. They're totally attached to the hip." Roger said as he opened another sandwich, this time scrambled eggs with cheese. That being said, the compartment door opened at that moment, revealing a very flushed Cedric Diggory and hiding behind him, Cho Chang.

"Wow, speaking of joining at the hip." Elan said with amusement in his grayish blue eyes.

"Quite, Malfoy." Roger retorted, Harry just palmed his face.

"You mind if Cho sits with us?" Cedric asked, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Sure, just keep your raging hormones in check." Elan said. Roger laughed loudly at the flushing faces of his fellow teammate and housemate as he pulled a fashion magazine and began flipping the pages.

The rest of the trip was spent on several games of Wizarding chess, Exploding Snaps and to Elan and Cedric's fascination, Black Jack and Poker with Roger's deck of cards. Since they didn't have any chips, they used the money they had in their pockets.

"Wow, those muggles sure are interesting. This is so much better than the games we have." Elan commented as he looked on interestingly at his hand. After several more rounds, the Hogwart's Express slowly arrived onto King's Cross Station, Rina had returned to her previous position on Harry's shoulder and was nuzzling his cheek with her beak.

"Uh, Chang, you might want to return to your own compartment if you don't want to see us do lap dances." Roger said as they began to change into their muggle clothes. Cho blushed a bright red and quickly dashed out of the compartment without a word, Roger and Elan sniggering as she dashed out.

Harry just shook his head as he switched into his skinny black jeans, a white t-shirt and a skinny black silk blazer. It was exactly noon when they filed out of the train and were surprised. The four Quidditch stars were startled and relieved that there were no signs of the press anywhere, usually, they had to have their wands ready when they boarded or exited the train.

"Better for us." Elan said as he tucked his wand back into its holster. The four walked confidently pass the mass of students and parents, ignoring all the eyes that were directed in their direction.

"I think I'm going to get a pair of shades from now on." Elan commented as they walked towards the area near the barrier where the Malfoys, The Diggorys, Mrs. Davies and Sirius were chatting quietly together.

"Hey Ace. How was school?" Sirius said pulling his godson in an embrace.

"Great, oh and Septima sends her regards....you might consider contacting her rather than sulk around in Number 12." Harry teased his dogfather about his crush.

"Ah worrying for little old me already? You're still a long way in becoming the Master of Love my young apprentice." Sirius said giving his godson a playful shove. After watching Star Wars, Sirius had taken up to calling Harry his apprentice much to his annoyance.

"Shut up, at least I kissed almost all the seventh year girls during my third year." Harry retorted.

Sirius' face dropped slightly, "Aye, you have bested me with that young one." He said sagely.

Harry nodded to Cedric and Roger as they waved in farewell before going pass the barrier. Then he felt someone pulling his jeans and smiled when he saw Little Rosy with her arms stretched out, her innocent green eyes looking expectantly at him.

"Hello little lady, don't believe I've seen you before." Harry said as he pulled the small red headed girl to his chest. Little Rosy merely giggled and began playing with his hair.

"Harry I have something to discuss with you." Sirius said eying the siblings. Harry, remembering the cursed diary nodded and proceeded to ask Lucius Malfoy for an audience at Grimmauld Place which he agreed to.

"Sorry princess, I have things to discuss with Uncle Padfoot, I'll come by once I'm finished." Harry said and placed Little Rosy on her feet and immediately the little girl wrapped her small arms around his legs in a tight lock.

"Rosy let go." Harry sighed tiredly.

"NO!" She replied and held on even tighter.

"Please Rosy, I promise I'll play with you and whatever you request." Harry pleaded, rolled his eyes when he saw the amusement in Rina's eyes, then the little redhead slowly unhooked her arms around his legs. Harry felt bad, he hadn't talked to his sister all year long due to the Basilisk attacks on the school and knew that Little Rosy had a reason to be unhappy.

Before he could say anything, a wave of bushy hair appeared in front of him and he saw a flustered Hermione Granger. "Hey Harry, I just wanna say....good luck on your Quidditch Matches." She then gave proceeded to give Harry a strangling hug and bolted off to where her parents were waiting at the barrier. Both flashed grateful smiles at him which he could only weakly returned; no doubt Hermione must have told them everything about him.

He was surprise to see Little Rosy glaring at the spot where Hermione had been standing before she went pass the barrier and smiled; his sister had always been a teensy bit jealous whenever there were girls surrounding her favorite brother. He bent down on a knee and wrapped his strong arms around the most important person in his life.

"I'm sorry for not being here on Christmas even though I promised. Forgive me, here I got you some crystallized pineapples." He whispered, pulling out a small box from his jacket pocket and placed it in her small hands, his face buried in Little Rosy's long flaming red hair.

After a moment, Little Rosy giggled. "I forgive you Hawwy but take me to park to play and call me princess always." Harry just kissed her temple before leading her to a tearful Lily Potter. To put it in simple terms, Harry thought Lily Potter looked awful, as if she had trouble sleeping or had been crying.

"Be a good girl until I come back okay?" Harry said as he released her hand. Little Rosy just smiled widely and nodded.

Ignoring his parents, Harry quickly walked back towards where Sirius was standing and grabbing his arm disapparated with a pop. Lily Potter could see a mixture of pity and sadness in Sirius' eyes before he vanished. Number Twelve Grimmauld Place was cold and dark as it always was as Harry and Sirius popped inside.

"Um, you might want to liven the place if you want to engage Professor Vector in a relationship." Harry teased as they walked through the long narrow corridor. Sirius just rolled his eyes and stopped when they arrived in front of the portrait of one Mrs. Black.

"Hello Mother." Sirius greeted his mother properly, Immediately Mrs. Black opened her eyes, revealing the black orbs that were everything but soft.

"Sirius, I see that you are well as always." She said and her eyes became gentler when they identified Harry.

"Hello, Lady Black."

"Potter! I see that Kreacher has grown some meat on you and finally made yourself presentable to the magical world." She observed. Harry just nodded, not knowing what to say to respond to that.

"Let's go, Lucius will be arriving soon." Sirius said nodding at the portrait Mrs. Black and walked off.

Harry began to follow but was stopped by an "And Potter? Do come around and chat, being surrounded by curtains can be quite lonely." Mrs. Black called out.

"I shall...." Harry responded and followed Sirius into the kitchen.

"Butterbeer?" Sirius asked as he opened the refrigerator taking out two bottles and tossing one at Harry, who caught it, wrenched the bottle cap off and drank deeply. Harry then took out his shrunken trunk from his pocket and casted a wandless enlargement charm, which caused his trunk to swell back into its original size.

"Ah Harry, what is it that you require my expertise?" Lucius said in his silky voice as he and Narcissa appeared in the kitchen, being a former Black, she could key in the wards anytime she wanted.

"This." Harry said as he fished out a black leather diary with a giant hole in the middle.

Lucius took the diary and his eyes flashed in recognition. "Where did you get this?" He asked, his gray eyes wide with surprise as Harry handed him the charred diary.

"Found it in the Chamber of Secrets. Apparently one Ginny Weasley was carrying it all year around." Harry explained.

"It can't be, Slytherin's chamber was only a myth." Sirius sputtered.

Harry just shook his head and said sadly, "I wish it was, surely you have heard something about students getting attacked around the school. I've been in the Chamber myself, the entrance is in a bathroom haunted by a ghost called Moaning Myrtle."

"What? And why the hell didn't you tell us about that?" a voice shouted surprising everyone in the kitchen.

"Elan I thought I told you to stay in the living room." Lucius said with an eyebrow raised. Narcissa just scolded him for using such crude words.

"Well Elan, if you want to face a fifty feet serpent with venomous steak knife fangs and eyes that can kill you before a blink of an eye then next time there is a Basilisk I will gladly take you along." Harry said sarcastically and Elan immediately shut up.

"Bloody Hell...Fifty Feet." All color on Sirius' face had drained.

"Would it be alright if we watched the memory of the event?" Lucius asked. Harry nodded and Sirius immediately bolted off to find his pensieve.

Pulling out his wand, Harry drew a single silver strand from his temple and casted it into the shimmering basin. All of them dove into the pensieve and found themselves in a long, dim corridor, lined with monumental statues of snakes, including two towering stone pillars with more carved serpents that brace the ceiling. A colossal statue of Salazar Slytherin, looking ancient and monkey-like was at the centre. The Chamber of Secrets made the normally vapid and depressed looking Grimmauld Place look like Disneyland. All of them save Harry was shocked at the Chamber, during their school days everything they heard about the Chamber was only speculation. Then they watched as a short boy ran to a figure on the ground followed by a much taller, leaner version.

"Ginny, please don't be dead." Eric Potter sobbed. "Her hands are cold. Please wake up." Lucius and Narcissa gasped when she saw a tall black haired boy leaning against the nearest pillar. Lucius had a bad feeling in his gut when he heard the black haired boy talk about being a memory preserved in the diary for over fifty years, no wonder the diary had a malevolent aura to it; even though the memory had been destroyed. His fears were confirmed when he watched with horror as Tom Riddle wrote his name in flaming letters and watched them rearrange themselves into I AM LORD VOLDEMORT.

"Bloody Hell, that's You-Know-Who?" Elan exclaimed with his jaw dropped to the floor. Harry just remained stoic as he watched Riddle call out the Basilisk and the mouth of Salazar Slytherin open, a dark green serpent of fifty feet long slithering out. Narcissa clutched her

husband's arm tightly as the snake uncoiled itself, Elan swallowed loudly. Sirius watched in awe as his godson's familiar came to the rescue, clawing out the Basilisk's eyes, making it possible for Harry to fend off the monstrosity on his own, his wand a quick blur as he kept the gaping jaws of death at bay. The four people gasped when an orange beam of light shot out of Harry's wand and slammed into the King of Serpents. All of them covered their ears as the Basilisk let out a terrible cry of pain as it thrashed about helplessly before keeling over sideways and fell, twitching to the floor. Lucius was thoroughly impressed as he watched Harry conjured up a long silver sword and embedded it through the roof of the dying snake. Riddle or Voldemort then clapped at the show and raised Eric Potter's Wand but before he could utter a syllable, the silver sword; which previously was still embedded in the Basilisk was in Harry's hands and before anyone could react, he plunged the sword coated with Basilisk straight into the diary. There was a loud inhumane scream as Riddle writhed and twisted before exploding.

Suddenly all of them found themselves in Grimmauld Place again as the memory ended.

No one spoke for five minutes until Elan broke silence with a loud whistle. "I changed my mind, I really don't think I want to be in your shoes mate." He joked lightly.

"Yea, lucky Rina was with me." Harry muttered quietly.

"That diary, I saw Nott Senior holding it when we went to Diagon Alley to get Elan and Draco's school materials for this year." Lucius said suddenly. Harry and all those in the room gave the elder Malfoy surprised looks.

"When did you see it father?" Elan asked.

"When we entered Flourish and Blott's. You still remember that Nott Sr. and Arthur Weasley were just finishing with their brawl when we arrived, no doubt that Nott has been taunting how poor the Weasleys were?" Narcissa and Elan nodded.

"Nott Sr. placed the diary along with another book in the Weasley's bag, I saw him with my own eyes." Lucius said. Then he turned to his wife and said, "Remember to warn Draco about Theodore Nott. I

do not wish for him to mix with the wrong crowd." Narcissa, her face paler than usual, nodded.

"Why would Nott Senior carry the Dark Lord's diary?" Elan asked no one in particular.

Lucius suddenly looked uncomfortable as with Sirius, "Nott Senior is a Death-Eater and was one of the most loyal servants of the Dark Lord in the war." Sirius said quietly.

"What? How come he's not rotting in Azkaban then?" Elan asked.

"Isn't it obvious?" Harry mumbled, causing all heads to turn to him. "Blackmail, Bribery." He said simply.

Lucius nodded, "Nott Senior is incredibly cunning and resourceful, he knows how the Ministry functions, the corruption within it and uses it to his advantage. He uses his huge network to uncover who in the ministry is corrupted and blackmails them into serving him."

"Which pretty much gives him almost total control in the courts." Sirius said bitterly and then barked, "Kreacher?" An old house-elf with large tennis like eyes popped out of thin air and bowed deeply.

"Master summoned Kreacher?" Kreacher croaked.

"I did, please put this object in the room where all the dark objects are placed." Kreacher took the diary, bowed deeply and disappeared with a pop. Silence then engulfed the large kitchen but was broken when Narcissa, deciding it would be best not to dwell on such matters and dropped the bomb of an upcoming party to celebrate the new French Minister of Magic.

"Why do we have to go there? It's not even relative to us and World Cup Qualifiers are coming real fast." Elan complained and received a smack to the head from Narcissa.

"Its an opportunity to show the other European nations that not everyone from the British community is pathetic." Narcissa said in a frighteningly voice that resembled the late Mrs. Black whenever she was irate. All the males surrounding her gulped loudly, Narcissa wasn't Slytherin Ice Queen for no reason in her former days in Hogwarts.

"Why am I invited?" Harry asked with confusion.

"You're an international superstar Harry and you might need an agent to manage things like this. And since there is no one better fit for this job, I submit myself for the position." Sirius said with a grin.

"What about your auror job?" Harry exclaimed.

"Running after dark wizards might seem like an exciting career but it gets a bit dull after a while and besides as your agent, I can go to all the parties you go to. Imagine all the young sexy ladies I can charm up." Sirius said with a gleam in his eyes and yelped when Narcissa kicked him hard in the shin. Harry just palmed his face but couldn't help but grin widely.

"I think the boys would need new clothes for the party don't you think Lucius dear?" Narcissa said with a dangerous edge to her voice.

"Yes dear, what say you take the boys out to London and have a good time." Lucius stammered for once, his confidence nowhere to be seen. Narcissa just smiled widely and before anyone could stop her, pulled Elan and Harry into headlocks and marched them out of the kitchens, Lucius and Sirius shuddered at their cries of mercy as Narcissa took them for a trip of clothes shopping. Both had experienced a shopping trip with Narcissa and would rather fight dozens of dark wizards rather than experience it again.

It was every man's nightmare when Narcissa informed both boys that they would be going to six stores. Both Elan and Harry were red-faced the entire time whenever they came out of the changing rooms due to the fact that Narcissa would immediately 'request' for them to go back in immediately after asking them to strut around like a model. The giggling of many muggle teenage girls certainly did nothing to help. Everything became even worse when Elan and Harry saw Cho, Elena and Anna Zabini walk into Zara along with their mothers.

"Quick, hide!" Elan whispered to Harry and the two started to walk back into the changing rooms when Narcissa grabbed them both in a tight grip and said enthusiastically

"Eve, Emily, Jen, what do you think?" Both Harry and Elan thought, "Please kill me." At that moment, both boys wished that they could just disappear into thin air.

"It's nice to see that you haven't lost your touch Cissy." Eve Zabini said with a smirk, it would hard to believe that Eve was actually Anna's mother, their resemblances were terrifyingly similar, the same short cropped blonde hair, ocean blue eyes and an aristocratic face. Harry thought that she could pass off as Anna's older sister.

"I can't believe it, Harry Potter and Elan Malfoy. I am a big fan." Cho's mother, Emily Chang greeted in perfect English with excitement in her voice.

"Pleasure to meet you too Lady Chang." Harry replied the greeting and held out a hand to shake.

"Such a charmer, just like your handsome devil of a father." Mrs. Chang said with a sigh.

"Er...Thank You?" Harry replied, glaring at Cho and Anna, who were struggling to keep themselves from laughing. Sirius had told him that his father along with himself were quite the players in their days at Hogwarts which was totally the understatement of the millennia.

Then he felt himself being pulled away and smiled gratefully when he saw it was Elena.

"Let me have a look Potter." She said, her keen brown eyes as serious as they were when they took their O.W.L.S.

Harry tensed when he felt her hands on his shoulders. "What are you doing?" He asked, green eyes temporarily meeting brown.

"Try this one." Elena simply said and thrust a silk midnight blue suit into his hands, along with a white shirt and a straight, narrow silk silver tie. Not far away Narcissa was chatting animatedly with Jennifer Turpin as they watched Harry sulk into the changing room with a smirking Elena watching him.

"Don't they look great together?" Narcissa said excitedly.

"I can see why my daughter likes him. She never will admit it but he's all that she talks about." Jennifer Turpin replied softly with a smile. Finally, after what seemed like to be an eternity, Harry sighed in relief as they exited Zara with their clothes in their bags and a very happy Narcissa walking in front; she had insisted that she pay for all the clothes of both boys, which Harry was about to complain about but was quickly shut up by a glare.

"It was a bloody nightmare." Elan whispered to Harry as they waved goodbye and said their farewells to their friends. But Harry was in deep thought about the hug Elena gave him, her warm breath tingling his ear as she whispered that she knew that it was him who covered her up with a blanket. Soon Narcissa apparated them back to Number Twelve Grimmauld Place.

"How was the shopping?" Sirius asked from his whiskey and received two blank, vacant stares in return.

"What did you do Cissy?" Lucius asked fearfully, Narcissa just gave him a sly grin that sent cold shivers down the Malfoy patriarch's spine. After shrinking his trunk and slipping it into his jeans' pocket, Harry said his goodbyes to the Malfoys and he allowed Sirius to apparate him back to Potter Manor's front door.

"Alright, Good Night Harry, tomorrow, at four thirty, Lucius and his family would be here to pick you up. They will take you to Number Twelve, I have a portkey which will take us to the Ministry of Magic in Paris. Remember to get dressed early and don't worry too much about the transfer rumors. Just focus on qualifying for the World Cup." Sirius said and then after a quick hug disappeared into thin air.

Harry just sighed as he pulled out a key and unlocked the front door. Immediately, a red bullet slammed into legs, locking them together in an iron grip. Setting his shopping bag aside, Harry pulled Little Rosy into his chest where she contentedly buried her face in.

The little redhead then proceeded in dragging her brother into the living room where a doll house and several dolls were lying on the floor. Harry looked at it and at Little Rosy, who was looking up expectantly up at him with wide, cute green eyes and a small pout on her lips. "Damn that pout..." Harry thought as he took off his black silk blazer and took one of the male dolls and started playing,

when he was younger, this was an acceptable thing but now since becoming a global superstar, he didn't enjoy it as much but he would and always be willing to make his sister happy, no matter what it took.

Meanwhile, peering from the edge of the kitchen doorway was a crying Lily Potter, her eldest son's joyful smile was the most beautiful thing she could imagine. Maybe because he always wore a sneer or scowl in the house, when he smiled, it was if that smile could inspire hope; no matter how sad or in despair a person is.

It disappeared as soon as he spotted her staring, "Dinner's ready." She said quietly. Harry merely nodded and holding his sister's arm, walked into the kitchen.

"So, Harry, I heard that the Vratsa Vultures are on their way to sign you." James Potter said excitedly. Harry, resting his head on an arm just rolled his eyes and replied, "It's just rumors, Sirius will take care of all that."

"Padfoot? What does that mean?" James Potter asked with confusion. "I needed an agent to represent me for the press. Sirius volunteered willingly for that position." Harry said with a lazy shrug, spooning mouthfuls of lasagna into his mouth. James was about to say something but was cut off by a glare from Lily.

After scrapping the last of the lasagna into his mouth, Harry flicked his wrist and his plate became shiny and clean. "And another thing I would like to announce so you all know in advance, I'm invited to a party held in Paris in honor of the newly elected French Minister of Magic. I'm expected to leave at four-thirty, so no need to lay out an extra plate." Harry said simply and left his startled family at the table, Little Rosy, not knowing what was happening, bounced after her big brother.

Harry massaged his temple as he walked into his room, and smirked when he saw the magically enchanted poster of Angeline Jolie smiling seductively at him, her eyelashes batting. Sirius had given it to him as birthday present when he turned twelve. He had even managed to place a modified version of a permanent sticking charm which only he or Harry can remove. Harry would often cast a disillusionment charm on it so that Lily Potter wouldn't make a huge

fuss about it and start giving him 'The Talk' when she found out. Listening to it once from Sirius was enough for a life time.

He then sat in his comfortable chair in front of his desk and smiled when he saw his first year photo. Hagrid had taken it for them using Roger's camera, they had their backs to the castle, arms looped around each other's shoulders, forming a line. Harry chuckled when he saw Elena, now that he thought of it, she was actually quite cute. Then he compared it to the one they took together after their O.W.L.S. The changes were so great, Elan's once innocent smile became more haughty, Roger's became more mischievous, Cedric well, not much has changed, he still had that really queer smile . Then he saw himself, he was the shortest in his year when he first came, but now he was reaching six foot. Also, the unfriendly, cold mask had worn off and a genuine joyful smile replaced it.

Harry then pulled out the ballerina photo Fleur had given him at the beginning of the school year and framed it with a silver frame that he had bought earlier in the day.

"She's purty." Little Rosy chirped as she climbed onto her brother's lap. Harry just chuckled lightly and patted Little Rosy on the head. Harry's head snapped up when he heard a knock on his door.

"Who is it?" He asked nonchalantly.

"It's me, Harry you left your jacket in the living room." Lily Potter said carefully. Harry set his little sister on her feet and opened the door, and without a word, tore the jacket out of Lily Potter's grasp.

"Anything else you need?" Harry asked with an arched eyebrow. Before he can shove her away, Lily Potter planted a soft kiss on his forehead, whispered, "I will always love you Harry even if you want me to die." and tears began to slide down from her eyes again as she left. Harry felt disgusted by it and went into his bathroom that was connected to his room and began washing his face with some facial gel.

"Hawry has bubble face." Little Rosy chirped as she broke into laughter watching Harry cleaning his face. Smiling mischievously, Harry splashed water at the little redhead, making her squeal in fake fear as she was pelted with water. Rina saw the whole bubble war with amusement in her eyes. After surrendering and cleaning up,

Harry came out of the bathroom refreshed with a jumping Rosy behind him.

"You might want to go back to your own room, Rosy, its bedtime. You brushed your teeth in my bathroom, go back to your own bed." Harry said but to his amusement, Little Rosy just bolted towards his bed and climbed under the covers.

"No!" She chirped happily as she poked her head out of the end of the covers. Harry, sensing defeat just sighed as he climbed under the covers and was shocked to see his sister cuddling up to him immediately.

"Good Night Hawrry." Little Rosy said sleepily and dozed off. Harry smiled at the red bundle in front of him and closed his eyes for the night.

Meanwhile in France, "FLEUR! FLEUR!" A small silver blonde haired girl shouted as she jumped onto her older sister's bed.

"What is it Gabby?" Fleur said from her pillow.

"Oh My God, I can't believe it, Papa has invited Harry Potter to tomorrow's party." Gabrielle squealed in excitement.

Immediately, Fleur shot up from her bed, "Really?"

Gabrielle nodded, "I overheard Mama the other day telling Papa that he MUST invite Harry Potter. Oh I can't wait" Gabrielle was now jumping up and down on her sister's bed.

Fleur just reached for the photograph of Harry on her nightstand, his smile never ceases to make her happy. Now she had a reason to look forward to the party.

Chapter 12: The Unexpected, Qualifying for Mother England

Harry felt his eyes fluttering open as the rays of sunlight filtered through the cracks of his curtains. He had an amused smile on his face as he saw Little Rosy had curled in a ball next to him. He stretched as he climbed out of bed and walked into his bathroom, after a fast shower and brushing his teeth, changed into a simple black t-shirt and comfortable khaki shorts. Silently, without waking up his little redhead sister, Harry left his room quietly and walked into the living room. P

ropping down on the sofas, he sipped gently from his cup of green tea as he continued to read the Advanced Dueling book Sirius had given him. He had mastered the organ-liquefying curse quickly but it had drained him more drastically than he had previously calculated, the other curses seemed to have similar after effects as well.

As he flipped the page, he noticed something wrong with the parchment and gasped when he saw a faint, barely readable scribble as the sunlight illuminated the page. He grabbed a magnifying glass from a drawer next to the sofa to get a closer look. If you are reading this then I must congratulate you, my best and proudest spell is not to be shared around like common gossip. You must have an extraordinary mind not to use a revealing charm on this book, too obvious for a common wizard. As much as I detest those filthy muggles, their ways of concealing secrets are most intriguing especially in Vatican Italy..... Harry was utterly focused now as he read on, there wasn't much after that except an incantation, Infictum Mactabilis and a small description of the downward slashing wand movement.

Seeing movement from the corners of his eyes, Harry quickly snapped the book shut.

"What you reading Hawwy?" Little Rosy chirped happily as she jumped on the sofa.

"Nothing, school stuff." Harry lied and remembering his promise, quickly added, "You want to visit the park or something?"

"Yeah!" Little Rosy yelled and skipped into her room to change out of her sleeping gown. Ten minutes later, after a quickly scribbled

note which Rosy had insisted Harry to write, they were at a local park.

Harry just smiled as he gently pushed his sister on the swings, listening to her innocent and playful laughter. He still remembered the times where he sat alone at the swings while watching with jealousy and anger that all the other children had parents accompanying them. Then what Lily Potter had said last night came back to him and he had to suppress an urge to swear loudly for the confusion in his head.

"I HATE them, why am I feeling so guilty, they SHOULD be the ones who should be throwing at my feet begging for forgiveness." He thought as Little Rosy led him to the slides. "No, I don't think I would fit anymore. You go." Harry said shaking his head despite the pout of the little redhead.

He sat at a bench not too far away, looking on with his arms crossed in front of his chest, "In the end, its just me." He thought as he ran a hair over his locks.

An hour later, Little Rosy had found herself comfortable on her brother's strong shoulders again as they began the slow journey home, the trees on the sidewalks were green with new life and the sky a vibrant blue decorated by fluffy marshmallow clouds.

After dropping his sister back in Potter Manor, Harry walked to the nearest barbershop to get his hair cut. He arrived back to the Manor around lunchtime, his face an emotionless mask as he entered the kitchen, where his family was already having lunch. All conversations stopped as soon as he came in.

"Harry, you cut your hair?" James Potter asked rhetorically and was responded with a nod. Harry grinned at Little Rosy who couldn't help but pout sadly, she couldn't tug on his long locks now. Then after eating his breakfast quickly he excused himself from the table, deliberately not making any eye contact with his mother.

Harry was frustrated, he did not know why he felt so guilty ever since the incident last night, another thing that surprised him was that his brother avoided him ever since the incident in the Chamber, which was comforting.

Shaking his head, he returned to his bedroom to continue studying the mysterious spell that he had discovered hidden in his Advanced Dueling book. Time flew by as he flipped through the pages, more than half the spells that Harry had come across were borderline dark. Since he couldn't use his wand without alerting the whole family, he could only study the theories and wand movements.

Then as the clock in his room hit four, Harry simply sighed as he took the clothes that he had gotten yesterday from his closet and began changing. He had to admit Elena did a great job with choosing his clothes.

At four thirty, the door rang, Little Rosy skipped to the door and squealed as she opened the door, revealing a regally dressed Narcissa Malfoy.

"Aunt Cissy!" Little Rosy chirped happily as Narcissa bent down and gave the little redhead a gently hug.

"Hello Rosaline, is your brother ready yet?" Narcissa asked politely. Little Rosy just giggled in response when she saw a sulking Harry coming down the stairs. Narcissa smiled approvingly at his newly cut hair but it quickly evaporated when she saw Lily Potter appear from the living room.

"Narcissa..." Lily greeted curtly.

"Evans..." Narcissa replied in the same manner, and the temperature instantly dropped drastically. Sirius had told Harry that Lily, Narcissa and Snape were the best potion brewers in their year and that their competitive natures were fiercer than the competitiveness Harry had with Elena.

"So, um...Cissy, Sirius should be expecting us at five right?" Harry mumbled, eager to get away from the uncomfortable position he was in.

Narcissa blinked and in a cold voice said to Lily Potter, "I'll be bringing him back at eleven." With that, she grabbed Harry by the arm and jerked him out of the manor with Little Rosy giggling uncontrollably as she watched her brother getting pulled away like a doll. As soon as they left the front door of Potter Manor, Narcissa apparated both of them into Number Twelve Grimmauld Place.

Harry grinned when he saw Elan dressed in an all black suit made of silk, with a black dress shirt and a blood red tie that accompanied it.

"I would have never thought....the color red on a Malfoy." Harry teased.

"Shove it Potter, who am I to question the absolute great authority of Lady Malfoy." Elan joked back.

"Enough you two." Narcissa snapped as she led them both into the living room where Sirius, Lucius and Draco were already waiting.

"Heya kiddo, looking sharp, but not the best." Sirius said haughtily and was elbowed mercilessly by Narcissa.

She then procured a women's high heel boot, laid it in front of them and placed a hand on it.

"I really do not get this....of all things." Sirius grumbled as he placed a hand on the boot. Lucius just shook his head as he joined in, Draco joined in seconds later. Harry and Elan shared looks and shrugged as they told hold and winced as Narcissa said calmly, "Activate."

Harry felt if the ground was opening up from underneath him as he was pulled into a vortex. Then after a 'joyful' ride, they were regurgitated back out as they arrived at the doors of the newly elected French Minister of Magic's chateau.

Harry could hardly contain the awe he felt as he looked at the chateau, it was really something out of a fairytale; it closely resembled the Chateau de Chambord that he had read about recently. They were welcomed warmly as Sirius, Lucius and Narcissa led the two young teens along with a boy passed the large magnificent doors. Large chandeliers hanged from the ceiling, expensive looking muggle paintings were hanged on the corridor walls.

"Bloody showoffs." Elan coughed eliciting a snicker from Draco but quickly stopped under a cold glare from Narcissa. They arrived at the main hall and Harry couldn't help it but shake his head as he saw the familiar gleam in Sirius' eyes as he saw dozens of beautiful

models sitting on large comfortable couches, chatting idly and drinking champagne.

"Here we go again. The old dog prepares to strike yet again." Elan whispered with a smirk just loud enough for Draco and Harry to hear, after seeing his best friend shake his head. After Narcissa reviewed them over their manners, Harry and Elan walked off, Harry just schooled his face into an unreadable expression as he felt eyes boring into the back of his head. This party was different than all the social gatherings he had attended back in England, he could tell that the French was more lenient on showing public affection as he watched people snogging each other on some couches.

Soft, classical music could be heard as Harry and Elan neared the food. Most of the adults were far away from the young people as possible, some looked on disapprovingly whilst others looked on with indifference. Harry had been spooning bouillabaisse into his mouth quietly when he saw a figure walking towards him from the edges of his eyes. "I like the new hair, very stylish and creative." Judging by her voice, she was definitely a woman in her teens, Harry calculated and had to bite back a groan, he had hope that no one approached him tonight.

"Thank You." He said curtly and proceeded to walk off when he felt a hand stop his shoulder. He glanced back at the owner of the hand and was immediately drowned in her piercing blue eyes.

"You are as interesting as they say you are, Harry Potter." The dark haired beauty whispered in Harry's ear, her cool breath on his bare skin sending shivers down his spine. Then she released the hand on his shoulder and before Harry could get his mind in working condition, she was gone. His eyes were darting from corner to corner, why did he feel so infatuated.

"Hey Harry, what's up." Elan said holding out one of two lamb kebabs in his hand towards him.

"Nothing." Harry said taking a bite, eyes still scanning everywhere.

"This is so boring." Elan said as they politely gave their plates to a waiter. Harry just nodded in acknowledgement and willingly signed several autographs to a few giggling models then they made their way to drinks stand and poured themselves a glass of tropical fruit

punch since they weren't allowed to drink just yet and had a reputation to hold.

Harry grinned when he watched Elan getting dragged off by a group of gorgeous models and simply mouthed a 'good luck' when Elan pleaded for help. Harry was leaning against a polished white marble pillar when he suddenly found himself pressed against the pillar and a pair of soft, moist lips gently caressing his.

Slowly, as if Sirius was right next to him, yelling chicken in his ear, he wrapped his arms around the woman's slim waist and began kissing back since he didn't wish to cause a scene and was glad that people didn't even look once in his direction. The woman in his arms elicited a loud moan as Harry demonstrated his skills of French kissing. He opened his eyes slightly and saw the woman straddling him had familiar looking dark hair, a tanned complexion, a perfect nose and pink colored full lips.

He blushed slightly when his eyes trailed towards her chest, he could tell that her breasts were big but not obnoxiously so. In addition, she was fit and had a perfect hourglass body. When she opened her eyes, Harry was surprised to see her sharp blue orbs staring intently back towards him.

"We meet again..." Harry breathed as the woman's lips left his.

"So it would seem...Mr. Potter." She replied, her eyes filled with fascination and dare he say it, lust?

"I'm Ashley, Ashley Taylor." She introduced herself in an American accent.

"Pleasure to meet you." Harry said, playing along...for now. "My God, her scent is so intoxicating." He thought as he caught the fragrance of Channel perfume dulling his senses.

Slowly, he looked over Ashley's shoulder and he could see the envious looks all the other models shot at Ashley, Sirius was grinning stupidly at him, which made him roll his eyes.

"So, what do you do, Ms. Taylor?" Harry asked causing said girl to widen her smile.

"Do you not know or just miserably failing to charm me, Potter?" She whispered in his ear, brushing his earlobe with her hot tongue.

"I'm afraid you have me at a disadvantage, Ms. Taylor. And no don't think just because you kissed me, I will fancy you." Harry replied curtly and was on the verge of releasing his arms around her when he was pulled into an even tighter embrace.

"Don't be so fast to judge...Mr. Potter, I have a way of...getting whatever I desire." Ashley whispered before placing her lips on his again as their tongues battled for dominance. She had kissed a lot of boys but none of them were as good as Harry in technique and she could deduct that he had probably kissed as much or more girls than she had boys.

Reluctantly, she released her arms around his neck in an agonizingly slow pace, her grayish blue eyes never once stopped staring into Harry's emerald green much to his annoyance and after giving him a seductive wink, walked away, adding a bit more swaying then necessary in her hips.

Harry felt frustrated and somewhat violated but he couldn't help but stare at her long gorgeous legs and Elan quickly staggered next to him,

"I can't believe it! You were snogging Ashley Bloody Taylor!" He said loudly, he had lipstick all over his face, neck, the collar of his shirt and his tie was missing but he didn't seem to care.

Harry just gave him a confused look and Elan immediately palmed his face.

"Merlin Harry, you're bloody hopeless."

"Shut it or I might just tell Anna that you broke your promise...." Harry said softly in a frighteningly similar way Snape did when he was annoyed but it worked, Elan pipped down instantly.

"Harry, you lucky pup....Ashley Taylor was voted Most Beautiful Witch two years in a row, including this year!" Sirius said.

"Not you too Sirius? That's just disturbing, aren't you too old to be—" Harry never got a chance to finish as Sirius just laughed merrily and patted his shoulders before walking off.

"You know Elan, I think I'm starting to regret hiring that mongrel as my agent." Harry said which made the Malfoy heir to snigger loudly.

Meanwhile, not far away, a silver haired goddess dressed in a simple dark blue dress that went a bit over the knees looked on sadly, Fleur Delacour couldn't help but feel an unfamiliar sense of anger and jealousy towards the dark haired woman who had just left Harry's arms. From the way they conversed, they didn't seem to know each other but then why was he allowing her to kiss him. It did make her feel happy that Harry didn't see all that please to kiss the dark haired woman.

All her thoughts were disrupted when she felt something nudging the edge of her dress. She looked down and tried to smile at Gabrielle who was obviously upset that her idol and hero had been kissing somebody else.

"Gabby, quit sulking and go over and say hello if you don't want him to kiss anymore girls." Fleur said and yelped when the small veela grabbed her hand and pulled her away from their parents with a surprising force that a five year old shouldn't normally have.

Fleur couldn't help but feel as if the temperature had risen when Gabrielle pulled her several feet within the dark haired youth. His eyes were more entrancing then ever as they gazed strongly at her, she couldn't help but feel disappointed when she gazed at his hair, it looked nice enough in its current faux hawk style but she very much prefer his original, long, messy locks.

"Hello Harry, I hope you haven't forgotten me." Gabrielle chirped while looking at him with her big, innocent baby blue eyes.

Harry just laughed and replied fluently along with his signature smile which can make witches from all over the world swoon, "Of course I haven't, my dear angel Gabrielle, how are you?"

Gabrielle blushed bright pink and promptly hid behind Fleur who just rolled her eyes.

Harry was about to say something but then quickly smacked Elan in the back of his head realizing that he was totally entranced by Fleur's allure as it was with all the male guests around them.

"What, you were saying Harry?" Elan said confusingly.

"See you in a bit. Watch over Gabrielle for a bit will you?" Harry said simply and before Fleur could react, yanked her into the balcony, which was much quieter.

"There, much better don't you think?" Harry asked as he rested his arms on the railing and gazed at the bright city lights far away. Fleur had to agree, she was used to men drooling at her but still it was nice to be in a quiet environment.

Again, that reminded her that Harry was the only one who could ignore her allure, feeling dangerous, Fleur decided to focus all her allure on the handsome dark haired wizard in next to him but to her shock and somewhat disappointment, he remained nonchalant as ever.

"Harry, can I ask you something?" Fleur piped, slowly Harry turned his head towards her, his entrancing green eyes studying her before nodding.

"How is that you can resist my allure? I have just focused all my powers on you and you didn't feel anything..." Fleur asked.

"I don't really have an answer for that but I'm glad I'm not making a pathetic idiot out of myself." He replied with a small smile on the edge of his lips before it quickly vanished. A brief lapse of silence ensured afterwards before Harry suddenly asked, "You want to dance?" Fleur was stunned, Harry wanted to dance with her.

"Sure." She replied with a true happy smile on her face. Her heart fluttered when she watched Harry take her hand and after giving it a kiss, placed his other hand on her waist causing her to feel very warm all of a sudden.

Before she knew it, she was being waltzed around the balcony, she was a ballerina but Harry wasn't bad at dancing either, in fact he was leading the dance; his sincere looking green eyes never once leaving hers.

"I never knew you could dance so well, Mr. Potter." Fleur whispered.

"I never said I couldn't only that I don't like to." Harry retorted.

"Not even if that girl who has been kissing you asked you?" Fleur asked and mentally slapped herself for asking so directly.

Twirling her once, Harry pulled her close suddenly and whispered; "There's nothing between Ashley Taylor and I." Fleur couldn't help but swallow; his well-sculptured face was only millimeters away from hers. She couldn't help but feel disappointed when he pulled away and resumed leading her in short circles.

Not too far away, a certain mischievous blonde troublemaker was spying on the unsuspecting pair with a smirk on his lips.

"Big bro, what are you doing?" Draco asked with a raised eyebrow as he saw his big brother staring with a smile at the balcony.

"Nothing, Draco, just enjoying the view." He replied and muttered, "Ashley Taylor and a Veela, you lucky sod." Gabrielle just huffed beside him, crossing her arms with a crossed expression on her face.

Speaking of said lucky sod, Harry was having a tough time remaining his cool façade as the moonlight enhanced Fleur's already white, porcelain skin making it glow. Even though there were a lot of beautiful women at this party he had to admit, Fleur was one of a kind, she never acted in a fan girl fashion which he really didn't like and understood him in a way that no one, not even his three best friends could.

Slowly but confidently, Harry drew the goddess closer to his chest, causing her to gasp out with surprise but she adjusted quickly, burying her face in his chest, her slender arms and finely manicured hands on his chest. Fleur sighed contentedly as she heard the gently rhythm of Harry's heartbeat, normally if any other boy ever did this, they would be on the floor all curled up and holding their genitals in pain but Harry was no ordinary boy; he was so charismatic when he wanted and his eternal aura of mysteriousness always sparked her curiosity, his dashing looks and his ability to nullify the Veela charm certainly didn't hurt.

Much to her dismay, Harry broke contact as he pulled his face away from her wondrous silk textured hair and led her back inside without saying a word.

Apolline Delacour smiled mirthfully at a corner when she saw her eldest daughter with her hand linked to a striking, green-eyed young man. She had to admit, Fleur had great taste for someone who rarely dated.

"Good Evening, Mrs. Delacour. Please extend my gratitude to your husband for inviting me tonight." Harry said formally as he released his grip on Fleur's hand, to be honest to him; Apolline Delacour couldn't have looked over thirty five, she could have passed off as Fleur's older sister with the same silvery blonde hair, a perfect hourglass figure snow colored skin and baby blue eyes.

Apolline was impressed by his French and returned the greeting. "I like your style very much." Apolline commented as she took one of Harry's hands and started inspecting the quality of his jacket.

"Thank you, I am happy that my friend did not waste her efforts." Harry replied smoothly. Apolline was impressed, her eldest daughter had spoken the truth, being half veela, her allure was more powerful than Fleur's but it too, was simply useless against the emerald eyed superstar before her; no man save her husband could stay in a civilized conversation with her for less than half a minute before their eyes trailed somewhere else.

Harry was surprised when Apolline introduced her husband who seemed to be calculating and analyzing him, Alain Delacour was tad bit shorter than his wife, but seemed to be good-naturedly. But to Alain's disappointment, the lad standing before him seemed to be impervious to intimidation and just greeted him politely thus the two began a conversation about the differences between the Ministries of Magic between the two countries, making Apolline groaned with boredom.

She turned to Fleur, "Did you danced with him tonight?" Fleur just widened her eyes as she tried to enunciate a response but her voice was lost as she remembered Harry holding her near his chest as they danced in the moonlight. "I take it was very romantic also non?" causing a pink tint appeared on Fleur's cheeks.

Apolline had to suppress a chuckle when she saw her youngest daughter sulking, "It seems someone isn't too happy." She remarked and then watched with mirth as Fleur sighed and walked over to the little Veela who was obviously upset about her idol not giving the same attention he gave her elder sister.

"Interesting so French aurors can actually use Unforgivables when chasing down suspects?" Harry asked intriguingly while gazing out the windows after Alain had explained that he worked as an Auror captain before being promoted to Head of the Auror Department while he sipped on his punch.

"Yes BUT, only if the suspect is resisting cooperation or self defense." Alain said, standing next to Harry as he observed the bubbles in his glass of champagne.

"I think that's what every Ministry should follow similar procedures but in England, Dumbledore believes we should all be forgiving. And Fudge certainly doesn't help with his idiocy, God bless us all." Harry muttered softly as he turned his head around and saw the British Minister of Magic attempting to sweet talk his newly French counterpart.

Alain let out a throaty laughter surprising Harry, "I like you, you like to speak your mind." He said, giving Harry a pat to the shoulder.

"So I take it that you would be joining the Vratsa Vultures this summer then?" Alain asked.

"I do not know yet, I still have the World Cup Qualifiers to get through before worrying about potential transfers, that I can let Sirius handle." Harry replied.

"Sirius?" Alain asked with a raised eyebrow.

"My agent and godfather, or in this case, dogfather. I'm sorry to inform you he might not be available at the moment." Harry said with amused smirk on his lips as he watched Sirius laughing loudly with a bunch of young women giggling around him on a bunch of sofas not far away.

Beside Harry, Alain chuckle and joked, "Well suited name indeed." Soon as midnight neared, guests began to say their farewells, handshakes and future lunch/dinner meetings. Harry bade the Delacours good night and was shocked when Fleur embraced him tightly and gave him a kiss on the cheek, he was pretty sure he had stopped breathing at that particular moment. "You're very lucky Arry, I do not usually give kisses on the first date but since you gave me that dance...." Fleur whispered softly into his ear, emphasizing his name deliberately. Harry was still in shock when Fleur released her hold on him and could only feebly nod when Fleur asked him to continue writing to her.

The entire time, Apolline had a dreamy expression on her face while Alain tried to look annoyed but failed miserably and Gabrielle...well, lets just say she was glaring angrily at her sister. Harry watched the Delacours pull out a portkey and waved back weakly after Fleur had blown him a kiss.

Then with a sigh, he went over to Sirius who was sprawled across a sofa, murmuring incoherently.

"Why do I feel so fluffy and ecstatic whenever she does that? I've kissed more women then I can remember." He thought puzzlingly.

Rolling his eyes, Harry managed to pull his drunk, unconscious godfather around his shoulder with much ease and guided them both towards a sniggering Elan, who quickly grabbed Sirius' other arm and placed it around his shoulder to lessen the weight on Harry.

Lucius just shook his head with a sigh and Narcissa had a glare that promised a lot of pain as they saw Harry and Elan carrying a semi-conscious Lord Black in between them.

"You both had fun?" Narcissa asked, noting the lipstick marks on her son's face.

"Yeah but I think the dogfather had too much." Elan joked causing Draco to burst out laughing.

"Let's go so you two can rest early." Lucius remarked and Narcissa immediately procured their boot portkey. "Activate."

Immediately, the familiar spinning feeling came back as Harry watched the ground open beneath them. They landed back in Number Twelve Grimmauld Place, after dropping a snoring Sirius on the couch, Elan and Harry stretched out their limbs and laughed when Draco snorted, "Wow, Uncle Siri just slept through a portkey journey."

Lucius just palmed his face while Narcissa had a huge grin on her face.

"Let's get you home Harry dear. You look tired." She commented and immediately, Harry went into the kitchen and returned with his trunk, which he shrunk with a flick of a wrist and stuffed it into his pocket.

"I'll see you in a few days, yeah?" Elan asked as he took his father's arm. Harry just gave him a look that said, "Duh!" and disappeared as Narcissa apparated them out of the house.

"Thanks for bringing me back Aunt Cissy, I can take it from here." Harry said after they appeared back in front of the gates of Potter Manor. Narcissa just smiled at him and stroked his cheek,

"You're growing up so fast, it seemed like it was only yesterday when you first stepped into our manor."

"Oh yeah, remember when you caught Elan and I sneaking into the attic...." Both of them laughed lightly about the incident, poor Elan ended up with pink hair for the entire week.

After a hug, Narcissa watched as the boy she regarded as one of her sons walk into the dark manor before disappearing into the cool summer breeze. Upon entering his room, Harry stroked and apologized to Rina for leaving her alone for so long and earned himself an affectionate nuzzle to the cheek, smiling, Harry fell down heavily on his four-poster bed and dropped into the realm of Morpheus quickly with the image of a silver haired goddess being the last thing he remembered.

The next morning, Harry was awakened by an extremely hyper Rosy who was squealing for him to wake up and promptly ran down the stairs with a fake scream of terror after he pretended to be the boogeyman.

He grunted as he got up from bed, picked up his discarded tie and jacket from the floor and neatly placed them accordingly into his closet. After changing into a pair of black Nike shorts and a faded khaki AC DC t-shirt, he walked down the stairs and was surprised to see a hangover free Sirius Black beaming at him from at the door.

"About time you got up squirt." He said making Harry roll his eyes.

"Look who's talking, Elan and I had to haul your fat arse out of their last night...we deserve the extra sleep. Anyways how did you get over here so early? By the amount you drank, you should still be snoring in the couch." Harry retorted and was responded with a ruffle of his hair.

"Tut tut tut, a magician never reveals his secrets, young apprentice." Sirius replied cheekily.

"So what're you doing here?" Harry asked as they walked into the living room.

"Some things I would like to discuss with you as your agent." Sirius replied seriously for once and pulled out a thick stack of letters. "First of all, Honeydukes Chocolate wants you to do a ad for them, Butterbeer wants you to be their official spokesmen along with Elan, Nicole Hartman, Captain of the Hollyhead Harpies and guess who, ASHLEY TAYLOR!" He all but shouted, causing James and Lily Potter to come running into the living room.

"What's going on?" Lily asked. "Nothing concerning you." Sirius replied with a snort and laughed when Harry moaned.

"Harry, its ASHLEY BLOODY TAYLOR, I didn't see you complaining when she was giving you the snog of a lifetime." Sirius exclaimed.

"It was more like me giving her the snog of a lifetime, after all, I am your apprentice." Harry grinned back.

"That you are." Sirius said sagely, ignoring the scandalized look on Lily's face and sighed. "Look you do want to do this or not?"

"Fine, fine....Malfoy won't last ten minutes in there alone." Harry retorted as he picked up the contract and looked over it thoroughly.

Harry was seriously impressed with the negotiation skills Sirius had after learning the amount of money he would get out of the ads.

Then knowing that the first World Cup Qualifier was tomorrow, Harry summoned his Nimbus 2000 in its case and a suitcase with two months of clothes packed inside. And after a rather tearful, long farewell from his little sister and a good luck embrace from Sirius, Harry slipped on a ring portkey and disappeared.

The gentle summer wind gently caressed his face as Harry appeared before a large stadium that he wasn't particularly familiar with.

"Harry, how've you been?" Harry smiled when he saw Ray Anderson striding towards him, with two Quaffles in his hands.

"Heard about the transfer rumors, of course, since you're the best chaser England's ever produced since Edgar Sullivan himself." The former U-17 England Manager commented as he led Harry to a tent just a bit right of the stadium.

"Oh and just so you know, we're borrowing the stadium of Puddlemere United." The coach said as he held the flap of the tent open as Harry went inside.

"Magical tents never cease to amuse me." Harry said to himself as he looked around. Behind a curtain was a team meeting room, and another part, he presumed was the kitchen as he could smell the scent of bread wafting from behind the curtains.

"You're room is the third one on the left. Be out after you get settled, the rest of the team is already warming up." Ray said. Harry nodded and was pleasantly surprised, all rooms were individually cut off from the rest, each like a cubicle at an office with a curtain acting as a door. There were also individual showers not too far away from the sleeping quarters. There was a bed designed for one person, the cover and pillow were both an Ecru color, along with it were a desk with a lamp, a chair and a small drawer to place his suitcase upon.

Satisfied with the bed after trying the mattress, Harry smiled when he saw his England Jersey with the number 7 and his surname sewn flawlessly on the back, neatly folded, already ready on the bed. After putting up a poster of his favorite football player, George Best

on the wall and changing into an England Training Jersey, he freed his Nimbus from its case and bolted into the stadium.

It was truly a shock when their coach pitted the recent U-17 Champions against the current England team and the final result ended up with the young champions winning by a whooping margin of 890-280. It was clear to everyone present that the current England National Team could no longer keep up and that new blood was needed thus, everyone save a few individuals were left behind.

"Merlin, they were pathetic. No wonder England hasn't won anything in the last forty years." Elan said, brushing strand of pale blonde hair from the front of his face, several glares were thrown at him from the few players from the previous English team.

"Malfoy's got a point, no talent and not hardworking at all. I'm surprised that most of them are still employed." Jason Bale agreed as he calmly observed his newly acquired Nimbus 2001.

"Alright enough bickering...Potter, you take Malfoy, Davies and Jones with you. You know the drill." Ray said as he took out his wand and with a swish, five wooden dolls, two of which were holding out beater bats took off into the air. "Just like old times." Roger muttered before kicking off on his Nimbus 2000.

Later that night, the players went back into their tent exhausted and sore.

"Damn Harry, that last shot was ruddy brilliant." Daniel Jones exclaimed recalling a spinning shot that had curved its way around his hand. Harry just smiled, after a quick shower, he quickly returned to his room and promptly fell asleep as soon as he hit the mattress.

The next few weeks was full of action, England had proceeded to a five game winning streak and easily held the number one spot of their group, since it was only the World Cup Qualifiers, the teams that they faced were mediocre at best. What's worse, in between his matches and training, Harry had to do ads and it turned out to be a complete nightmare.

"Alright, good, good, now, Mr. Potter, wrap your arms around Ms. Taylor's waist from behind....excellent..." The director exclaimed as Harry groaned but did as he was told; after all, he was paid good

money and Ashley was indeed a female fatale. Since the Butterbeer ad was based on a summer theme, Harry found himself in a secluded section of Newquay beach wearing a pair of dark blue swimming trunks, around his arms was a the lean, female fatale, otherwise known as Ashley Taylor, clad only in a white bikini which fully revealed her perfect figure.

"Am I really that unpleasant, Mr. Potter? Many men would have sawed off their arms just to get a second glance from me." She whispered softly after their last shot was done, Harry had immediately released his grip as soon as the director shouted cut.

"I see." Harry replied simply and quickly donned on a t-shirt and his usual sunglasses. And before Ashley could continue, he disappeared with a nod as he activated the silver ring portkey around his finger, leaving her on the beach.

Her carefully manicured hands were now curled into fists, normally any guy would be begging for a date but Harry Potter had proved her wrong again, he was truly an enigma. After their encounter in France, she'd been shocked to find herself feeling jealous that Potter seemed to be more friendly and interested in the silver blonde haired girl than her, all her life, Ashley got whatever she wanted and being rejected the first time did not sit well with her.

Meanwhile at Potter Manor, a little redhead was playing dolls by herself, ever since her big brother left, Rosy had been very moody. Her parents were very loving to her but it just wasn't the same without riding on Harry's shoulder, playing together with her toys, going to the park just the two of them. With a sigh, Rosy went over to a folded Daily Prophet sitting on the coffee table in front of the family sofa because the Prophet would often times have moving pictures of Harry and it was the only way she could see him but she was happy that he would be back very soon.

Speaking of said superstar, Harry raised his fist in triumph as they pummeled Croatia by an 895-250 margin, with Harry scoring at least half of their total points. It seemed that dropping most of the senior players had been a correct decision, the press was outraged that Ray Anderson had the guts to field a team only consisting his former U-17 players and dropping the majority of the experienced players in the previous team, however it turned out to be a blessing in disguise; England had successfully revolutionized and now had a

team that was consistent and morale in the dressing room had never been better.

To put it simply, the current team was the Quidditch Version of Real Madrid in the 1950-60's. Harry was swarmed by white at once when he landed on the ground, getting the life squeezed out of him as the entire team embraced him. They had done it, England had finally qualified.

Chapter 13: End of Summer, The Rat, Dementors

"Yo loverboy, you've made the front page." Roger said with a large grin as he tossed a copy of the Daily Prophet to a wet haired Harry, who had just finished changing into more comfortable clothes after his shower.

He groaned when he saw it was the new Butterbeer advertisement,

"Damn Harry, you're so lucky, everyone with an ounce of brains know that Ashley Taylor has the hottest ass of any model." Jeremy Bale said as he sipped his Butterbeer on the large dinner table.

"Men...." Nicole Hartman snorted in the seat next to the American born Englishman, flicking strands of dark brown hair from the front of her face as she glared annoyingly at all the male organisms in the room with her dark brown eyes, which pretty much was everyone. As the captain of the Hollyhead Harpies, she was retained on the team since she scored 290 points in their first practice session and had impressed the boss to keeping her on the team, along with her was her fellow club teammate and reserved goalkeeper, Cassandra Hill; who wasn't pleased to be Daniel Jones' backup but had to relent when he saved more penalties than she did, they were the only two women on the team.

"What? It's not our fault that we were built to submit to the opposite sex." Jeremy retorted.

"Too right you are, dear brother of mine." His identical twin Jason quipped.

"I heard dear Harrikens had the chance of getting acquainted with Ms. Ashley not too long ago." Jeremy commented, drawing loud sniggering from Elan from the sofas, he was busy reading a copy of '100 most desirable Quidditch Players 1992-93"

"They did more than that." He snickered and yelped when a baseball narrowly missed him.

"Be careful with that! I got that for my tenth birthday." Jason said as he quickly went to retrieve his prized possession, causing his twin to laugh incessantly.

"Just drop it, there is nothing, I repeat, NOTHING, between us. It was just an advertisement, why is the whole world thinking that there's a relationship." Harry grumbled and walked towards his room, much to the dismay of the twins, who very much wanted to tease him more about it.

Coach Ray Andersen later surprised the squad at dinner when he announced that all the players on the team will be receiving a Firebolt, the new prototype broom that was said to be superior to the Nimbus 2001 in every way.

Half an hour later, Puddlemere United's empty stadium was lightened by its glorious lights, sounds of broomsticks accelerating along with joyful laughter and shouts that echoed throughout the summer night.

"This broom is amazing, one hundred and fifty miles per hour, Nimbus' going to have a tough time competing with this baby." Roger whistled as he held the Firebolt much like a mother would hold her first-born child. Harry just chuckled when he imagined the picture of Roger taking the Firebolt to bed with him, when the others looked questioningly at him, he just waved them off with a hand.

Harry had mixed feelings when he entered his room and took out his loyal Nimbus 2000 that had never failed him, "This was my first broom, the start of my dreams." He thought as he ran a hand down the handle, he would keep and cherish it forever; originally Sirius had wanted to buy the broom for him but he had rejected the proposal because he loathed people giving him charity.

After thoroughly polishing both his Nimbus for the last time and his newly acquired Firebolt, Harry changed into his nightclothes and slipped into unconsciousness as he pulled the covers over him. The atmosphere during breakfast the following day was melancholy and surprisingly quiet. Ray Anderson stood up at the middle of their meal at the head of the long, well furnished dinner table and praised the entire team for their performances in addition to their positive attitudes and finally, he informed the team to stay fit and refrain from partying too much; he glared seriously at his three chasers as he enunciated his last point, which caused the three of them to look back at him innocently.

After biding his fellow teammates goodbye, Harry slipped on the ring portkey and disappeared into the earth with a swirl. He sighed as he appeared once again back at Potter Manor, not looking forward in going inside, Harry walked around the manor and laid on his back in the backyard, staring at the calm blue sky when suddenly he saw the cute face of a little girl with long flaming red hair shrouding her face, staring down at him adoringly.

"Hawwy!" Before he could comprehend what was happening, Rosy had jumped him, landed on his stomach and began giving him sloppy wet kisses to his face. For once, Harry laughed happily as he tickled the little redhead mercilessly, ignoring her cries of mercy. It was tough work balancing between spending time with his sister and playing the role of an International Quidditch Superstar.

Throughout the next few days, Harry had to participate in several more advertisements, mainly on promoting the Firebolt, along with Elan, Roger, Cedric, Nicole Hartman, and the famous Bulgarian Seeker, Viktor Krum.

"You all flew very well and in the qualifiers as well. I expect to see you all in the Final this summer." Krum commented in heavily accented English after they were finished and left in a rush with a tall man with a goatee, all the English players took the challenge seriously, Ray had told them that Bulgaria had won all their Qualifiers as well and was placed above England to win the World Cup.

"You really think Bulgaria's going to be in the Final this year?" Cedric asked as they climbed into the Malfoy limo.

"With Krum, they have a huge chance, he's been voted Best Seeker for three years in a row, while Ceddy here is the runner up." Roger answered with a bit of unease in his voice, taking a seat.

"They may have Krum but we have the best chasers in the whole world as well as two beaters that can very well be pass as telepaths. I still can't believe we qualified!" Elan said excitedly as he closed the limo door.

Harry just smiled as he listened to the conversation until Elan pulled out a copy of Teen Witch Weekly and said with a shit eating grin that Harry instantly want to pound off, "Here Harry, I thought you might

find something interesting in there, Anna showed me this yesterday."

Roger, Elan and Cedric sniggered as they saw their friend's hand turn whiter and whiter.

Harry couldn't believe his eyes as he stared at the header, "England Star Chaser and The American Model." Beneath it was a moving, clear picture of Ashley Taylor in her red spaghetti strap dress and him kissing furiously at the French Minister's party not too long ago.

He swore under his breath and tossed the magazine back to Elan without reading the article. "Bloody hell, one snog and it comes biting me back in the arse." Harry muttered dryly.

"Quit sulking Harry, this is something to be proud of. You snogged Ashley Taylor, two time winner of the Most Beautiful Witch Pageant." Cedric exclaimed, making his three friends to stare incredulously at him.

"What?" He asked.

"Better not let Chang hear that you've been complimenting other girls, you wouldn't want to spend the entire school year hospitalized in the Hospital Wing." Roger said through his laughter, causing the Hufflepuff to blush bright red, Cho was known to be rather 'strict' towards her boyfriend; even more so since his induction into the England National Team.

The limo stopped next to The Leaky Cauldron and after slipping on their shades, the door was opened by an elderly looking man dressed in a tuxedo and a black chauffeur hat, who said with a slight bow

"We have arrived, Master Malfoy."

"Thank you Al, I think we need about an hour and a half." Elan replied and stepped out of the limo followed by Harry, Roger and Cedric.

"Hey Elan, how come the muggles aren't drawn to the limousine?" Roger asked as they entered,

"That is because father charmed it so that only people who are magical could see it." The blonde chaser replied and stopped suddenly and began to chuckle, "No way..."

"What?" Cedric asked. Elan just started to snigger loudly as he pointed to a large moving poster of Harry with his arms locked around the petite form of Ashley Taylor, who held in her hand a bottle of Butterbeer.

"Wow! Damn, check THOSE out! All Natural. You're so lucky Harry." Roger said taking his shades off for a clearer look but yelped when Harry clamped his hand on the scruff of his t-shirt and hauled his protesting arse through the mostly empty bar with an amused Cedric and Elan behind him. All remarks and teasing comments were instantly when they saw Harry giving them the infamous 'Snape Death Glare.'

Soon they found themselves walking into Flourish and Blotts for their sixth year books which included:

The Standard Book of Spells (Grade 6) by Miranda Goshawk

Advanced Potion-Making by Libatius Borage

Confronting The Faceless by Quentin Trimble

Guide to Advanced Transfiguration by Emeric Switch

Successfully keeping a low profile, the four walked out the bookstore with their books in their bags. After taking a trip at the Apothecary and Madam Malkins', they had to shiver slightly at that, the shop assistants there had stares that they didn't especially feel comfortable receiving.

Then they just hung out at Florean Fortsecue's Ice Cream Parlour, unfortunately; they attracted a lot of attention, like sighed as witches crowded around their table, they signed autographs, took pictures and conversed to their fans. However, Harry was surprised to see that his fans were more subdued when facing him, probably because of that article regarding him and Ashley; he was actually feeling thankful towards the dark haired beauty for lessening the enthusiasm of his fans.

After signing the last autograph, Harry was surprised to see a bushy haired girl waving wildly at him with both hands.

"Hey Hermione, here for some school material shopping?" Harry asked once she got close enough, she was wearing leg hugging jeans and a red Ryan Giggs t-shirt.

She nodded and after saying a quick hi to the other three teens replied, "I'm so excited, and this year I can take elective classes."

"Oh yeah? Which two are you taking?" Harry asked curiously.

"Care of Magical Creatures, Divination, Ancient Runes." Was her reply.

Raising an eyebrow, Harry said "Hmm, there might be a problem with the class schedule as some of those classes overlap each other."

"Not really, some people had time turners so that they could take all the electives." Elan replied from his Vanilla Ice Cream Butterbeer float. Due to a shock look that appeared on her face, Harry assumed that it was what Hermione would be doing.

"Well have fun with that, I never liked using time turners." He said.

"And you took the O.W.L.S for them?" Hermione asked skeptically.

"Yeah... for Runes, Divination and Muggle Studies, I just did studying outside the class and took them at the Ministry." Harry replied with a shrug.

Then looking at his watch Harry mumbled, "I would really want to talk more but I have to return home, so see you on the train hopefully?"

Hermione just gave him her special suffocating, bone-crushing hug and beamed brightly at him as the group walked away. T

he last days of his summer were spent around the manor, reading the books he had bought and playing with his ever adorable little sister, which pleased her to no end.

He was hardly surprised when his O.W.L.S results arrived, an unknown black feathered owl, no doubt a Ministry owl flew perched itself on the windowsill outside Harry's room and started pecking at the glass window. Temporarily halting the letter he was writing to Fleur, he opened the window and retrieving the envelope from the bird's mouth, Harry gave it some owl treats as well as a

bowl of water. Tearing open the envelope on his bed this was what he received.

Dear Mr. Harry James Potter,

Below are your O.W.L.S results for the following classes:

Passing Grades Failing Grades

O = Outstanding P = Poor

E = Exceeds Expectations D = Dreadful

A = Acceptable T = Troll

Ancient Runes = E

Arithmancy = O

Astronomy = O

Care of Magical Creatures = O

Charms: Theory = O/Practical = O

Defence Against the Dark Arts: Theory = O/Practical = O

Divination= E

Herbology = O

History of Magic = O

Muggle Studies = O

Potions: Theory = O/Practical = O

Transfiguration: Theory = O/Practical = O

Congratulations Mr. Potter, you have attained twelve O.W.L.S

Harry scanned his results and without a second glance tossed it aside much to the amusement of Rina who let out a shrill cry of amusement.

"I take it that you did well." She sang while leaving her porch by her companion's bed and onto his chest.

"Ten Outstandings and two Exceeds Expectations." He replied through their bond, caressing his familiar's incredibly soft-feathered wing. Rina sang a melodious note and under her beautiful song, Harry fell into deep sleep.

The next morning, Harry was woken up violently by a cold jet of water shot straight at his face by a grinning Sirius. Harry wasn't amused to say the least by his wake up call and shot a wandless tooth engorgement charm on the dog animagi who screeched and scurried out like girl who's make up had been ruined just before prom.

Grumbling, Harry got out of bed and went into the bathroom. After fitting himself in his favorite pair of black skinny jeans, a grey t-shirt and a thin black blazer, Harry walked down the stairs with his luggage already packed and shrunk; Rina was perched on his shoulder, her magnificent head drooping.

He was surprised to see only Little Rosy and Sirius waiting for him, the tooth engorgement charm seemed to have been rectified.

Sensing his thoughts, Sirius said "I wanted to take you and Rose out for lunch before getting to King's Cross." Harry grinned and gave a nod at his familiar who disappeared in flames and with an adorable redhead on his shoulders along with his godfather walked out of the manor. Soon they found themselves comfortably eating in a McDonalds close to King's Cross Station, Little Rosy was giggling as she watched her favorite brother and godfather challenge each other in a Big Mac-eating contest, any polite pureblood etiquette all but forgotten.

"That was a fine meal." Sirius said with a burp as they left, causing Harry to roll his eyes. After checking his watch, the trio arrived at King's Cross Station, suddenly a flier caught Harry's eye as they ran into Platforms Nine and Three Quarters. On the flier was a rather plump, rat faced man, he was heavily shackled.

The heading read, "PETER PETTIGREW BROKE OUT OF AZKABAN!"

"Sirius! Have you seen this?" Harry said with panic in his voice for once, despite his highly trained Occlumency skills.

Immediately, Sirius' cheerful attitude was gone, "That double crossing son of a bitch! Ooops...I forgot, my bad." He growled, but quickly quashed it when he saw Harry covering Little Rosy's ear with a crossed look on his face, Little Rosy just looked up at her brother with her adorable big green eyes.

"Yeah I heard it, a fellow friend came by at seven this morning, said that Wormtail had wormed his sorry fat ar- that he escaped sometime before dawn. Apparently he transformed into his rat form when a cellmate close to his was given the Dementor's kiss." Sirius explained as they neared the Hogwart's Express.

"Do the Aurors have any leads of where he might go?" Harry asked as they walked.

Sirius shook his head in response, "He could be anywhere, he's a rat; he could have easily stolen away on a ship or something and out of the country for all we know."

But his mood brightened when he saw Narcissa waving at him at a secluded corner near the front of the Train. Narcissa gave Harry the usual warm, loving hug before moving to Little Rosy who just giggled cutely as Narcissa commented on her growth.

"Hey Harry, you heard about Pettigrew breaking out?" Elan asked, he was dressed in a simple white t-shirt and much to Lucius' Malfoy's disapproving look, blue jeans that had several slashes on them.

Harry nodded but didn't say anything, after promising Little Rosy that he'll be back real soon and that he would bring a lot of candy, she

released her python grip around his legs with a tear stained face. After giving the little redhead a final kiss on the forehead, a manly embrace from Sirius and a last hug and handshake from Narcissa and Lucius respectively, Harry bolted into the train with Elan and Draco.

"What the-?" Harry said with surprise when he walked pass the train corridor.

"It seems that by copying your hairstyle, people would think they can date supermodels." Elan said teasingly and sidestepped out of the way when Harry suddenly turned around to punch him.

"Okay, this is my compartment, see ya at the feast big bro, Harry." Draco said as they arrived at a compartment. He opened the door, inside was Ernie MacMillan, Padma Patil, Daphne Greengrass, Blaise Zabini; who blushed bright red when she saw Harry at the compartment door. What surprised Harry the most was seeing Hermione there also.

"Harry!" She exclaimed.

"Hey Hermione, just passing by." Harry said,

"And making sure little Drakey makes it into his compartment." Elan teased, causing the younger Malfoy to flush.

"Shut up, I'm not a five year old anymore." He said, more like whined.

Elan just sniggered, ruffled his neatly gelled hair and said, "Sure you're not, let's go Harry, better find Roger."

With that, the tall Slytherin prefect walked off, Harry just gave a nod to Hermione and politely closed the compartment door. He just smiled as he heard Hermione argue with Padma Patil that she was not into older men.

Soon they found their usual compartment near the head of the train. "What took you so long?" Roger asked from his game of Wizard's Chess with Cedric.

"Mother made me accompany her little baby Drakey to his compartment." Elan replied, eliciting loud laughter from all the four

sixth year students, Harry was relieved when he saw Rina nuzzling herself with her beak. They were in their third game of goldfish when suddenly the train jerked to halt.

"What happened?" Roger asked as Cedric stuck his head out of the compartment doors.

"Nothing out of the ordinary." The Hufflepuff replied and shut the door close.

"Why do I get a feeling that we're being watched?" Harry commented as he looked out the window. The slowly, the lights were shut off, leaving them in nearly pitch black darkness.

"Something foul has just entered the train! And its heading this way!" Rina screeched to him and with horror, Harry watched the pumpkin juice he had been drinking slowly turn into ice.

"Only one type of creature could have this effect." He thought as he pulled out his wand. He then heard a loud scream, slowly opening the compartment doors and ignoring the whimpering of his friends to stay in the compartment.

Harry stepped into the dark corridor and whispered, "Lumos!" A powerful orb of light appeared at the end of his wand, slowly walking forwards, the feeling got worse, all traces of happiness seemed to have escaped the very core of him.

It confirmed his suspicions as he saw a black cloak floating towards him, the helms of the cloak fluttering even though there was no wind inside the train, its hand scabby and sickening.

"Expecto Patronum!" Harry incanted and a silver phoenix, Rina, her entire body in silvery flames, squawked loudly and flew dead straight at the Dementor, hitting it full force as it gave a loud sound of discomfort and keeping his Patronus intact, Harry purged the sickening abomination from the train door.

He saw another flash of silvery midst not too far away in a compartment and watched as the second Dementor was banished back outside the train.

A heavily robed figure then stepped outside to the corridor and immediately locked eyes with Harry, who instinctively drew his wand back in a dueling position. Then the lights returned and Harry was beyond shocked to see Remus Lupin smiling proudly at him. Harry slid his wand back in its holster.

"Hello Harry, beautiful Patronus you have there, as usual." Lupin said tiredly.

"Thanks Uncle Moony, you deserve some credit, after all you taught me that spell... what are you doing here?" Harry asked, a little puzzled, unaware that many students were staring at him with awe through the glass windows on the compartments.

"That's Professor Lupin to you now, Mr. Potter. I've been given the Defense post." Lupin replied with a wide grin.

"Wow, finally a teacher who doesn't have Voldemort infested in the back of his head or a total pansy. About time." Harry replied as he gave Lupin a crushing hug.

"Careful there. You're not exactly five years old anymore." Lupin replied as Harry released his grip. "I heard from Padfoot that you've been seen with a lovely girl. The Butterbeer poster at the leaky cauldron was well done." Lupin said teasingly, making Harry palm his face.

"Not you too..." He groaned.

Then together they walked to the head of the train, "Why did the Dementors appear on the Hogwart's Express?" Harry asked.

"They're searching for Pettigrew, there are rumors that he might sneak into Hogwarts to assassinate your brother, on that note Dumbledore has issued the Ministry to place Dementors at the edge of the Hogwart's grounds. I don't trust him, watch your back Harry." Lupin said gravely as he squeezed Harry's shoulder gently before letting him go back inside his compartment.

"Harry what was it?" Roger asked as Cedric and Elan were also having curious looks on their faces.

"It was a Dementor, apparently looking for Pettigrew." Harry said softly and proceeded to explain everything Lupin told him to his three friends.

"WHAT? Dumbledore's gone mental, Dementors on the grounds." Roger exclaimed. Harry only nodded, and massaged his head.

"Since that brat arrived, there hasn't been a normal year." He thought as he stared out into the rainy land.

Soon in a less than cheerful mood, the four changed into their uniforms, exited the train and as usual, Cedric went running to Cho to get some alone time while Harry, Elan and Roger took another carriage up to the castle.

"So have any ideas who might be our new Defense teacher?" Roger asked. Harry just smiled as he pulled out his prefect badge and placed it slightly above the Ravenclaw House Crest. Elan shook his head, they then discussed about their O.W.L.S results, no one was surprised when Harry had the most O.W.L.S.

"Here we go." Harry mumbled as they entered the magnificently furnished Great Hall, candles floating in the air. As soon as he entered, he could feel nearly the entire female population staring at him and Elan and Roger, who were following his lead; apparently, qualifying for the World Cup had only escalated their fame.

Keeping his face emotionless, Harry took a seat next to Elena Turpin, Roger took the seat next to him while a very flushed looking Cho took the seat opposite of them.

"So, my dear precious Elena...how many O.W.L.S did you get?" Harry asked as he totally ignored the sorting and smirked when he saw his longtime academic rival blush mildly, her younger sister Lisa just giggled uncontrollably as she saw her usually calm sister losing her cool.

"I got ten." Elena replied quietly.

"Wow, that's great." Harry replied sincerely and Elena was surprised that he didn't try to act superior towards her like his usual self. Before she could ask about his results, Harry clapped enthusiastically when Dumbledore introduced Lupin as the new

Defense Against The Dark Arts teacher, Snape was emotionless the entire time but his face held no hostility compared to the look he still gives James Potter.

"Wow, Lupin's our new Defense teacher, finally we get a decent teacher who knows what to do." Roger said to Harry who just smiled and nodded. The Hogwarts Headmaster then clapped his hands and food, plates and utensils appeared on the tables. Harry had to suppress his frustration from overloading as people near him continued to ask about Quidditch or his so called 'relationship' with Ashley Taylor.

Then at the end of dessert, Dumbledore warned all students about the Dementors and dismissed them, the Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs shoving each other to get out first as always while the Ravenclaws and Slytherins watched and waited patiently.

Then as prefects, Harry and Elena left the Great Hall with a bunch of awed short first years in tow. He nodded at Elan who merely gave a haughty salute as he walked out, he could feel Lupin and Dumbledore's staring at the back of his head.

After explaining and showing the first years on how to get into the common room along with answering some questions, he went straight to the boy's dormitories and after deactivating the multiple locking charms and repelling wards he had placed on his suitcase, took a fast shower, brushed his teeth and changed into a silk short sleeved shirt along with some black silk pajama bottoms. Harry said a quick good night to Roger and promptly crawled under his bedcovers, shut the nightlight on the small drawer next to his four-poster bed and fell asleep.

Chapter 14: Deepest Fear, A Special Christmas

Harry and Roger met Elan and Cedric in the Great Hall next morning after a rigorous workout just before the sun rose, with the World Cup just months away; they were warned by Ray Anderson to take good care of their bodies and to exercise regularly. Ignoring the loud, excited giggling from fans surrounding them, the four hungrily dove at the food in front of them with ravenous hunger.

The irritation from their fans lessened a bit as Cho and Anna Zabini joined them, which all four were grateful for, though the two young women were less than impressed by four athletes' table manners. They spent a whole lot of time talking about what Lupin would teach them and for once, after hearing from Harry that Lupin had taught him a patronus, were eager for Defense.

After finishing their breakfasts, they remained in their places for Professor Flitwick's descent from the staff table. The distribution of class schedules took even longer this year due to the fact that Flitwick had to confirm that everybody had achieved the necessary O.W.L. grades to continue with their chosen N.E.W.T.s. However when Flitwick had reached them, it was a relief since all of them had nine or more O.W.L.S.

"So, Harry, Harry..." squawked Professor Flitwick, consulting his notes as he turned to Harry. "Twelve O.W.L.S, I have to say, you continue to impress...I was especially proud of your Charms mark, very proud. I suppose as usual, Harry you will be tackling all classes with the exception of Divination and History of Magic?" Flitwick squeaked. Harry nodded and smiled weakly when he caught Elena looking at him.

As he received his schedule, he caught the stare of Snape for a brief second as the Potion's Master handed Elan and Anna their schedules. After all his friends had gotten their schedules, they left the Great Hall together with Harry, Elena and Anna walking off to Ancient Runes while Roger, Elan and Cedric had free period.

"How was Runes?" Roger asked as he joined Harry and Elena as they walked to Defense.

"Terrible, first day and we have a fifteen inch essay." Harry grumbled.

"Shame, lucky I didn't pick that class." Roger replied cheekily.

Instead of requesting them to meet in the normal Defense classroom, Lupin was waiting for them in the staffroom on the second corridor. All the other students had arrived and were whispering excitedly, there was nothing in the room save an old wardrobe in which teachers put their spare robes.

It began to wobble as soon as Lupin went to stand by it. "Nothing to worry about," said Lupin as several students jumped backwards in alarm.

"There's a Boggart in there." Elena said with a fascinated look on her face.

"Correct, Miss Turpin, five points to Ravenclaw. Boggarts tend to dwell and thrive in dark, enclosed spaces," said Lupin. "Wardrobes, the gap beneath beds, the cupboards under sinks – I once met one that lodged itself in a grandfather clock." At this he gave Harry a smirk and continued, "This one moved in yesterday afternoon, and I asked the Headmaster if the staff would leave it to give my six years some practice, I know all of you have studied Boggarts in your earlier years so it will be interesting when you face the real thing."

Everyone gave each other grins as they felt that this lesson would be fun. "Quick review, Mr. Diggory! What is a Boggart?" Lupin suddenly asked.

"Shape-shifter that takes the form of the thing we fear most." Cedric replied, causing Lupin to smile.

"Well said, five points to Hufflepuff. A Boggart has no shape while alone in the dark, since he does not yet know what will frighten the person on the other side of the door. Now why would that be an advantage for us, why don't you tell us Harry?" Lupin said.

"Since there are so many of us, it won't know what shape it should take." Harry replied.

"Precisely, five points to Ravenclaw. The charm that repels a Boggart is fairly simple, yet it requires force of mind, what really finishes off a Boggart is laughter. You simply need to force it to

assume a shape that you find amusing. The incantation is Riddikulus! Say it with me." "Riddikulus!" said the class together.

"Good, now can we have a volunteer? Mr. Davies, will you join me please?" Roger gulped before being walking wobblingly towards Lupin.

"Ready...1.....2...." Roger's face had turned sickly green as he aimed his wand at the closet, his hand had turned bone white. "....3" Lupin waved his wand and the wardrobe door opened with a slight creak, a rotting sickening hand slowly made its way to the edge of the closet door followed by a painful groan, several girls screamed as a decomposing zombie slowly stepped out, its head was tilted to a side revealing a gruesome sight; chunks were missing in its neck revealing rotting tissue and muscle, its chest was brutally torn open.

Even though it was only a Boggart, what freaked Harry out was its eyes, they were the very definition of lifeless. The zombie Boggart gurgled loudly as it slowly descended on the Ravenclaw.

"Riddikulus!" Roger incanted and the zombie then suddenly began dancing, it even did Michael Jackson's famous moonwalk. At this, the entire class laughed loudly, Lupin then told them to form a line as each person.

Harry watched on with fascination as Cedric was ushered up next.

Roger immediately whispered to Harry. "Five Galleons that Ceddy's worst fear is Chang."

"You're on."

Together they watched as the dancing zombie slowly warped into an extremely irate Cho Chang, everyone in the room could hear Cedric gulp as the Boggart Cho glowered at him, Roger was grinning stupidly beside Harry. "I knew it, cough up."

Harry swore loudly and with a sigh, took five golden coins from his personal pouch and placed them in Roger's open palm.

Time soon went by as Harry was ushered up and many people were looking on with anticipation to what could scare the famous England Chaser.

The Boggart was spinning and Harry knew at once what his biggest fear was and that there was nothing he could do to prevent it as the Boggart turned into a five year old Harry, the Boggart Harry was curled in a ball, sniffling lightly. He could distinctively hear, "Nobody cares about me...all alone...." Gritting his teeth, the Elder Wand flew from its holster towards the open hand of its master; with a wave Harry banished Boggart Harry back into the wardrobe rather forcefully and closed the door.

"Everyone listen up, now your homework will be to read the section about Boggarts in your books and summarize it for me...handed to me on Monday. That will be all." Lupin said but motioned for Harry to stay behind.

"Should I wait?" Roger asked.

"Go on, just tell Snape I'll be there shortly." Harry said and all color disappeared from his friend's face.

"Do I have to? You know how much he scares me." Roger whined but nevertheless gave him a wave and went on.

"So you want to talk about it?" Lupin asked as soon as the last person exited the classroom, he now regretted allowing Harry to face the Boggart, by all means, Harry was an exceptionally powerful wizard for his age being able to cast a corporeal Patronus, mastering Occlumency, Legilimency as well as casting spells non-verbally but he knew that Boggarts weren't his strongest suit.

"No, Professor, I just need some practice." Harry replied.

"I'm here if you want to talk." Lupin responded and Harry nodded.
"Any news regarding to Wormtail?"

Lupin shook his head and responded with a sigh, "Dementors, Aurors, nothing came up at all, then again, he's a rat..."

Harry then bade Lupin goodbye and went off. Soon, Defence Against The Dark Arts became the one class that people looked forward to. Draco couldn't stop rambling about how Neville Longbottom's Boggart took the shape of Professor Snape and that he had managed to cause it to be dressed in his grandmother's

clothes, the Potion's Master was not at all amused to say the least and made it his personal mission to make the pudgy Gryffindor's life a living hell in Potions.

Elan sniggered and elbowed Harry in the ribs who also joined in when they saw Snape sneering even more nastier than usual, but immediately went back into his pie when Snape's death glare made its way to the Ravenclaw Table.

"So you guys going to Hogsmeade this weekend?" Cedric popped the question.

"Maybe but after three years, there's not much to see anymore...the Shrieking Shack's not even scary anymore." Roger snorted.

"Coming from someone who would cry like a sissy girl at every sound in that house." Elan coughed.

"That is true, sorry Roger, I have to agree with Malfoy on this." Harry said jokingly, causing Roger to growl at the two of them.

"But answering your question dear Cddy, Anna would like to take some time away from the castle so yes, I'll be towed along." Elan replied in bored tone.

"Damn, Ice Queen's got you wrapped around her finger already." Roger exclaimed.

"What'd you say Davies? Care to repeat it again." A soft, deadly voice sliced through his sentence, Roger gulped as he slowly turned around and a pair of ice-cold violet eyes was staring challengingly at him.

"Hi Zabini...nothing, nothing at all, you're looking great today by the way." Roger squeaked.

Twisting a strand of her blonde hair, Anna just smiled, clearly enjoying herself as the Ravenclaw cowered underneath her glare.

Then she settled next to Elan and suddenly said "So Potter, I've been reading some juicy news in Teen Witch Weekly recently. That's one hot kiss."

"That's a whole load of rubbish, one kiss...or two doesn't mean anything. And give me some credit, it would be impolite to shove someone like Ashley off though she did instigated it." Harry defended weakly though he knew the general public had already made its mind about the two of them.

"Uh-huh, and I bet my entire vault that Sirius Black taught you that. Just to let you know, you might want to start checking your food and pumpkin juice for any illegal substance...I heard several seventh years rambling on how hot your arse was in the bathroom just now." Harry blushed bright pink while Roger patted his back and together with Elan and Cedric shouted, "Good on you mate!"

Harry just narrowed his eyes at them and walked out of the Great Hall. Deciding to congratulate Hagrid for getting the new Care of Magical Creatures post, he strolled down towards the gamekeeper's hut.

The half giant professor was in the pumpkin patch petting a creature that had the head of a giant eagle, the body, hind legs, and tail of a horse.

"Ah Harry, how yeh doin'" Hagrid said as he came out of the patch to greet the raven haired wizard.

"Just fine Hagrid, I mean Professor...how's the new job?" Harry said.

"It's bin great, good man...Dumbledore. Now tha' yeh mentioned it, Harry meet Buckbeak the Hippogriff!" Hagrid said holding out a hand, gesturing for Harry to enter the pumpkin patch.

Harry gulped when the bright orange eyes of Buckbeak connected with his.

"Bow Harry, tha' way, 'e will let yeh pet 'im." Hagrid whispered. Harry quickly heeded his words and did as he was told. Never once breaking eye contact with the majestic beast, Harry slowly knelt and after a minute of intense staring, Buckbeak bent its eagle like head downwards along with its scaly front knees.

"Well done Harry, yeh can go pet him now." Hagrid said with a wide, proud smile and 'nudged' the black haired youth forwards.

Harry moved slowly towards the Hippogriff and reach out towards him. Buckbeak seemed to be enjoying himself as Harry patted his beak and scratched his neck several times.

"He's beautiful..." Harry muttered.

"Yeh can go for a ride, if yeh want." Hagrid suggested.

"Sorry Hagrid, I have to be back inside for class in ten minutes." Harry mumbled and after patting Buckbeak one last time on his beak, Harry slowly backtracked towards the entrance of the pumpkin patch and ran back towards the castle after saying a quick goodbye and good luck to the half giant professor, he couldn't help but shiver, not from the first signs of autumn came but a feeling that something bad would happen very soon.

He didn't have to wait long, slightly after the Halloween feast, after the Gryffindors left the Great Hall, they were sent back after a bit later. There were whispers of the fat lady, who guarded the entrance to the Gryffindor Common Room, disappearing mysteriously from her portrait.

"The teachers and I need to conduct a thorough search of the castle," Dumbledore told the students as Professors McGonagall and Flitwick closed all doors into the Hall. Then the headmaster waved his wand and the long tables flew to the edges of the Hall and stood themselves against the walls, another wave and the floor was covered with hundreds of squashy purple sleeping bags.

As soon as Dumbledore left, people began chatting excitedly, Harry and Elena, being prefects started to walk around and warned them to lower their voices and that lights out were in ten minutes. Harry just smiled when he saw Elena comfort a first year who was sobbing with fear and had to suppress a snigger when he saw Percy Weasley boss his section with his usual pompous attitude; he never really liked the ginger much starting from his first day in Hogwarts, well he didn't really like the Weasleys in general since they were really practical lapdogs for Dumbledore.

"Um Harry?" Harry turned to the voice and found a fairly anxious looking Hermione Granger and Padma Patil already in their sleeping bags.

"Yes Hermione?"

"Do you have any ideas on how Pettigrew could have broke into Hogwarts?"

"I'm sure you have practically memorized Hogwarts, A History yes?"
At this Hermione blushed tomato red.

Harry just laughed and said, "It's a good thing, well then you should know that no one save the Headmaster could apparate into the castle, flying in would be incredibly stupid because the Dementors are guarding every entrance, secret passage and would have seen him coming, same goes for stealth, invisibility cloaks are useless against them..." Harry was about to go on but was cut off when Elena tapped him on his shoulder and told him that it was time for lights out.

After telling the students in their section to quiet down, they went to find open sleeping bags and were disgruntled when the only two sleeping bags available were next to each other. Harry glared at Elan and Roger who were chuckling mercilessly at him.

Grudgingly, he took off his robes, undid his tie, unbuttoned his shirt and was left only in a tank top. Then with a wave of his wand, he transfigured his pants into a pair of silk night pants.

"Touch me, and I swear to God you won't be able to have any children when I'm done with you." Elena said warningly from the sleeping bag next to him.

"Glad we have a mutual understanding mi' lady." Harry said softly back at her with a mocked bow, she was shock as she saw him place his wand under his pillow and turned to the side so his back was facing her.

Elena mentally sighed before laying down on her sleeping bag, she was never good at showing her feelings, "What is going on with me?" She thought as she tilted her head sideways and saw a motionless Harry deep with the covers of his sleeping bag tucked tightly to himself. Ever since the year started, Harry was civilized with her, never once trying to prove that he was more intelligent than she was, unlike the pass five years and he could be so charming when he wanted to be, hell there wasn't a girl in the world that he

couldn't charm. With a sigh, she allowed sleep to overcome her as her eyes closed, hoping that whatever she was feeling would leave her alone.

Aside from the teachers taking shifts on the hour to check that everything was well in the Hall, all was quiet. The school talked of nothing but Pettigrew for the next few days. Harry just snorted as he randomly heard theories of how he had entered the castle, it was also odd to see Eric Potter to strut around with the company of a teacher and the ever pompous Percy Weasley, who stuck to him like super glue.

He sniggered when he heard the Weasley next to his brother that Pettigrew would be no match for him, true, from what Sirius and Lupin had told him, Pettigrew was a pathetic excuse of life and pretty much pathetic in general.

The weather became worse the following days, adding to that, Lupin had mysteriously became 'ill' and Professor Snape with his hooked nose and abnormally pale skin was chosen to sub in.

Strangely, the entire lesson was on Werewolves, this was no coincidence either; Harry knew that Snape, Lupin and Sirius weren't going at each other's throats anymore but they weren't exactly buddy buddy either.

Roger grumbled as Snape assigned them a two-roll parchment assignment on recognizing and ways of killing Werewolves. Snape was well known to making the lives of students a living hell save his own Slytherins.

As the first Quidditch Match of the school year neared, the day before the match, the winds reached howling point and the rain fell harder than ever. It was so dark inside the corridors and classrooms that extra torches and lanterns were lit.

"Who do you think will win?" Elan shouted as he, Cedric, Roger and Harry ran down the lawns towards the Quidditch pitch with the hoods of their robes being the only protection they had against the merciless rain.

"Gryffindor of course. Hufflepuff without Cddy is like a chocolate frog without the chocolate." Roger shouted back as they made it into

the stands, Cedric just frowned; no one was pleased to be compared to a frog.

The wind was howling louder than ever along with the rumbling of thunder and the occasional flash of lightning. Harry watched on with difficulty as the two teams kicked off from the ground, it should actually be Gryffindor playing against Slytherin but since Draco injured himself, and with no back up seeker the Slytherin House team had no choice but to withdraw.

"How did your brother get injured Elan?" Roger asked as he placed his arms on the railing, eyes fixed on the match.

"That bloody bastard Nott thought it would be fun to set a Hippogriff on Granger, Draco pushed her out of the way but was scratched badly by its hoof, claw whatever its front leg is and being the big baby that he is, whined until Flint asked Professor Snape to change their opponents." Elan replied, causing his three friends to chuckle and smile.

"I'd never thought of Draco to be Gryffindorish." Cedric teased.

"Just whenever a damsel is in distress." Elan said with a grin. Together they watched as the sky became darker and darker, the sun was nowhere to be seen. Harry watched as Gryffindor led 60-10, seekers are useless if the players playing other positions are mediocre.

Then the strangest thing happened, it was as if all sound ceased to exist and a familiar feeling of dread suddenly became dangerously close, to his horror, Dementors were suddenly drifting into the Quidditch Pitch.

Securing the hood cloaking his head, Harry slipped away from the stands and crept off. Camouflaging himself at the edge from behind the stands, Harry immediately brought up his happiest memory: His one year old baby sister Rosy, saying her first word, which happened to be his name, in that moment Harry James Potter felt like he wasn't alone in the world, that he had someone who loved him, Rosy became the sole family he had with that single word.

"Expecto Patronum!" He thought with all his might and Rina flew out from the tip of his wand in her flaming phoenix mode, was it his

imagination or did his patronus became the size of a wyvern? Shaking his head, he focused on the memory and watched with amazement as the phoenix shined brightly at the middle of the pitch, causing the Dementors obvious discomfort as they groaned and retreated back into the darkness.

With a loud squawk, Rina grew brighter and brighter until the entire stadium was bathed in a silvery glow, as soon as the icy dreadful feeling dissipated, Harry's phoenix patronus slowly dissolved into mist, leaving everyone in awe.

Feeling fatigue overwhelming him suddenly, Harry stowed his wand back into its holster and calling his familiar with his mind, disappeared with a flash of flames as Rina transported him back to his dormitory. His patronus must have taken a lot out of him for Harry dropped his rain soaked robe, kicked off his shoes and dove straight for his bed.

The following day, everyone was whispering about the silver phoenix that drove off the Dementors, Harry pretended to feign interest at Breakfast and noticed that Dumbledore and Snape were staring suspiciously at him while Lupin just smiled knowingly at him.

He was surprised when a large silver feathered owl landed right on his shoulder with a letter in its mouth. He took the letter and the owl flew off. A sense of happiness jolted him when he saw a familiar seal in the shape of a D, breaking it, he unfolded the parchment that lay within.

Dear Harry,

I can't believe your Ministry of Magic would actually place Dementors at the school! Anyways on a brighter note, my papa and mama wants to invite you and Lord Black over for Christmas (They didn't really get a chance to know him last time because he was knocked out drunk...) Harry sniggered at that. Gabby's been asking all about you and every letter you wrote to me and frankly making my life absolutely miserable, no doubt that will increase once I get home, sorry I'm rambling. So will you come? Not a lot of friends come by anymore after my Veela traits emerged and I miss you, a lot.

Love Always,

Fleur

P.S.- Just use the floo and call out Delacour Mansion

As he finished reading the letter, Harry smiled genuinely; he'd never expect something like this to happen sure, they had exchanged letters regularly and they had shared a dance in the moonlight on that one night in Paris.

With a smile, Harry began to write a reply, ignoring the catcalling that Elan and Roger made when they saw his smile. Meanwhile a brown haired Ravenclaw prefect felt something squeezing her heart hard, and it hurt.

It wasn't long before Christmas came, things seemed to have returned to normal as the Dementors stayed away. The castle, with its usual Christmas decorations had been put up, despite the fact that hardly any of the students would remain to enjoy them.

Harry shuddered as he saw thick streamers of holly and mistletoe were being strung along the corridors, with his trunk shrunk he walked towards the direction of the carriages, where his three closest friends were chatting to each other.

Throughout the trip, Elan repeatedly exclaimed how ecstatic he was because his parents had invited his three best friends over for Christmas Dinner and later a sleep over. Soon enough, they were on board the Hogwart's Express in their usual train compartment, Cedric was watching as Roger got his arse kicked by Elan in Wizard's Chess. Meanwhile Harry was just staring at the snowing scenery out the window and brushing the picture of Fleur, which he held in one hand against his cheek.

"Lookie here, ickle Harrikens is in love." Elan teased, causing Harry to waken from his little fantasy.

"Am not!" He replied, regretting how childish it sounded.

"You keep telling yourself that...hell, you rejected one of the hottest if not the hottest model in the world..." Elan said with a smirk. Roger just clutched his heart as if it were shot by Cupid's arrow making Harry palm his face.

After a couple games of cards, the train pulled into King's Cross Station at exactly as the clock struck noon. Narcissa Malfoy was, to put it mildly, concerned about their well being and gave both of her sons and Harry the biggest, tightest hug they had ever got.

Then with great dissatisfaction, Harry bade the Malfoys au revoir and went over to where his parents were and was nearly floored by a speeding red blur.

"Greetings, your highness." Harry said causing his little sister to giggle. Little Rosy held out her arms and with great pleasure, was swept into her brother's strong arms. He handed her a box of crystallized pineapples, which she squealed her thanks at and then proceeded to snuggle deeply into his shoulder.

The trip back to Potter manor was quiet as usual, well for Harry anyways. As they got back to Potter Manor, Harry suddenly realized that his younger brother was less chubby, "Too bad, I can't go around calling him fat arse anymore." He thought as he walked into the manor with little Rosy next to him, his hand in her locking grip.

"Let's go play dolls..." Rosy chirped with her puppy dog eyes turned on full blast.

"Damn that pout, that's just playing dirty..." Harry thought as the giggling five-year-old girl was dragging him into the living room. Harry smiled the entire time as they played and thought

"She's so innocent, so ignorant that there is a Dark Lord rising—"
There and then, Harry promised himself that he would not allow anyone hurt her.

After dinner, Sirius appeared via floo network and after ensuring Harry had everything he needed and a talk with James and Lily, left together for Number 12 Grimmauld Place because they had things to talk about regarding to his Quidditch future; of course Little Rosy was not particularly fond of her favorite toy being gone so early and made quite a fuss but relented at the end and watched on sadly as Sirius and Harry disappeared in the flames of the fireplace. No one noticed or heard Lily Potter sobbing from behind the living room walls, she had prepared long and hard for this year's Christmas Dinner for her eldest son only to learn that he won't be there.

Sirius laughed jovially when Harry passed him the letter Fleur had sent him, "Ah, the lad's in love." He teased, chuckling as Harry's face turned pink.

"Shut up..." Harry muttered before going into the long hallway to say hello to Mrs. Black's Portrait, not noticing Sirius muttering, "He's all grown up..."

After allowing Harry to settle his trunk in his room, the two flooed into the Leaky Cauldron when Harry realized that he hadn't bought a present for Fleur or Gabrielle yet.

Sirius immediately had a large grin on his face as he pulled him into a Jewellery store next to Flourish and Blott's. The owner was ecstatic that a famous celebrity was in his store and was adamant in giving him a discount as he browsed the store, never in his life would he thought that there were so many types of jewellery: different sizes, colors, clarity and many other things.

Then one item caught his eye, a necklace with a thin silver chain with a shimmering sapphire gemstone the size of the fingernail on his thumb in the center. (See . for illustration).

"How much for this necklace?" Harry asked.

The shopkeeper replied with a grin, "For that piece of art, four thousand galleons."

"Four thousand?" Harry asked with astonishment.

"Goblin work mate...acquiring it was murder. For you I'll give it for Four thousand." The shopkeeper explained. His mind was nigh deep in calculations, he was always careful with what he had and never spent so much as more than he needed but Fleur was the first girl that he had these weird feelings with.

Then with a smile, he procured his blue card and handed it over to overjoyed shopkeeper. Sirius just clapped his shoulder with a knowing smile, once the transaction was done Harry snatched his card back and stuffed it in his leather wallet.

"Here you go, all wrapped up. Good luck with your lucky lass." The shopkeeper said cheerily as he handed over a long thin blue velvet box. Harry nodded his thanks and left the store with Sirius.

"Alright, got everything then?" Sirius asked after they visited the Quidditch shop where Harry bought, much to his embarrassment, a small flying model of himself in the infamous white England Jersey. He had to explain to Sirius that it was for Fleur's sister so that he would shut up. Then they had dinner in the Leaky Cauldron.

"Harry, Sirius mate, good to see you both again." Tom said as he placed two plates of spaghetti and a basket of fried chicken on their table.

"You too Tom." Harry replied. "Likewise." Sirius said with a smile.

Then they began to devour their food ravenously. After paying the bills, Sirius and Harry returned back to Number 12 Grimmauld Place, and knowing Sirius, he began talking about his favorite subject: women.

Harry just smacked his face as Sirius rambled, "This is gonna be one rough night." He thought, knowing that once Sirius got started on talking about women, he wouldn't stop easily. Then Sirius began talking about some serious offers from the big clubs that were impressed with the amount of goals he had scored during the World Cup Qualifiers.

The Vratsa Vultures wanted to schedule a meeting so that Harry could see their training facilities and meet their players, the chairman himself would lead the tour, which surprised Harry a lot.

Harry's eyes nearly popped out when Sirius told him that the Vultures were willing to give him a Ten Million, Eight hundred thousand Galleon lucrative annual salary.

Too shocked to speak, Harry simply muttered that he'll think about it and began writing a letter to Ragnok, asking if it were alright if he had in his possession, a piece of Goblin made jewellery.

Next morning, the first thing Harry did was to check whether his presents for Fleur and Gabrielle were still on his bedside table. Then

after brushing his teeth and changing into his grey, warm, cozy tracksuit, began his daily warm up.

Meanwhile in Paris France, a pair of intense blue eyes fluttered opened, Fleur Delacour was more than ecstatic when she had received Harry's reply, she didn't know why but her mother had told her to take the initiative before someone else comes along and snagged him away. To her surprise, the thought did not sit well with her one bit and she felt relieved when Harry explained in his letters that he was not seeing anyone and that the media was just spreading rumors about him.

Fleur smiled widely as she combed all the sleep from her silvery blonde hair in front of the mirror, normally she would be less bothered about her appearance seeing that she was Veela and Veelas with their natural alluring beauty has no need of combing their hair or putting on make up but she did it anyways.

After putting on some eyeliner, Fleur gracefully floated from her room, never ceasing to smile. Gabrielle was once again a happy and carefree girl again as she hugged her big sister tightly and said good morning, she was rather depressed and moody when her mother told her that her age difference and Harry's were too big, he was ten years older than her.

Harry and Sirius smirked as they flooed into Malfoy Manor which was located in Wiltshire. Harry looked around, it was as he remembered it, he was sure the manor had more rooms then Hogwarts had and every corridor looked identical.

"Harry! Happy Christmas!" Elan shouted as he flew in on his Firebolt out from a corridor, much to the Potter heir's amusement. Moments later Draco appeared, sulking on his Nimbus 2001,

"What were you two doing? A race?" Harry asked.

Both Malfoys nodded and said in unison, "Don't tell mum, she'll go ballistic!"

That was true, the two Malfoys were caught flying in the mansion once by Narcissa and she was less than impressed by the destruction they had caused. It's safe to say from that incident Harry

learned that Narcissa wasn't someone you should cross at the slightest.

"Yeah, don't remind me, I did warn you two last time." Harry muttered as he went into the kitchen where a fantastic aroma of food wafted out while Elan explained the story to Sirius.

As soon as he approached the kitchen, Harry was pulled into a hug, "Er...Happy Christmas, Aunt Cissy." Harry said.

"Happy Christmas to you too dear, just hang in there, lunch's almost ready." Narcissa replied.

"Okay, but doesn't Dobby usually cook?" Harry asked.

"I've sent him and Kreacher to clean the rooms, they won't let me touch the kitchen if they were here. Don't want my cooking skills to deteriorate." Narcissa said with a laugh and shooed him out.

As he walked out the kitchen and sniggered when he saw Elan shouted, "Straight Flush, cough up the gold, Uncle Siri!" Sirius muttered something under his breath and the twenty galleons on Sirius's side went into Elan's pocket. Since introducing poker to his friends, they seemed to have taken a liking to the muggle game and they regularly played recreational—most of the time,

Elan jumped when he heard his mother call out that dinner was ready and preceded to stuff his winnings into a pocket just in time for Narcissa to appear next to him.

"What are you doing?" Narcissa asked, noting the cards on the coffee table.

"Nothing, just playing some cards." Elan said quickly and before his mother could ask, darted into the dining room.

Lunch was simply amazing, Harry swore that there was no one who could cook better than Narcissa, there was Honey Cured Ham, Green Salad, Grilled Chicken, and Roasted Beef. Harry stabbed a piece of ham and as polite as he could, sliced it up with his knife and ate it.

Lucius Malfoy came in shortly via floo, turned out he had been given the rest of the day off from his duty as Assistant Head of the Department of International Magical Cooperation.

"I would have never thought dearest Barty would let us go early." Lucius said tiredly and kissed Narcissa in thanks as she took his cloak and scarf.

"He's the bloke with a really weird mustache right?." Draco suddenly quipped and silence suddenly descended on the dinning table until Sirius began to snigger and then it turned into a full-blown laugh. Soon everyone followed suit, even Lucius smiled. Elan ended up laughing so hard that tears came down from his eyes.

Then the dessert came in the form of Apple Pie and Baked Egg Custard.

"Oi, what'd you think boss would say if he found out that we were stuffing ourselves?" Elan asked with a pensive expression on his face. Harry just chuckled as he imagined Ray Anderson berating them but was pulled down from reality when Narcissa asked, "Harry, I've heard from my dear cousin that you've got an invitation—"

"Um yes, a friend whom I've been exchanging letters with asked me if I could join her for Christmas dinner." Harry instantly regretted the words that tumbled out of his mouth when he saw Narcissa's mischievous smile.

"Her?" Narcissa asked.

"Yes, Aunt Cissy, she's a girl." Harry said.

"Not just any girl, a Veela!" Elan shouted before Harry could shut him up. "Sorry mate, just telling the truth...admit it, you're smitten!" He said with an impish grin at Harry's glare.

"Am not!"

"Am too!"

"Am not!"

"Gentlemen please, you two are longer five year olds, and surely you can come up with something more original." Lucius drawled, rolling his eyes and causing his wife to giggle at their display.

"I think its romantic, little Harry all grown up...just be careful and don't come back too late, we're having lemon soufflé tonight." Narcissa said, and smiled at Harry's astounded expression, she knew how much he loved her lemon soufflés.

Nodding, Harry promised and jumped when the floo flickered. Emerging from the flames were a sneering Severus Snape and a shabby looking Remus Lupin.

Narcissa rose from her chair and went to greet her two friends, Elan and Draco sniggered when they saw their Potion's Master's expression at being hugged which was a mixture of a sneer, a scowl and a smile which was very hard to describ.

"Hello Sev, you should really step into the sun more often, the first years would be wondering if you were a vampire or not." Narcissa said, putting on an innocent face as the Head of Slytherin rolled his eyes and went to sit down on the open seat next to Sirius.

"Hello Remus, congratulations on your new job, how are you doing?" Narcissa asked with a warm smile.

"Can't hope for anything better, Cissy. Thanks for inviting me." Lupin replied as Narcissa led them to the table and where the two sat down next to Sirius.

Muttering their thanks, the DADA and Potion's professors tucked in eagerly. They were discussing about Lupin's Boggart lesson and how Snape was totally humiliated by Neville Longbottom, to which Sirius cackled wildly until he fell to the floor. Snape just sneered his usual sneer when the floo flickered again and two more people emerged, a woman that strongly resembled Bellatrix Lestrange but had softer brown hair rather than black hair and a young woman with a pale heart-shaped face, dark twinkling eyes and bubblegum pink hair.

"Hello Cissy." The brown haired woman greeted

"Andy, Dora welcome." Narcissa replied.

Harry, Elan, Draco and Sirius all sniggered when the bubblegum pink haired girl tripped and fell down backwards. She glared at them and her face turned red when Elan stuck his tongue out at her.

"Potter, Malfoy, Malfoy, Black." Nymphadora Tonks muttered in acknowledgement as she took the seat next to her mother who smiled her thanks when Snape poured her some Firewhisky.

"Still a clumsy oaf I see." Elan drawled.

"Still arrogant as hell eh Malfoy?" Tonks replied with a glare.

"Me arrogant, please. Its the Malfoy Charm and oh can you do a repairing charm yet?" Elan said while examining his fingernails.

Tonks looked like she was about to blow up with rage, you see, household spells wasn't exactly her specialty.

"Enough Elan Abraxas Malfoy, quit bothering your cousin." Narcissa said in her listen to me or you're going to regret it voice.

"Yes mother." Elan gulped and brushed strand of his blonde hair from his face.

"So how's your training doing with dear ol' Mad Eye?" Harry asked.

"Really difficult, how'd you ever get through it?" Tonks asked. Harry narrowed his eyes at her, no one had knew he had trained under the half crazed auror when he was twelve.

"Moody kept comparing how an eleven year old Harry Potter could probably beat me in a duel." Tonks said, as if reading his mind.

"That's me pup!" Sirius said switching from the grown ups' conversation and gave Harry the old Knuckle Sandwich, he swore he heard Lupin chuckling at him.

"Well, I don't really know, sometimes, its about being how gifted you are, how adaptable you can be in certain situations. I've never had any trouble casting any spells Mad Eye had thrown at me, my physique helped and extra reading and studying spell theories don't hurt." Harry replied softly, Tonks instantly wished that she didn't ask

the question; her mother had warned her a lot that Harry did not have the best childhood in the world and it would be for the best to not ask anything that might lead to such conclusion.

"Didn't Harry totally whopped you in his second year?" Elan asked, trying to drive the topic into another corner.

"It WAS luck, I slipped." Tonks tried to defend herself but thought that was a rather lame excuse.

To her astonishment, Harry laughed, not a taunting laugh but a genuine, laugh that you expected to hear from a good joke.

"You were pretty good, I have to admit. Just don't wear robes that are too long." Harry said with an honest smile.

Tonks immediately blushed, "Why does Harry not smile more often? He has a good smile." She thought and shook her thoughts away.

Excusing themselves, they moved to the couch to enjoy a better conversation, Tonks was excited about the upcoming World Cup and asked them all about the Qualifiers and their training facilities.

"You sure you want to be an auror and not a reporter?" Elan asked after a huge wave of questions.

Tonks blushed and punched him on the shoulder playfully. Her eyes widened in shock when Elan revealed his Firebolt.

Immediately Tonks begged for a test ride and to her shock, her normally arrogant, pompous womanizing cousin smiled and agreed.

"Quit sulking lil bro, you rode that broom like a hundred times since I got it. Father did promise to get you one." Elan said as he ruffled Draco's neatly gelled hair while keeping an eye on Tonks, they were in the backyard of the Malfoy manor and it had its own Quidditch Pitch. Draco just grumbled a bit but watched as Tonks slowly descended.

"This broom is amazing! I'm so jealous! I'm still using my Comet Two Sixty." Tonks whined.

"Hey, its not about the broom, it's the player." Elan said as he pointed his index finger at his chest. "Ickle Harrikens here used a Nimbus 2000 before he got his Firebolt to take on the 2001's and still beat the crap out them." Harry growled at his nickname but agreed with his friend on his statement.

Then together they headed back inside. They were returning to the couches when they saw the doors to the dining room closed and locked, as Elan tried to open them but failed.

"Leave it to me." Harry said as he pulled out his wand.

"What about under-age magic?" Tonks asked with wide eyes.

"This wand is... special." Harry replied and without giving the pink haired auror trainee a chance to reply flicked his wrist and suddenly they could hear.

"How on Earth did Pettigrew slip into Hogwarts undetected?" They could hear Andromeda ask.

"The pathetic bastard can turn into a rat, he's an animagus." Sirius voice replied causing Andromeda and Narcissa to gasp.

"I can't believe we trusted him." The soft voice of Lupin said.

"What Pothead saw in him, I will never comprehend." Snape sneered, obviously enjoying smearing his arch nemesis' name.

"Dumbledore doesn't seem to care much, nor is he doing anything to help. The other Board members are wondering if a change of Headmaster is in order." Lucius said quietly.

"I don't think he's going to attempt breaking into Hogwarts again, my money's on that he's trying to find out where Voldemort is now."

"Lupin!" Snape shouted with discomfort.

"Oh right, sorry Severus. You-Know-Who." Lupin corrected himself.

"Last I saw, Harry fought the Dark Lord but Quirrell portkeyed away before we could apprehend him." Snape said.

"What does this have to do with Quirrell?" Narcissa asked.

"It turned out that the Dark Lord had infested himself on the back of dear Quirrell's head." Snape replied, horror evident in his voice.

"What was the Dark Lord doing in Hogwarts?" Lucius asked.

With a sigh Snape replied, "The Dark Lord was looking for the Philosopher's Stone which will give him the Elixir of Life, thus allowing him to return to full power with a body of his own."

Tonks and Draco were terribly frightened when they heard what the stone was capable of while Elan offered Harry a high five.

That's when the doors swung opened and Harry and co. scrambled to not make themselves look suspicious as they began to sprout nonsense.

Snape came out first, sneered at the three young adults and a kid and said, "Remember Malfoy, Potter, eight roll essay, on my desk, first thing in class....failure to comply and the consequences..." Both Harry and Elan gulped, with his point taken across, Snape walked into the fireplace and disappeared in green flames, Lupin was next as he gave Harry a tight embrace and a quick farewell before Sirius walked him to the floo where he was consumed by green flames.

Andromeda was next with a troubled expression on her face and motioned for her daughter to follow, Tonks grumbled about not having more time to know her cousins more and reluctantly left but not before procuring a photograph of England's Starting VIII before their last World Cup Qualifier against Croatia and mumbled for Elan and Harry to sign it; which they did so gladly. They were surprised then when Tonks threw herself at them in a sobbing hug but returned the awkward three-person hug.

Then Tonks ran into the fireplace and disappeared in a flash of green flames, her mother following behind after she waved the two Malfoys and Harry goodbye. Then for the rest of the afternoon, Harry and Elan started their killer essay for Professor Snape while Narcissa and Lucius looked on approvingly at them.

It wasn't long until dusk came and Harry became increasingly nervous at the process of a meeting with the most beautiful girl he

had ever seen, it was weird feeling that was totally unfamiliar to him and he didn't like it at all.

"Relax mate, its going to be fine...treat the girl like you always do and she'll be all over you." Elan reassured him as he juggled a soccer ball and sent it to Harry who caught the ball with his foot and continued the juggling, and did a fast around the world before sending the ball back with a flick of his head.

Harry had started playing football for a local club since he was seven and like his Quidditch position, played center forward due to his ability to score a lot of goals. Taking his friend's advice, Harry returned to the manor and after checking over his clothes in addition to looking in the mirror one last time, walked after Sirius into the floo.

"ARRY!" Harry gasped in surprise as he was pulled into a choking embrace as soon as he emerged from the floo. His arms snaked around Fleur's curvy waist and breathed heavily in her ethereal silver blonde hair, she smelled amazing a mild scent of daisy rushing into his nose.

"Hi Fleur, Happy Christmas." Harry whispered in her ear.

"Happy Christmas to you too 'Arry." She whispered back. Suddenly Harry felt very uncomfortable as Fleur unintentionally or intentionally rubbed her chest against his. Harry then pull away but found out that Fleur had no intention in letting go of his hand as she pulled him from the fireplace.

What he saw totally took his breath away, despite that it was winter, Fleur was dressed in simple casual spaghetti strap aqua blue dress that hung loosely to her knees. He felt very out of place with his long black trench coat and dragon hide boots.

A house elf then took his trench coat, scarf and told him that it will be hanged up then without a warning, he was towed away by Fleur. Harry was amazed at the size of the interior of the chateau, Fleur had described to him what her house was like but as they say, seeing the real thing really was totally different from what he had read. Delacour Mansion was even grander than Malfoy Manor, which was quite an achievement in itself. Magnificent crystal chandeliers dangled from the ceiling, beautiful vases on display and

paintings on the wall by Picasso, Warhol, Hockney and Lucian Freud.

"It's like I'm in a museum." Harry observed. Fleur let out a melodious laughter and pulled him into a glorious dining room.

"ARRY!" Harry barely had time to react as a small silver bullet ran into him causing him to fall on his rear.

"Hello, my dear Angel Gabrielle, Happy Christmas to you too." Harry said once he was pulled himself from the floor and smiled his trademark smile at the little Veela who blushed bright red.

Alain and Apolline Delacour smiled when they saw the black haired youth being towed into the dining room by both of their daughters.

"Happy Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Delacour." Harry greeted politely as he shook both of their hands. Sirius then introduced himself and apologized for not greeting them previously since he was 'occupied.' Mr. Delacour just laughed merrily, greeted Sirius in kind and invited them to the table long enough to fit twelve people.

Dinner was a joyous celebration with an abundance of seafood including: lobsters, oysters, escargots, Foie Gras, and a large Turkey amidst all the delicious looking food. Harry and Fleur blushed bright red and looked down when Sirius 'jokingly' suggested a possible marriage contract between Fleur and Harry, it was so obvious to the three adults in the room that the two obviously had feelings for each other. Harry and Fleur talked all about Hogwarts and Beauxbatons as they ate and when he talked about his O.W.L.S., Alain and Apolline were amazed to hear that Harry had achieved twelve O.W.L.S.

"What is that?" Harry asked, pointing to a round bread.

"It's called pompe à l'huile, basically its like flat bread." Fleur explained. After dessert was finished, Harry gave Gabrielle her present first with a smile as he watched the little silvery blonde haired girl's face lit up when she saw it was a flying model of himself and was unprepared to be tackled from his chair by the small Veela who repeatedly jabbered her thanks while clinging onto his chest. The adults just watched on with a smile as the little girl ran off chasing the flying model. Fleur then surprised him with a fluffy

package, Harry's green emerald eyes widened when he unwrapped the wrapping paper to find a purple sweater, it was very warm as he ran his hand across it.

"Do you like it? I stitched it myself..." Fleur asked with a nervous expression. To her shock, Harry grabbed one of her hands and gently kissed it, both the back of her palm and the front.

"I love it, Fleur, thank you." Harry replied with a smile.

"So...where's my present?" Fleur teased with a pout that could rival Little Rosy's as Harry threw a wink at Sirius and led her into the empty living room.

"Patience luv..." Harry leaned towards her and whispered softly into her ear while drawing circles on her hand with his thumb. "God, even her skin's so perfect." He thought and then procured the long thin blue velvet box from his pocket.

Fleur untied the white tie on it and slowly opened the box and gasped loudly. There lying inside the box was a necklace with a thin silver chain with a large, shimmering sapphire gemstone at the center. It was wasn't too flashy or showy, just simple and elegant.

"Oh 'Arry..." Fleur whispered and before Harry could reply her, he was cut off as she kissed him desperately, with her arms locking flung around his neck. Harry's eyes closed automatically and his arms slowly wrapped around her curvaceous waist pulling her closer to him as their chests heaved frantically brushed against one another, their body heat warming the other instantly.

Fleur's soft warm honey sweet moist lips moved over his over and over and over again. Both of them capturing and releasing each other's lips frantically. Their hot breaths mingling with one another's causing the air they received to taste like one another. Harry pulled her even closer towards him, their bodies practically mashed together and moaned when Fleur began sucking on his bottom lip, "Oh My God!" Was all he could think of before his intelligence was swallowed up by his growing hungry primal side.

Fleur gasped at the feel of his tongue as he pushed it in the moment her mouth opened. Harry explored every part of her mouth, letting nothing be undiscovered. His tongue wrapped around hers tasting

her as he then pulled it into his own mouth using his own tongue, not releasing it as he start sucking hard on it while holding her tongue with his own. Fleur groaned at the absolute bliss and the level of passion of the kiss, pushing into him, molding her body into his. Fleur then let out another moan as their bodies pressed harder against one another feeling Harry's extremely well toned chest.

All logic had died out when Harry heard Fleur growl, is tongue moved all over her mouth exploring her it everywhere over her gum, teeth and tongue licking her inside cheek of her walls of her mouth as he moved his hand from her upper back to her waist.

Harry then repaid Fleur by sucking hard on her lips while moving one of his hands to her flat, stomach and began drawing circles with his index finger, causing her to shiver slightly. But soon, air was needed and Harry broke the kiss, while gently leaning his forehead on Fleur's. Their lips still touched as they breathed heavily against one another, their mingled breaths leaving them both intoxicated, unable to focus on anything else.

Fleur moved forward gently kissing his lips long, deep, and slow. She felt herself drift away in a bliss as they kissed, that was the most mindblowing kiss she had ever received but was slightly upset that Harry probably kissed a lot of girls in the same amazing way.

"Fleur, will you do me the honor of being my girlfriend?" Harry whispered through his swollen lips, making Fleur's eyes go wide.

"As long as those lips touch only mine, Yes! I will!" Fleur replied, and began nipping and sucking on his neck.

"I want you and only you, my flower, you're the first girl that I can't and won't ever stop thinking about." Harry whispered as he arched his neck, giving her more access.

After a few more little kisses, Harry took the necklace from the box and as gently as he could be, tied the necklace around her perfect, swan like neck.

"Your beautiful, Fleur." Harry whispered as he suckled on her earlobe, causing her to gasp in surprise. Then both of them returned to the living room where Fleur's parents and Sirius were laughing

but immediately stopped when the two arrived at the entrance of the dining hall.

"Oh my...Fleur you look wonderful." Apolline squealed as she quickly rushed over to her half dazed daughter and began touching the Sapphire gemstone at the middle of the silver chained necklace.

She gasped when the stone turned into a lighter shade of blue, "Goblin made?" Apolline whispered with a glance at an equally dazed Harry.

He nodded and said, "Don't worry, Ragnok's a friend, he said it was fine..." Harry said recounting the response he had gotten from the leader of the Goblin nation.

Sirius just sent him a proud knowing smile and clasped his shoulder gently. Harry then proceeded to ask Alain Delacour for permission to date Fleur, which surprised him a lot but smiled and said that he would allow it.

Fleur then jumped into his arms and despite the fact that her parents were present, gave her boyfriend a flaming hot snog, leaving him even more dazed.

Like all good things though, it was soon time for Harry and Sirius to leave and Fleur didn't make things easier when she proceeded to continue giving him the hottest, most passionate kisses he had ever received on their way to the fireplace.

"Fleur, I won't be able to leave if you don't stop." Harry pleaded as Fleur sucked particularly hard on his bottom lip.

"Who says I want you to leave?" Fleur replied huskily. "Dear God! This woman is going to be the death of me." Harry thought and hissed when Fleur bit down on his throat, leaving a visible mark.

Sirius had to grab the back of his collar while rolling his eyes, and after Harry said a hoarse "Bye love." Proceeded to throw him into the floo where he disappeared with green flames engulfing him. The last thing he saw was Fleur giving him a saucy wink.

Chapter 15: Vratsa Vulture, A Sister's Love

After returning to Malfoy Manor, Harry was teased immensely by Sirius and his three friends who've no doubt caught wind of the events that had transpired at the Delacour household from his big-mouthed dogfather.

"Shut up please!" Harry cried as Elan and Roger continued to make kissing, moaning and other inappropriate sounds as Harry was finishing his Transfiguration Essay.

"Just happy for you mate." Elan said as he swatted his friend on the head, Roger nodding sagely. "But seriously, how was it like kissing a Veela?" The Malfoy heir asked. Harry was caught off guard and nearly spilled the ink in his inkbottle on his parchment.

"Well, I don't really think I have the right words to explain it other than that it left me wanting more which has never happened in the past...she also tasted like strawberries." Harry mumbled. Everyone knew that Harry Potter had kissed almost all the upperclassmen girls during his third year, from a triple dare from Sirius who had miraculously lured his innocent godson into playing dares.

"Had fun?" Rina's sang melodiously through their mental link.

"Ermm..." Harry stuttered. "Oh great, even my familiar is teasing me." He thought to himself.

"Better get use to it, you're an open book to me." Rina trilled.

Harry mentally grumbled but quickly asked "How're you doing? Sorry I couldn't bring you over, Rosy seems to be very fond of you."

"Just get back as soon as possible, I don't think I can stand anymore of her petting. I am not an owl." Mentally rolling his eyes, Harry said a quick goodbye and placed his quill back into his bag along with his bottle of ink then joined his friends to watch a replay of Manchester United vs. Arsenal. Draco was forced to retire to bed by Narcissa since he was considered a bit young to stay up late at night.

"I've never understood the concept. It's not like in Quidditch where a game could end 700-300" Elan quirked.

"It's not just about the goals, it's the build up, team unity and game play which are unique." Roger replied and punched his fist in the air as Ryan Giggs made a superb forty-yard run before smashing the ball into a dead corner of the net.

"Tell me you didn't expect that?" Elan was speechless with his mouth agape. "I suppose." He muttered as he stuffed a handful of potato chips into his mouth. The match ended 3-3, Arsenal making a comeback in the second half, Cedric was especially happy since he was a Gunner fan and lived only ten minutes away from the Emirates Stadium in Highbury.

"I can't believe it, you saw that volley in the last minute?" Cedric exclaimed ecstatically and threw a big shit-eating grin at Harry who was a Red Devils fan since he was five.

"Whatever man, United are still first in the league." Harry retorted as he received the bag of chips from Elan.

"So, what'd you guys reckon about the whole Pettigrew issue?" Roger asked.

"He might strike Hogwarts again, seeing that he already has done it once." Cedric said.

"I don't think so, Pettigrew is a near disgrace of a wizard from what father has said. He's a scaredy cat from what I've heard, I'm surprised that he even attempted to break in" Elan growled as he struggled to open his bottle of coke.

"How does your father know?" Roger asked.

"They attended school together, or something like it." Elan replied and took a long drink of coke.

"I agree with Elan." Harry said quietly. "From what Sirius and Lupin has told me, Pettigrew is nothing but a coward, I don't think we have to worry about another break in."

The four were silent for a bit until Elan and Roger steered the conversation to Quidditch and the caliber of their potential opponents, it wasn't until the grandfather clock in Malfoy Manor's living room hit midnight did the four teens fall asleep.

Fleur turned restlessly in her comfortable large queen sized bed, the memory of kissing a handsome, messy, black haired young wizard was constantly replaying itself in her mind. She couldn't stop smiling afterwards whilst her mother had teased her mercilessly about expecting grandchildren soon, which made her father look uncomfortable. Gabrielle looked a little put out, but kept quiet. She hadn't really expect to literally throw herself at him but Harry's character made it hard not to do so. Though she was delighted to find out that Harry had the same feelings for her as she did for him and slowly drifted to sleep with the photograph of Harry close to her on her bedside table, hoping to see him again very soon.

Next day, after a very contenting breakfast curtsy of Narcissa and exchange of presents, Sirius came over with a smile that seemed to split his face.

"Harry, the chairman of The Vratsa Vultures want to see you today!" He yelled loudly as he came rushing through the Floo. Harry was lost for words as Elan patted him on the back, what can you say when the best Quidditch Team in history wants you to play for them.

"That's great..." Harry said lamely, causing Elan and Roger to snigger. After a strangling farewell hug from Narcissa, the usual handshake from Lucius and three friends telling him to take some photos with some Veelas, Harry and Sirius departed Malfoy Manor via Portkey for Sofia, Bulgaria.

Coldness immediately slammed into his senses as Harry felt his feet hit solid ground. They appeared in front of what seemed to be the biggest Quidditch Stadium Harry had ever seen in his whole life, he couldn't help but admire the architecture it was a bit similar to Camp Nou, which was FC Barcelona's home stadium with an oval opening at the top.

"Ah, Mr. Potter, Mr. Black! Glad to zee both hof you 'ere." A medium, slightly overweight man with grey hair greeted in heavily accented English, he was dressed in a fancy, expensive looking fur coat and wore several rings on his short fingers.

"Harry, meet Dmitry Ivanova, chairman of the Vratsa Vultures." Sirius introduced in fluent Russian.

"How do you do sir, its an honor." Harry quickly switched into Russian, wanting to impress as he shook the shorter man's hand.

"You speak Russian, good, that would save up some valuable time; almost all the players and the entire coaching staff speak Russian. Now follow me, I guarantee you'll be amazed about what we'll offer." Ivanova said jovially and beckoned for the duo to follow.

After casting several warming charms on himself, Harry and Sirius entered the stadium. If the exterior was stunning, then the interior was breathtaking. Harry saw countless burgundy boxes all around him, his neck hurt as he looked up and his eyes widened when he saw the number of boxes towering above and around him. Of course, there were three golden hoops on each end of the pitch, fifty feet at least in height, also on both ends of the pitch were a gigantic blackboard respectively.

"Magnificent would you agree?" Ivanova said theatrically. Harry could only nod, this stadium had obviously cost a fortune to build.

"This stadium can hold one hundred thousand people and is voted the best Quidditch Stadium for twenty times in addition to hosting the European Cup Final on four occasions." Ivanova informed the stunned pair.

"I know you have expressed interest in signing my godson but with the calibre current squad, the chances of him being a bench warmer is very likely..." Sirius expressed concernedly.

"You have nothing to worry about Mr. Black, young Harry will have a place within the team; surely you have heard that Aleksandr Kolarov, our current captain will be retiring after this season." Ivanova said calmly.

Sirius nodded, and the shorter man smiled, "Then you know what we will be doing. Since Mr. Kolarov will be retiring, the coach wants a new young chaser to adapt to the team as we go through this transition period. He will get his fair share of playing time." Harry nodded as they exited the grand stadium and went to the training pitches just a couple blocks away.

If the Vratsa Vulture Quidditch Stadium didn't amazed Harry, the six Quidditch practicing fields would have definitely left a huge impact

on his memory. "Let's go meet the players, shall we?" Ivanova asked and with a hand, invited them into the nearest field.

For some reason, Harry suddenly observed that the chairman was suddenly very jittery and nervous, he smirked when he saw the cause; besides the players who were sitting together at the center of the field, there were also a bunch of young silvery blonde haired women at a corner of the field, all graced with beauty beyond words.

"Always have to walk fast around Veelas or I'll end up doing something stupid." Ivanova explained with a chuckle and was immensely surprised when he saw his prospective new signing remained nonchalant.

"You don't feel the draw?"

"No sir, apparently I don't." Harry answered dryly and had to drag Sirius away by the ear as he saw his godfather overwhelmed with his mouth wide opened and eyes glazed over.

"Sorry for the slight inconvenience ladies." Harry apologized with a smile. The Veelas were stunned for a moment before giggling angelically as they watched Harry drag Sirius off.

"Huh what's going on?" Sirius asked stupidly as they walked far enough from the Veelas to be free from their allure.

"You just made an arse out of yourself." Was Harry's reply.

"No worries, Mr. Black...it would seem only young Harry is able to shrug off the charm." Ivanova chuckled.

"What? But Fleur's mother is a Veela too, I didn't feel anything then." Sirius whispered into his godson's ear.

"The more Veela there are, the harder it is to resist them. You should really review those old Occlumency lessons" Harry hissed back.

They reached the center of the field. A large, burly man with grayish black hair with stern grey eyes in an all black tracksuit with a vulture head stitched on his right breast, which Harry presumed to be the

Head Coach came over and shook Ivanova's hand.

Harry looked around and saw that of the players recognized who he was, some had a calculating gaze, others were intrigued or excited, all were dressed in a thick dark red training kit. Harry was surprised when he saw the best seeker in the world, Viktor Krum amidst the players, Krum just gave him an approving nod as their eyes met and returned to brooding.

"Ah, you must be Harry Potter, I have been wanting to meet you face to face for a long time. I am Sergei Ivanov, head coach." The burly man in the black tracksuit introduced himself, sticking out a hand.

Never once tearing his gaze away from the bigger man's gaze, Harry shook the hand, "Honor to meet you sir, Harry Potter." He introduced.

"You have a strong grip, that is good." Sergei said gruffly then putting a hand on Harry's shoulder, guided him away from the rest of the team, which began to grab their respective brooms and sounds of them kicking off could be heard. It was definitely a different style here in Eastern Europe, there were many differences but the main one was that here in Bulgaria, chasers tend to be more relying on strength and power rather than silky passing and using special moves.

"I have watched England's Qualifiers, it's been a long time since England's played so well and consistent." Sergei commented.

Harry felt a bit offended but wisely ignored it and replied, "It's because we built a good team and coaching staff." Harry was amazed when he saw a chaser with long dark hair with brown almond shaped eyes received a Quaffle and with a confident smile dodged two fast bludgers simultaneously with a speed faster than he could imagine. He watched as she accelerated towards the hoops and with a powerful long-range shot, scored.

"Mira Ivanova, my daughter. My pride and joy." Harry was startled when he saw the club chairman standing next to him.

"She's an amazing flier." Harry said with awe.

Dmitry Ivanova just chuckled and turning to Harry asked, "Would you want to have an one on one competition with her?"

Harry just widened his eyes and with respect in his voice answered, "I would love to do so but I did not bring my broom unfortunately." As if answering him, Coach Ivanov brought a Firebolt in front of his face.

With thanks, Harry took the broom, took off his trench coat, leaving him in tight fitting black trousers and a white turtle neck sweater. He mounted the broom and kicked off with Sirius cheering him on. Without doubt, Mira Ivanova was a good player, better than any Harry had played with or against, with incredible balance and great anticipation abilities and she certainly didn't hesitate to use physical contact to her advantage, that plus her smaller frame allowed better maneuverability.

Below them, Sergei Ivanov looked at his watch it has been twenty minutes and to his surprise, Harry Potter was leading 190-100 despite the length of time it took to score one shot. Everyone had stopped his or her respective tasks with their eyes glued to the two chasers who were competing furiously against each other.

Since it was only a one on one playoff, there were no keepers therefore the two chasers also had to assume the role, Harry had the Quaffle in his possession, determined to get one more as he shot to the left but just as he expected it Mira Ivanova had already anticipated his route and was already there.

Harry grinned widely, it had been a long time since he was presented with a real challenge he feinted left, followed by a swift right but Mira wasn't thrown off and stuck near him blocking a good angle to shoot. When they were about twenty yards away from the hoops Mira was defending, Harry shot to the left, baiting his opponent to follow but decelerated without warning and taking advantage of open space on the right burst towards the right flank, pulling back his arm he unleashed a swerving shot which went clean through the right hoop. A loud whistle was heard and slowly, Harry descended to the ground.

Loud clapping and cheering could be heard, Harry just smiled politely while running his hand through his ever untamable hair. Mira Ivanova landed seconds later, the applause increased even more as

Harry watched his opponent and future teammate walk over to where he was standing. Brown eyes met Green and then Mira stuck out her hand, Harry took it without a word for no words were needed.

Sirius watched on proudly with a single tear at the edge of his eye, Harry was the greatest thing that had ever happened in his solitary life even though he wasn't technically his son. Just not too long ago, a young, ignored yet frighteningly intelligent and pure hearted child was listening to his 'epic' tales of fighting against Death Eaters and playing pranks with him on Moony. Now that child was a worldwide superstar but he didn't allow his fame to inflate his head, Sirius often wondered if he had done a good job raising his godson; looking at Harry, who walked over smiling and laughing with Mira Ivanova, he knew that he had accomplished his task.

"Merlin, that was some excellent flying!" Sirius said as Harry grinned widely and handed the Firebolt back to coach Ivanov, who had an apprehensive look on his face.

"Impressive, I have been wanting to see you fly after the Under 17 World Cup, your reputation is well deserved. Mira's one on one ability is one of the best in Europe."

"Thanks sir...Mira's one of the best players I'd have played against." Harry said and looked at the direction of the female chaser who was conversing enigmatically with her father and catching his eye, smiled at him.

"So what'd you think pup? Fancy playing with the European Champions then?" Sirius asked, Harry's smile was all the confirmation he needed.

After spending a restless pacing around Grimmauld Place due to the inability to sleep that night, Harry decided to let Fleur know before anyone else, quickly taking the new ink pen Narcissa had gotten him for his Christmas present, he began writing. The next day, every wizard newspaper across the globe had one single sensational story on their front page.

Vratsa Vulture Dynasty Continues with Harry Potter

By: Alexandr Sharnov

As fate would have it, seven time European Champions Vratsa Vultures has finally secured the services of England Chaser, Harry Potter on a two-year contract. Though the details of the signing are undisclosed. Mr. Potter, currently sixteen, was his National Team's highest scorer during their illustrious World Cup Qualifying Campaign as well as being an important member in England's U-17 World Cup Success.

Look at pages 2 and 3 for Harry Potter's exclusive interview regarding his move

Look at page 4 for Mr. Potter's game statistics

Accompanying the article was a photo of Harry dressed in his white turtleneck sweater with both sleeves rolled up slightly along with a pair of black pants. In his right hand, he clutched a sleeve of a blood red Vratsa Vulture jersey with the number ten and Potter etched in white on the back while Sergei Ivanov held the left sleeve of the jersey.

Harry was smiling as countless cameras flashed. Around breakfast, three sixteen year olds in three different locations read the articles and all three said with a grin, "Lucky bastard."

In France, to be precise, Delacour Mansion, Fleur was having a normal breakfast with her parents and Gabrielle when their family owl flew in with their Daily Morning newspapers. Fleur was spreading strawberry jam on her slice of tartine, a type of French bread when she heard her father murmur, "Impressive boy."

"Your future husband has made the headlines again, mon cherie." Apolline said with a teasing smile. A blush crept up on Fleur's cheeks as her father handed her the article, she couldn't help but smile as she looked at the photograph of Harry beaming at her.

She was reading the exclusive interview when suddenly her hand flew to cover her mouth.

"What is it mon cherie?" Apolline asked. When Fleur didn't respond, she leaned closer to discover what was making her eldest daughter so emotional. Apolline soon found out as she scanned the contents of the page. One response was particularly touching.

Mr. Potter, is there anyone you would like to mention, perhaps people you want to thank?

Well, I would like to first thank my godfather, Sirius Black and Professor Remus Lupin for being there for me when I was younger and Sirius for taking the time to be my agent. I would not be able to sit here today if it weren't for their constant encouragement.

Also to my undisputed number one fan and baby sister Rosalyn, the sisterly love you have given to me is something I can never repay, it was and still is a great joy to see you grow. To Elan, Roger, Cedric, Elena, I'm forever grateful for your friendship. A man couldn't have asked for better friends.

Lastly but most importantly, to mon fleur argentée, if you're reading this I want you to know that no woman has ever made me feel the way I do for you and that you have made myself the luckiest man in the world."

"That is so romantic, mon cherie..." Apolline exclaimed with a sigh, making her husband fake vomiting earning him a hard poke to the ribs. "You could definitely learn something from him, Alain." Apolline chastised, eliciting giggles from Fleur and Gabrielle.

"You are so lucky Fleur!" Gabrielle shouted, bouncing up and down on her chair it would seem that the pint-sized Veela had moved on from her crush. Fleur just smile, suddenly a large silver feathered falcon flew into the dining room, landing directly in front of Fleur on the table. Fleur took the letter off the bird and her heart began pounding violently against her ribs when she recognized Harry's neat cursive writing within the piece of parchment.

Hey Fleur,

I don't know when this mail will reach France, can you take care of Apollo before you send him back he's most likely been flying non-stop. Anyways, I wanted to let you know before anyone else on the planet that I have signed for the Vultures, don't worry the Veelas didn't affect me at all though Sirius was an entirely different story, wish you could have seen it. I'm getting side tracked.....damn, I'm never good when it comes to this but here goes nothing, I miss you. There hasn't been a day where you haven't been in my thoughts, God listen to me, I'm a helpless romantic. Sirius is hosting a New

Year's Eve party and if you're interested, there's a portkey in the envelope to activate it just say Number Twelve Grimmauld Place. Don't worry, its just my five friends and my sister, you can bring Gabby and your parents along if you like.

Harry

Fleur couldn't help but giggle when Harry mentioned the Veelas, she was touched that he had wanted her to know first of all the people in the world and that she mattered that much to him, her heart fluttered when she read that Harry had wanted to spend New Year's Eve with him.

Next to her, Gabrielle squealed since she loved animals and proceeded to feed the annoyed and fatigued falcon with pieces of bread.

"Something you want to share mon cherie?" Apolline asked. Without a word, Fleur, with the biggest smile on her face handed the letter to her mother, who scanned it and sent her eldest daughter a mischievous smile.

In all of her years watching her daughter grow up, she had never acted like she did with Harry; she knew from the rare dreamy expression on her Fleur's face that she was terribly smitten by him and it was beyond a casual fling.

"You're going to need a new dress to impress your man mon cherie." Apolline said with a smirk. Said man woke up with a yawn in a fluffy comfortable king sized bed in his room of Number Twelve Grimmauld Place. The press conference held to unveil his signing in addition to the unveiling of his signing to the fans plus the exclusive interview was fatiguing beyond comprehension.

"How're you feeling pup?" Harry saw Sirius leaning on the doorway with a large grin on his face. A drowsy gaze was all the response he got as Harry got out of bed and walked into the bathroom.

After a long shower and friendly chat with the portrait of Mrs. Black, Harry walked into the kitchen where Kreacher was making the largest breakfast he had ever seen. Immediately, as soon as Harry sat down, Kreacher began piling eggs, hash browns, ham and bacon onto his plate despite his protests. After forking the last piece

of bacon into his mouth, Harry decided to spend the day on traveling to Potter Manor accompanied by Sirius.

A redheaded bullet instantly smothered him as soon as he opened the door. "About time you showed up, the little one has been questioning day and night about the time of your return." His familiar sung as she perched on his shoulder with a burst of flames.

Harry mentally rolled his eyes as he walked into the living room and laughed when the first thing Little Rosy said was, "Where's my present?" With her puppy dog eyes on full blast making her brother extremely helpless but to do as he was told.

Rosy's smile reached her eyes when Harry handed her a small parcel along with a lighter package. Harry just watched on as little Rosy tore at her presents, revealing a silver platinum bracelet made from small figures of Hippogriffs stringed together and a red Vratsa Vulture replica jersey.

Without a word, the diminutive sized girl leapt into her brother's unsuspecting arms and proceeded to give him several sloppy wet kisses. She then turned on Sirius who gifted her with several new dolls and glared at Harry when he threw a smirk in his direction.

Rosy gabbled her thanks then she ran up the stairs leaving a very amused Harry and Sirius only to return seconds later with both her hands behind her back. Then shyly, Rosy revealed a long rectangular package wrapped in wrapping paper and handed it to a shocked Harry.

Carefully taking off the wrapping paper, he couldn't help but let his emotions run wild. It was a very detailed drawing of herself and Harry, he was wearing a fitting white t-shirt with skinny black jeans and standing next to him, barely reaching his waist height was Rosy wearing a white blouse and jeans identical in color to her brothers.

Harry watched on with a smile as he saw the Harry in the portrait place a hand around Rosy's shoulder causing the small girl to look up and smile beautifully. In the background was Number 12 Grimmauld Place, looking up from the drawing and seeing his sister looking worried that her brother hadn't said a word yet whispered, "Thank you princess." And for the very first time in a long time, tears

flooded his eyes. Rosy, never witnessing her oldest brother cry before embraced him and patted him reassuringly. Even Sirius was wiping his eyes at the scene before him.

"I'm curious, how'd you animate it?" Harry asked once he dried his eyes. The small redhead girl just smiled cutely at him and chirped, "Secret." Harry seemed put out and didn't see the glances his sister threw at Sirius, who grinned widely.

After a while, they were in Harry's bedroom. Together, they framed the enchanted drawing and hanged it on the wall next to Harry's Angelina Jolie poster, which Sirius complimented with whistle earning a punch to the shoulder from Harry since they were in truth in the presence of an innocent girl.

Then out of the blue, Lily Potter was at the doorway and said in a controlled tone, "Your father and I need to talk with you." Harry knew by her tone that an argument was in line and he was proven correctly a minute later as Lily Potter ranted on and on about how he could make such a big decision without consulting her. Harry didn't even argue back as he blocked her out as his mind went on thinking what Fleur was doing right now, he could still remember the feeling of their lips meeting, it was the most intense feeling he had ever gotten out of a kiss.

Sirius was in the same state, thinking only about all the upcoming parties he had scheduled for Harry and himself to attend and the amount of beautiful women he would potentially bed; the thought caused a large smile that threatened to split his face as Lily criticized him for encouraging Harry's actions. James Potter, surprisingly, stayed quiet the entire time Lily ranted, he could obviously see that his son was not one bit afraid of Lily in angry mode judging by the look of disinterest and occasional yawning. Though he knew Harry wanted nothing to do with them, which was less than they deserved, he was still proud whenever people in the Ministry would compliment, on what a great Quidditch player his son was he knew that Harry will never look on them the same again and it was all their doing.

"Enough Lily!" Sirius interrupted and he saw amusement dancing in Harry's eyes.

"SIRIUS! HOW DARE YOU- OUR SON MADE A LIFE CHANGING DECISION WITHOUT CONSULTING US!" Lily screamed at her alumni.

"He's no longer a child Lily! He's going to be an emancipated adult in a couple months! Smothering him does little good for you...besides you had the chance long ago, you blew it remember?" Sirius yelled back but felt a twinge of guilt when he saw Lily froze, when she opened her mouth, no words came out as tears slowly began to mass at the corners of her eyes. James just gathered his sobbing wife and gave apologizing looks to his son and former best friend as he walked out of the kitchen with his arms wrapped around Lily.

"Well, that was peachy." Harry muttered as he stood up from his chair. Sirius just snorted in response but a large grin suddenly appeared on his face, "What?" Harry said, a bit annoyed, he knew that grin and it was often connected to unfortunate news.

"You know that smoking model with the dark hair and gorgeous bum, what was it, Ashley?" Sirius asked, the grin still on his face.

"What about her?" Harry snapped, the media had only start to forget their incident and he was keen to keep it that way.

Sirius took out an envelope from his inner blazer pocket and handed it to the unease black haired teen. Ignoring the fact that the letter had been opened and clumsily resealed, Harry's frown continued to grow as he read the letter, "That girl sure isn't making my life easy." He thought and shot his laughing godfather a glare.

"Sooo....?" Sirius said.

"I already invited Fleur over, I'm not portkeying all the way to America just to satisfy her, besides I don't have any feelings for her." Harry groaned.

"You could invite her over..." Sirius said but was cut off by an astounded Harry. "ABSOLUTELY not! I don't want Fleur turning me into barbecue just yet."

"Fine, your loss...the cat-fights are always the best." Sirius said, sniggering as he imagined the scene, and bent over when Harry threw a stinging hex aimed at his face.

"Hey, I need this face for all the ladies you know." Sirius grinned. Harry just muttered an insult unintelligibly under his breath.

"I'm going to write a reply saying I can't be there but I'll owe her a drink." Harry thought as he stood up from his chair. Then Rosy skipped into the kitchen with another envelope in her small hand with a handwriting Harry instantly recognized as he quickly snatched it out from his sister's grasp, patted her head and ran up the stairs to his room, leaving a very confused little girl.

"He's so whipped." Sirius thought as he saw the big smile that formed on his godson. The letter had been sent from Fleur, he was relieved to see that Fleur had accepted his invitation and that his efforts in attempting to be romantic were rather cute.

Now the hard part, waiting.

Translations

mon fleur argentée- my silver flower

Chapter 16: Weird Dreams, Thinking About You

The winds howled as Harry Potter twisted in his bed, it was too dark to see but his face was that of a grimace.

He had no idea where he was, all he could see were dark, eerie lush forests around him. Then, an unknown feeling made its way through his body as his feet began to walk in a particular direction against his will. Then he saw a cabin, well a tumbled half crumbled shack was a more accurate description. A single dim yellow glow behind a misty window suggested that it was inhabited. Then as Harry neared the structure, he heard a soft, raspy voice speak.

"Did it cross your brainless mind that a wizard as pathetic and low as you could actually break into Hogwarts....hmm, Wormtail?"

"I-I...." Whatever Wormtail was going to say was cut off violently.

"Did it never occurred once to you that your master was in need?... Crucio!" Harry couldn't help but try to cover his ears as Wormtail's screams filled the air.

Harry slowly crept up to a broken window and what he saw made him want to scream but no sound came from his mouth. In the poorly lit room was a short balding fat man with the face of a rat, cowering on the floor.

"I-I-I-'m s-orry my I-ord..." Wormtail stuttered.

"See that you are, now go milk Nagini...." Voldemort hissed. Harry was confused, who was Nagini? He couldn't see the Dark Lord from behind the large armchair.

Harry bolted upright on his bed, his eyes wide open with sweat coating his face. Immediately slipping on his slippers and walking to the bathroom,

"What the hell was that?" He thought as he splashed water on his face. He hadn't had nightmares for a long time so why now? He had a bad feeling forming in his gut, whenever he had nightmares, bad things always happened it was a guarantee.

Hundreds of miles away, Albus Dumbledore was pacing impatiently around his office. "Eric Potter has improved overall but it's still not at the level expected, how can this be?"

On his desk was a copy of both Eric Potter and his older brother Harry Potter's first to third year academic results. Frankly, to be put mildly Albus was deeply shocked that the older Potter had nothing but straight Outstanding in every single class he had ever attended, furthermore his O.W.L.S results were among few whom have achieved more than ten O.W.L.S.

"Could it be that Harry, not Eric is the chosen one...but that cannot be, there was no mark on him." Dumbledore thought pensively as he continued to pace around muttering under his breath, which was starting to annoy the crap out of his phoenix familiar.

As the Sun began to rise, Fleur Delacour was in the middle of a not very innocent dream. "Fleur, you have no idea how long I wanted to do this." Harry whispered as he kissed her tenderly, his rough calloused hands causing electricity to spark as they worked themselves on her baby smooth skin.

"'Arry more!" Fleur whispered and gasped when she felt the strap of her bra being unclipped... "Fleur? Fleur? Wake up, Mama's taking us to get new dresses." Fleur groaned when she suddenly found a pair of large baby blue eyes instead of the incredibly enchanting green eyes she had looked into earlier.

"Oh no..." She thought before the smaller girl began to ask rapidly "Why were you moaning sis? Are you sick sis? How come you're blushing sis?"

Realization hit her immediately, "Gabby, haven't you heard of knocking the door?" Fleur shouted, her face was as red as an overripe tomato. To her annoyance, the shrimp-sized Veela just smiled widely and skipped out of her room. This would be one long day.

Harry was amused to see Kreacher and Dobby frantically busying themselves in the kitchen, preparing a meal that would make a usual feast at Hogwarts dwarf in size, not allowing anyone within a feet of the kitchen. Meanwhile himself, Elan, Draco, Tonks, Sirius, Lupin,

Narcissa and Andromeda were decorating Grimmauld Place, despite the house being infamous for its depressing atmosphere.

"Can you hand me that purple balloon Nymphie?" Elan said in a girlish tone, causing said girl to grow red in the face with anger and fire a bludgeoning hex at the blonde chaser who bent down suddenly, the curse missing him and he exclaimed with a smug smirk on his face, "Oh, a KitKat bar."

Sirius, Harry and Draco were all fell down laughing at the red faced, pink bubblegum haired girl.

"Must be my lucky day. Better luck next time Nymphadora." Elan said with a chuckle, emphasizing his cousin's first name on purpose while taking a big bite out of his KitKat bar making Tonks grow even redder in the face and began a series of bludgeoning hexes which Elan just dodged with unnatural grace. Shouts of "Stand Still!" and "You're going to regret it!" were heard as loud crashes followed suit. "He placed it there on purpose." Draco whispered to Harry who just smirked and shook his head. Narcissa and Andromeda just shared looks, some things just weren't going to change.

"Kreacher?" Narcissa called out.

The ancient elf of the House of Black appeared with a bow, "You know what to do." Obviously this wasn't the first time Kreacher had to clean up after the eldest Malfoy heir and the pink bubblegum haired girl.

"NO!" At the Potter residence, the atmosphere was set to celebrate the New Year too, if it weren't for a small red haired girl crossing her arms across her chest with a glare that wasn't frightening at all.

"Please Rosy, we want you to spend some time with us; you hardly do whenever Harry gets back." Lily tried to sway her daughter.

"NO! Harry promised!" Rosy stomped her foot and huffed.

"Lils, just let her be, she doesn't get a whole lot of time with Harry..." James said softly, he knew in this state that nothing would sway his small, determined daughter. He had to gulp when his wife's stare turned his way, "Let's just get it over with." James thought as he braced himself for one of the worst tongue-lashings he'll ever get.

Seeing her parents bickering, no one noticed the pint sized red haired girl crawl towards the floo until a green light glowed brightly in the room.

"HARRY!" Harry was about to use the floo to pick up his upset yet undeniably adorable little sister when suddenly said little sister was thrown into his arms.

"Ooomph." Was all that came out of his mouth as Harry landed on his butt. Giggling, Rosy pecked him on the cheek before latching on into him as if they were glued together. Elsewhere, Fleur Delacour, dressed in a strapless turquoise dress that went to her knees was playing with the necklace around her neck, the same one Harry had given to her not long ago, as she waited for Gabrielle to put on her dress.

Ever since Harry had proclaimed that she was his girlfriend in his interview, she was seldom seen without a smile on her face but she was also nervous, being the girlfriend of an international superstar was a totally new thing for her. She knew Harry had fan clubs all over the world and that didn't exactly please her, knowing that fan girls probably had shrines dedicated to him. If someone had told her five months ago that she would fall for England's next best chaser, she would have laughed and told them that they were crazy.

Her thoughts were broken off when she felt a tug on her hand, looking down Fleur found herself looking at a very pleased, smiling Gabrielle. "You look great Gabby." Fleur remarked.

"I hope so, Mama helped. Everyone says I look cute...I wanna be hot and sexy like you." The pint sized Veela said with a sigh and pout.

It was totally endearing, Fleur smiled and patted her sister on the head, before meeting Harry she was a cold, stuck up person because no one could see beyond her looks; she had lost all of her friends after hitting puberty due to the fact that she received a lot of attention from the male population.

"You have no idea how lucky you are right now Gabby." Fleur thought as her parents also came down to the large living room, Alain was dressed in a black tuxedo along with a black bowtie while

Apolline wore a knee length spaghetti strapped black dress. Then pulling out the portkey, the four people disappeared with a spin.

Fleur soon found herself land on solid ground as she was whizzed out from the portkey travel. She was in a brightly lit long hallway with golden chandeliers hanging on the ceiling, next to her Gabrielle simply looked excited. They reached the end of the hallway and saw a spacious dining room to their right and a living room as big as the one in Delacour mansion.

"Fleur!" Fleur's eyes shone as soon as she saw Harry, he wore skinny long black pants, a white dress shirt with a navy blue tie and a black vest over it. Without a word, Fleur flung herself into his arms, her arms wrapped tightly around his waist.

"Mmmm....he smells like crushed pinewood." She thought as she inhaled deeply from Harry's chest. This of course caused a lot of whistles and wolf howling thrown in their way but neither seemed to care.

"You look wonderful." Harry whispered.

"You're not too bad yourself." Fleur replied and rubbed her nose against his cheek. Some distance away, Harry's friends all had mixed feelings about this.

"Harry Potter a romantic? The apocalypse is coming!" Cho exclaimed dramatically.

"Drama Queen..." Cedric muttered softly but apparently not soft enough.

"What was that?" Cho growled menacingly with a glare that could make Snape go out of business.

"Nothing nothing, have I mentioned how angelic you looked this evening?" Cedric said sheepishly, Cho just smirked smugly before turning her attention back to Harry and Fleur's direction, who seemed to be oblivious to the sound of a click.

"This is sooo black mail material." Cho thought gleefully as she slipped her camera back into its case.

"So much fluffiness, I think I'm going to be sick." Roger commented while Elan made an attempt vomit noise and was elbowed harshly in the ribs by Anna.

Very soon, Fleur found herself comfortable in a conversation with Cho and Anna regarding about fashion. To her surprise, the two girls before her weren't unfriendly and cold to her like those from Beauxbatons.

When asked, Cho just shrugged her shoulders, smiled and said "You might think in Britain, we're all bigots but there are people who aren't. Besides, Ceddy's immune."

"You are who you are Fleur, the charm is just a part of it, I don't blame you at all and its great to see Potter acting all dog-like around you. It's excellent blackmailing material." Anna said with a fake sinister smirk as she twirled her shoulder length blonde hair.

Fleur chuckled at the comment but her face became serious again, in a soft voice she said, "Eet means a lot, zank you..." Meanwhile at another end of the spacious living room, Rosy Potter was sitting on a couch nibbling on a piece of chocolate cake while her big brother was standing not far away, in a conversation with Sirius and Lucius while keeping a close eye on her all the same.

"So you've been having dreams?" Sirius asked with a worried look etched on his face.

"I don't know what they are, premonitions, visions...only that they're repetitive and have been happening more and more since this year started." Harry said while placing his left palm on his forehead.

"That can't be a coincidence...Severus has informed me that the Dark Mark has darkened considerably over these few months. What a horrendous fate...to have his hideous mark branded on you forever, I'm glad I've never chose that path." Lucius murmured softly, arms folded across his chest. The Malfoys were well known up until Lucius were a line of many borderline dark wizards and witches.

"Anyways, another topic, while you were gone Harry, Lucius, Moony and I have been analyzing and researching about that curious diary that you've brought back." Sirius said quietly, eyes alert, true that

most of the people at the party were trustworthy however it never hurts to be alert.

"What about it?" Harry asked, eyes narrowing. Sirius nodded at Lucius who whipped out his wand faster than the blink of an eye and casted an invisible privacy ward around the three of them. "Did you remember the feeling when you came into contact with it?" Sirius asked. After a moment, Harry responded quietly, recalling the dark feeling he had come across when his skin came into contact with the small black leather book.

"I don't know how to describe it, only that it was the most unpleasant thing I've ever felt..."

"This further increases our suspicion...this is bad, if the Dark Lord really created those." Sirius muttered.

Before the conversation could be continued, Narcissa suddenly floated across to them and with a crossed look on her face said, "Lucius, you haven't had a dance with me at all tonight."

"Good idea love, I was planning to go looking for you just now." Lucius replied quickly. Narcissa raised an eyebrow of skepticism but took her husband's hand anyways while whispering to Harry.

"You better tend to that girlfriend of yours, no girl likes to be ignored by their men." Harry gave a start, the conversation about the dark artifact had completely dominated his mind. Saying a quick thank you and see you later, Harry immediately rushed off.

"Ah, young love. Was I ever that foolish?" Sirius said and earned a hard stomp to the foot from Narcissa.

"Well well well, if it isn't lover boy." Anna said to Fleur with a sly smirk, causing the quarter Veela to flush pink as Harry made his way over.

"Hey Fleur, these two treating you alright?" The messy black haired wizard asked with his trademark smirk playing his lips.

Cho and Anna threw him fake dirty glares, "They were just fine...surprisingly." Fleur replied.

With a nod, Harry stuck out a hand and Fleur took it, casting winks at her two new friends who mouthed, "You go, girl!" It turned out to be one of the most memorable nights for both Harry and Fleur, the two exchanged few words but it was obvious from the way they looked at each other that words weren't needed. Fleur sighed in content as she pressed herself even closer to the young man who had changed her life so dramatically in such a short span of time.

Time flew passed the couple as they held onto each other; Fleur was pleasantly surprised that Harry could dance so well with near perfect accuracy and precision as they tangoed around the spacious dance floor. Oblivious to the fact that everyone had stopped dancing and was staring at them, Fleur's baby blue eyes remained locked with Harry's bright green.

"Heavenly aren't they?" Apolline giggled to her husband who just folded his arms and grunted. After the song ended, loud applause could be heard and Fleur, embarrassed, hid her face in Harry's chest.

Slowly, Harry steered the both of them over to where his little sister was sitting, chatting with Gabrielle. "I'm his sister!" Rosy argued.

"So?" Gabrielle huffed. "What are you two talking about?" Harry asked the two in English, since his little sister has yet to master other languages.

"Harry, I'm your biggest fan right?" Little Rosy said with her puppy eyes on full blast.

"Zat's playing dirty. 'Arry, I'm your biggest fan non?" Gabrielle said with a crossed look on her equally cute, childish face.

Waving his hands to stop the two little girls from going at each other, Harry quickly stuttered, "Look, Rosalyn, Gabrielle, you're both really awesome and I consider you both my number one fans."

"You can't have two people in one spot." Rosy said with a confused look. Gabrielle was also nodding her head, making the elder Potter palm his face.

"Look girls, either you're both my number one fans or you're not my fans at all. Now shake hands." Rosy and Gabrielle shared a look and after a moment, both had smiles that reached their eyes.

"Okay!" Both girls exclaimed, then shook each other's hands and took off to get more little cakes. Fleur watched the whole process with a smile on her face, it was so obvious that Harry loved his little sister dearly.

She giggled when Harry gave her a look that had "Those two are going to kill me someday" written all over it. Sitting on a spacious black sofa with Fleur practically glued to him, Harry sighed as he wrapped an arm around the silver blonde's curvaceous waist.

"I think you did just fine, usually Gabby will throw tantrums." Fleur said as she laid her head on her boyfriend's shoulder.

"Hnn." Was all Fleur got in reply as she felt Harry's soft lips grazing her forehead. Harry couldn't help but grin as he saw Sirius dancing with Professor Vector, how he managed to ask her to come was a complete mystery to him, however he hoped that Ol' Paddy would finally hang up his playboy identity.

Meanwhile not far away, a certain Asian beauty with a camera was looking at the unaware couple with an evil glint in her eye. "What are you doing Cho?" Cedric Diggory asked his girlfriend, he knew that look all too well. "Hush!" Cho replied and Cedric watched on as Cho took many shots of the unsuspecting couple.

"These will do nicely as blackmailing material don't you think?" Cho said mostly to herself.

"You are now officially the most scariest person on the planet." Cedric muttered.

Again, Cho's supersensitive hearing caught it as she smirked, "And you wouldn't have it any other way."

Many hundreds of miles across the Atlantic Ocean; specifically in Beverly Hills, California, a dark haired young woman with sharp blue eyes gazed at the view of the glamorous city below from the large outdoor balcony of her luxurious estate with her arms on the railing. A glass of expensive 1945 Mouton Rothschild laid untouched on a

round crystal table as well as an opened enveloped with a flowery B emblem situated at the center of the envelope.

"Ms. Taylor, your transfer to Beauxbatons Academy of Magic for next year is complete." An older female voice broke the silence behind the international model.

"I know." Ashley replied with her eyes fixed on the city lights far below, the wind blew gently against her raven black hair.

"Please pardon me but may I inquire why the abrupt change of schools? Your mother expresses her concern especially."

"Personal reasons, you may be excused if there's nothing else." Ashley retorted warningly.

"As you wish, Ms Taylor, I have placed the dates of your next shootings on the table in the living room." Finally, all alone Ashley took her glass of Mouton Rothschild and gazed into it analytically.

"Harry, I always get what I want in the end." She said quietly and took a small sip from her glass.

January came quickly than most would want it to be, signaling the resumption of school. The three international Quidditch Stars minus Harry were playing a game of poker as the Hogwarts Express made its way towards Hogwarts. The media at King's Cross Station mobbed them; especially Harry since he had revealed that he was no longer single, though thankfully no one figured out who the silver flower Harry had mentioned was.

"I hate all this waiting, the World Cup is only a few more months away." Roger said heatedly.

"Thank Merlin that next year is our last." Cedric said with a chuckle.

Harry remained silent as he looked out the window until he heard Elan sniggering loudly at him. "What?" Harry asked with an annoyed expression on his face.

"Thinking about Delacour again?" And he ducked a chocolate frog that was aimed for his face.

All of them had witnessed, without Harry's knowledge, of the French beauty giving their fellow friend the equivalent of a Dementor's kiss though without the soul sucking part on the second floor of Grimmauld Place. Harry ended up smiling like an idiot for a straight forty-five minutes and his knees wobbled like jello.

"Oh please, you and Zabini were going at it like a pair of bunnies in heat." Harry threw back with a smirk when Elan became quiet immediately and sat still, Cedric just had a queer smile on his face while Roger was the only one who laughed being the playboy he was and was uncommitted.

Once the commotion settled down, Harry resumed his observation of the passing fields of Hogsmeade with Rina perched on his shoulder. Slowly, he opened his newly acquired locket that was chained around his neck and admired the two photos in it, Sirius had it custom made for him, the locket was silver and rectangular shaped. Within it, there were two photos: one was him and Fleur dancing slowly together, the other was one of Fleur, Gabrielle and Little Rosy smiling dazzlingly at him.

He was less than impressed when he found out that Cho had taken multiple photos of him and Fleur without his knowledge. It would have made Fleur's life a living hell if those photos were to be leaked to the media, however Cho was adamant that the photos were safe with her.

On the other hand, his parents, well mostly Lily Potter was in a melancholy mood when he and little Rosy returned from Number Twelve Grimmauld Place, surprisingly, Eric Potter didn't have his usual I'm-The-King-of-the-World attitude stuck up his arse; since the incident in the Chamber of Secrets, the middle Potter child became more subdued and humble, which Harry thought was impossible to achieve even if pigs started to fly. Harry didn't know what to feel, regarding to his family now, he was never fond of his parents nor his brother. The reason why he didn't leave Potter Manor was because his baby sister needed him, now he didn't know what to do anymore with his long Quidditch Career ahead of him. Sooner or later, he would still decide to move out of Potter Manor seeing that he already had several properties marked.

Harry's mind was a bunch of independent thoughts as he casted a shrinking charm on his luggage and placed it in his jeans pocket.

"Rina, teleport to the Common Room first, I'll be there shortly." The phoenix gave a shrill cry before bursting into flames. With a sigh, Harry pulled on his black trench coat and walked out of the compartment with his three friends. They were among the last to leave the train due to the fact that they would have the bigger chance of not being swamped by fan-girls. After unpacking his things and changing into his school robes in Ravenclaw Tower, Harry along with Roger went down to the Great Hall. Using Occlumency to hide his emotions, Harry entered the Great Hall and immediately, all eyes were glued on him apparently him being inducted into the Vratsa Vultures was the biggest thing that has ever happened since the creation of the Wronski Feint.

"Wow, you might want to devise an escape plan soon." Roger remarked earning an "Hnn" from a stoic Harry as they sat down.

"Welcome back for another semester of learning, I sincerely hope each and every one of you had an enjoyable Christmas, dig in." Dumbledore greeted loudly and at once, roast beef, chicken, pork, lamb, salad, vegetables and soups of different kinds appeared on the four house tables.

"Check out Ced." Roger sniggered to Harry, sure enough, Cedric Diggory was uncomfortably surrounded by female students from his house. Harry smirked and focused his attention back onto his food, oblivious to the fact that a certain ancient Headmaster was analyzing him through his half moon spectacles.

"How did that boy survived the killing curse, according to the scenario I'm thinking of, he should be dead."

After everyone was satisfied and dessert had been served in the form of apple pie, Dumbledore bade the students good night, his eyes remained locked on the messy black haired Ravenclaw. As always, the Ravenclaws lead by Harry and Elena, who was glancing at her counterpart more than necessary, made their way out the Great Hall with the younger students in tow.

After everyone had dispersed to their respective business in the common room, Cho saw out of the corner of her eye Harry and Elena walking out the portrait and being the curious person she was, followed them after casting a disillusionment charm on herself. The hallways were poorly lit as Cho followed the two Ravenclaw prefects.

She gasped and covered her mouth in shock when she arrived at the Astronomy Tower and saw Elena, the proud Ravenclaw who had never went on any dates, had tears welling up in her brown eyes.

As she neared them, she could barely make out what they were saying.

"I'm sorry Elena, I really am, you've always been a great friend and competitor for me, but it doesn't go anywhere more than that...I'm sorry." Harry said sadly.

"I understand...I must look very foolish." Elena said with a fake laugh.

"Don't..." Harry whispered.

"I'll see you around Harry." With that Elena surprised both Harry and Cho with a short but passionate kiss.

"Forgive me..." Elena said tearfully and promptly walked away quickly, leaving a very shocked Harry behind. Cho immediately felt bad for stumbling on this, she had always known her friend liked Harry but had never thought she had harbored feelings deeper than a crush.

Discreetly, Cho turned back and hurried back to Ravenclaw Tower, leaving a lone figure at the top of the Astronomy Tower. To say Harry was shocked by Elena's confession would be an understatement, he could have never, in a million years, see that coming. He sighed heavily while staring out towards the Forbidden Forest, the wind blowing slightly against his hair. "Why does this all have to be so complicated?" He contemplated while caressing the locket chained around his neck.

The days went by quickly and Harry found himself actually paying attention in class and taking the time to perfect his homework, the O.W.L.S might be over but on the horizon was the N.E.W.T.S. Amidst all that, it saddened and annoyed him to no end to see Elena walking away whenever he approached; this surprised Elan, Roger and Cedric to no end since Harry and Elena would always have avid discussions about academics and taunting each other respectfully.

"What's with the icy atmosphere?" Roger remarked as they walked towards Charms. "Yeah, what happened to you two?" Elan added. Harry said nothing as he walked ahead of them, what could he say? That one of his closest friends was in love with him for a very long time and that he was oblivious to it?

Strangely enough, one Luna Lovegood saw straight through him despite his Occlumency Shields, he had told this to no one save Rina, his trusted companion. The phoenix rather amused the entire time she listened to her bonded companion talk about his problems.

Harry was lying on his back under the enormous great oak tree in the central courtyard when sudden he heard a dreamy, feminine voice break the silence.

"Hello Harry Potter." Opening his eyes he tilted his head and saw the odd, pale blonde Ravenclaw sitting not too far from where he was lying down.

"Hey Luna, how was your Christmas?"

"Wonderful, Daddy and I went in search of Crumpled-Horn Snorkacks in Sweden but we couldn't find any." Harry stayed silent at that, he had heard many students, even in his own house mocking the odd girl, which was infuriating and disappointing at the same time.

"Well I'm sure they're there, I'm confident that you'll find them soon." Harry said while gazing at the clear blue sky and the white fluffy clouds, which resembled too alike to marshmallows.

"I'm sorry about you and Elena." Harry shot up at once as soon as the words went into his ears, and glared at the large eyed girl who was playing with her butterbeer bottle cap necklace.

"How'd you-"

"There are a large amount of nargles in your hair you know." Harry's mind went blank, rarely did someone make Harry Potter speechless, this was one of those rare times. He could only watch with confusion as the odd girl skipped off.

How the girl found out, he would never know but he knew Luna knew better than sprouting her discovery to everyone she saw. The next couple of months went by rather quietly surprisingly, there wasn't a teacher with the Dark Lord infested in the back of his head nor a fifty-foot snake who could kill a person with just one look. There wasn't a day where Harry did not miss Fleur, only finding solace in the letters they had received from the other.

Fleur was in her room in Beauxbatons, dressed only in a sapphire nightgown that showed her curves off quite well with a letter in hand. She hated not seeing him, not holding him, not inhaling the unique scent that was Harry Potter and most importantly, not being able to kiss those tender lips of his.

"You okay Fleur?" Fleur looked up from her letter, seeing it was her roommate Marie, she smiled and nodded; Marie Clément was her closest, if not her only friend in all her years in Beauxbatons Academy of Magic. Marie had a diamond shaped face with hazel eyes and shoulder length light brown hair.

Due to her Veela powers manifesting, Fleur found herself being shunned by those she once called friends except Marie, Marie understood that it wasn't her friend's fault that her Veela powers emerged, as it was with many Veeleas when they matured and stayed out her friend's side.

"So who is the lucky boy?" Marie teased and grinned widely when she saw her friend flushing brightly. Fleur was debating whether or not to tell her friend of her being the secret girlfriend of the Harry Potter but knew Marie wouldn't stop pestering her until she spilled. So with a sigh, Fleur ended up telling her friend about meeting Harry Potter for the first time, how he was so humble, kind and didn't act like most guys trying to win her attention.

"Oh my God! You're silver flower!" Marie squealed. Fleur could only nod at his.

"I can't believe it, it's like something out of a fantasy, you and the hottest and sexiest Quidditch player on the planet." Marie sighed.

"So know you know everything, please don't tell anyone, the World Cup is coming up and I don't want him having to worry about me and the media." Fleur pleaded.

Marie nodded sympathetically but a mischievous smile appeared on her face, "So, how good of a kisser is he?"

"MARIE!" Fleur exclaimed, her face reddening.

"THAT good huh?" Marie smirked and shrieked as she ducked a pillow aimed at her head.

Chapter 17: Heart Repair, New Beginnings

Days turned to weeks, and Harry had no time to think about other things as he forced himself into his studies. Sure, he considered himself a genius that could successfully cast a new spell whereas most people would need several tries but that didn't mean he didn't have high standards for himself. There were still subjects that he needed to actually study to get good marks in, for instance Arithmancy and Potions; Snape was always ready to surprise him with fast and unpredictable questions and looking for the slightest mistake in his potions even though he had often quoted that Harry had more brains than James Potter ever had.

Roger and Elan called him a total killjoy when they found him cooped up in his dorm room doing nothing but homework, which irked him to no end as they attempted to distract him from finishing. Also, on every weekend Harry, sometimes Saturday, sometimes Sunday, he would be playing for the Vratsa Vultures in the league, which he loved doing immensely. The training on week days was pure hell, he was pushed harder than he had ever been pushed before by coach Sergei but Mira Ivanov and Krum were very willing to help him in training and adapting to the rougher and faster style of play the Vultures used. Furthermore the Veela cheerleaders would often shoot him seductive looks in addition to attempting to flirt and seduce him, which caused Krum, who was usually an emotionless husk to laugh with vigor.

It turned out that he was becoming a big hit with the Vulture fans after five games, scoring 2000 points in total, his jersey sales were only second to Krum. In addition, he had accepted Lupin's invitation for dueling lessons, which mind, he didn't really need but only went so that he could test some new spells that he had read about from his tomes.

"Sorry Moony, but just like I told Mad-Eye, I'm afraid you got your wrinkly old arse handed to me." Harry replied as he pulled up his Defense teacher from the floor. Lupin just laughed and shook his head, Harry had grown into a better duelist than he could've have expected, it was a shame that Harry had decided to not to become an Auror, something about not wanting to be a bootlicker to the Ministry. Harry was greatly saddened when he heard that Lupin might not make it for the Quidditch World Cup but placed the tickets

for England's group stage matches on his desk nevertheless, he had asked Sirius to send them to him the night before.

Besides Lupin, he also gave Hermione three tickets in the VIP box, which she refused until he promptly, placed them in her palms and closed her hand around it with a serious expression on his face, which earned her a lot of jealous looks from the girls who were in Harry Potter's Hogwarts fan club.

However, his awkward relationship with Elena hadn't improved one bit, when he finally told his three friends and Rina due to the fact of their annoying pestering in the Room of Requirement they were stunned.

"Wow...nothing is ever ordinary for you is it Potter?" Roger commented with a grin.

"You know what I think? I think you should start creating a harem." Elan said with a dreamy look on his face and received a punch in the face.

"HEY! Watch where you're hitting, my face is very delicate." Elan shouted and was rewarded by full-blown laughter, even Rina looked amused as she observed these fascinating humans from her spot on Harry's shoulder. After controlling themselves, the atmosphere became serious once more.

"I think you should have a talk with her, tell her you still want her friendship despite that you don't have romantic feelings for her...should be easy for you." Cedric said.

"What do you think my girl?" Harry asked his familiar telepathically.

"What the man said...I will personally fry your arse if you don't go out there and settle this right now." Rina sang and snorted, if a phoenix could even snort then left her master's shoulder towards a perch at the corner of the large room.

"Hats off to you...Casanova." Harry said with a mock bow and walked out of the room.

"Gee, what's eating him?" Roger asked and was replied with silence.

Harry ignored all the giggling and whispering from his female students as he searched for Elena.

"Hey Cho." The pretty Asian girl turned from her friend, Marietta Edgecombe and with a small smile said, "Hello Harry...."

"Yeah hi, have you seen Elena anywhere?" Harry asked hurriedly.

"She went to the Owlery not long ago." Cho replied and was about to say something else but was promptly cut off when Harry took off. "He still doesn't know that I overheard everything...I'll tell them tonight." She thought as she watched him leave.

Harry arrived at the Owlery and stopped at the bottom to catch his breath before walking in, he walked stealthily up the stairs and breathed in relief when he saw the petite figure of Elena mumbling towards her grey-feathered owl.

"Hey..." Harry said and instantly cursed himself for being such a lame arse.

"Hey, just sending a letter to my parents..." Elena replied tiredly back, Harry's eyes were full of worry as he saw his friend's fatigued expression, how long had she been like this. He felt he was the worst friend in the world at that moment. Then, without warning Elena clutched her head and fell forward and without a second of hesitation Harry caught her before she hit the floor.

"Hey! You alright?" Harry shouted, and placed a palm on Elena's forehead, "Shit, she's burning up."

Without further ado, the Quidditch Superstar pulled Elena onto his back and wrapped his arms around her legs to make sure she wouldn't fall down and called for Rina, who immediately appeared with a burst of flames, frightening the crap out of the other owls...literally.

Grabbing onto his familiar, the three disappeared in a bright flash of flames. Poppy Pomfrey was in her office when she saw a bright flash of flames appearing out of nowhere in the middle of the Hospital Wing but she quickly rushed out when she saw an unconscious and paled face Elena on Harry's back.

"Mr. Potter, what has happened to Ms. Turpin?"

"She's burning up Poppy..." Harry replied worryingly as he laid the pale brunette on an empty bed. Harry watched nervously as Madam Pomfrey waved her wand for a diagnosis and walked hurriedly away, no doubt to get potions. Once Madam Pomfrey returned, she had several bottles of potions and with a wave of her wand, Elena's attire became sleep pajamas, after asking Harry to lift the pale girl up, Madam Pomfrey poured the potions into her mouth.

"Will she get better soon?" Harry asked, eyes never once leaving Elena's face.

"With much rest, yes...don't worry too much about it dear, you should go to the feast now." Madam Pomfrey said and sighed when the tall, messy black haired young man took a chair next to Elena's bed and shot her a smile.

"I'll be fine Poppy, I can get something from the kitchens later on."

"If you're sure..." Madam Pomfrey replied and began walking out of the Hospital Wing.

"You shouldn't be here...I'm fine." Harry's attention was snapped from the locket he had around his neck towards Elena who was staring back at him with her dark chocolate brown eyes.

She blushed when Harry placed a hand on her forehead, "Stop, stop caring for me so much...can't you see what you're doing?" She thought as she looked onto Harry's face, seeing how concerned he was for her.

"Not as hot as you were a few minutes ago." Harry commented with a smile and asked, "You hungry?"

At Elena's nod, Harry rose from his chair and with a rare smile said, "I'll go pick up something light from the kitchens..." and promptly walked off. Elena couldn't stop the tears from forming in her eyes, she had fallen in love with him but it wasn't always so. In the beginning, there was nothing but competing for the best student of their year between them then it became more, helping each other whenever they needed help on work slowly turned into opening up to each other, becoming friends.

When she fell for him, she couldn't remember, maybe it was that time when she fell asleep in the common room by accident and he covered her up with a blanket after exhausting her O.W.L.S, or was it that time in 2nd year when she rode with him on his Nimbus 2000 when she felt unhappy or that time in 3rd year when she twisted her ankle walking back to Hogsmeade and he had offered to give her a piggyback ride back to the castle.

When she saw Harry quietly opening the Hospital Wing doors before closing them behind him, she watched as he sat a tray down by the bedside table and smiled her thanks when he lifted her to a sitting position on her bed.

"Open wide..." Harry exclaimed with a smirk as he held a bowl of chicken noodle soup in one hand and a spoon in another.

"Oh no no no, I'm not a five year old little girl anymore." Elena shot Harry with a tired yet amused look.

"Listen your highness, you're not in a condition to make demands." Harry said in a mock crossed look and broke down into laughter a moment later, Elena just smiled widely; it had been so long she had felt so happy.

Her brown eyes never left Harry as she watched him feed her, "Why are you being so kind to me?... Stop, stop before I fall deeper..." She thought despairingly, the tears returning slowly but surely. She hated that he was so kind to her, she hated that she loved him but she couldn't help it, love isn't something one can turn off simply because one wills it. She decided there and then that if she couldn't have him, then she would go along with it, she'll love him until the end of time.

Once she had finished the entire bowl, Harry placed the empty bowl back onto a tray and was content to watch Elena sleep. He checked her temperature again, and was glad that she was improving. That night, Harry Potter did not return to Ravenclaw Tower.

Next morning, Elena's brown eyes opened to see a fairly rare scene, Harry Potter had wended up sleeping on the chair next to her bed. She couldn't help but giggle and she placed a hand over her mouth

when she saw Madam Pomfrey approaching behind the sleeping teen promptly bonked him hard in the head.

"Ouch, Poppy...that hurt!" Harry rubbed his head then rubbed his eyes. Madam Pomfrey just smiled but said nothing as Elena burst into laughter.

"I'm glad that my pain brings you such great amusement." Harry retorted and stood up to stretch.

"You should be alright now Ms. Turpin, please take it easy from now on." Madam Pomfrey warned after waving her wand for a check up and turned towards Harry with a serious look on her face,

"And you, need I remind you that staying overnight in the Hospital Wing after visiting hours is forbidden?"

"Of course I do but I'm not a pervert and Poppy you like me so you'll let it go right?" Harry said with a very roguish smile he learnt from a certain dogfather.

"Don't push it..." Madam Pomfrey said with a smile as she walked back into her office.

"So, what'd you want to do now? We still have an hour till classes." Harry asked Elena with a bored look after casting a cleaning and breath freshening charm on the both of them.

"I don't know, maybe take a walk perhaps? Things have been so busy lately that I can barely take time out to enjoy nature." Elena replied.

"Sure... I'll wait outside the door once you're ready." Harry said with a smile and walked out. Fifteen minutes later, Harry and Elena were walking closely as they arrived at the flat grassy area close to the Black Lake.

"Don't think about him that way...he has that other girl..." Elena thought as she resisted the urge to touch Harry's hand, curse him for being so perfect in every single way. She chuckled when he saw Harry chucking pieces of bread into the lake and clutched onto him tightly when she saw tentacles snatching them up from the depths.

"It's okay, I do this all the time...well most of the time...the squid and I go way back..." Harry feebly replied with a sheepish smile causing Elena to laugh again.

"Gee...I never knew she could laugh like this." Harry thought, his friend in his memory was always an icy and distant person. Elena was staring at the horizon when she heard Harry clearing his throat and tilted her head with a questioning look on her face.

"Um...I'm really terrible at this, you're a really awesome person Elena and your friendship means the world to me...man am I looking ridiculous." Harry said face palming himself. But to his surprise, he heard a giggle and saw Elena's brown eyes filled with amusement as he removed his palm from his face.

She patted his shoulder lightly and said, "The great flawless Harry Potter speechless, should I mark it on my calendar?"

Harry gave her a mock glare and muttered, "Enjoy it while you can because this will never happen again." They spent more a bit longer enjoying the scenery and chatting a bit before heading back to the castle, Harry had tried to clear up the weirdness surrounding them but Elena just smiled and said there was nothing to clear up however asked that if Fleur and Harry didn't work out, for giving her a chance which Harry thought was awkward but agreed to nevertheless.

Of course, Roger was a bit on the dramatic side when he questioned on where his dorm mate disappeared off to last night but much to his disappointment, Harry didn't give him a direct answer and quickly walked off, Elena watching him go with a sad smile, "Maybe we weren't meant to be, but I love you Harry Potter...and I'll always do even if you don't."

Many days have gone passed and to the delight of his friends, Elena and Harry were once talking animatedly with each other.

"Just like old times right?" Cedric commented as they watched on, Cho just nodded, Elena and Harry were less than pleased when she confessed to having heard the entire conversation but forgave her knowing that the girl would flood the entire common room with her tears if they did not; the girl could certainly cry.

Days soon passed and students were frantically preparing for their final exams, however, Harry felt very tranquil because he had actually took a lot of time studying which he rarely did due to having a photographic memory, in addition, being a genius certainly didn't hurt.

"Phew, I'm glad that was over..." Roger said wiping his forehead after taking their Potions Final Exam, it was a common fact that the brown haired Ravenclaw hated Potions. Harry shook his head and chuckled, Elan was flipping a silver sickle next to him while whistling an uplifting tune.

"I thought it was pretty easy..." He said with the Malfoy arrogance surfacing in his tone. Roger glared at him but said nothing. Harry glanced at his watch; it was going to be a long day.

Meanwhile, at Beauxbatons Academy of Magic in France, Fleur sighed as she finished her Charms exam, unlike Hogwarts where students did their O.W.L.S in their fifth year, they had it in their sixth year at Beauxbatons. Brushing a strand of silver blonde hair behind her ear, she stroked the sapphire necklace Harry had given to her on Christmas. It seemed like ages ago since that magical night, now whenever other girls sent her glares or insulted her she no longer felt sad because Harry was always there, even though he might not be next to her in the flesh, she could feel his soothing presence around her, the whispering of his encouragement that could only be heard by her. Rejuvenated, Fleur smiled when she saw her friend Marie walking towards her with a Transfiguration textbook in her arms.

Harry gave a relieved sigh, the day he had waited for so long had finally came, the last day of his sixth year. He was spacing out when Dumbledore was giving his farewell speech as usual, his head only filled with images of a blue eyed silver haired vixen. Harry was very surprised by himself, before he had met Fleur he had believed that women in general were nothing but a distraction to him save his little sister of course, but now he wasn't sure if that particular philosophy still applied to him. However he had little time to continue his thoughts as he heard his fellow schoolmates applauding. Soon he had found himself in his usual train compartment, stroking Rina affectionately while reading a copy of Q, a Quidditch magazine in his other hand, the cover was himself and Krum, arms crossed along with wearing their blood red Vratsa Vulture home team robe.

"Is it me or is that Krum never does anything but brood?" Elan asked out of the blue. That caused some chuckling around the compartment.

"Not really, he did laugh whenever the girls ganged up on me." Harry replied with a shrug.

"Lucky bastard." Roger coughed and smirked.

Cedric just laughed good heartedly and with a shake of his head said, "Only you Harry...only you."

The rest of the trip back to King's Cross was relatively relaxing, with games of cards and a classic Droobles Bubble Gum Challenge.

Sirius was waiting for him on Kings' cross station with black jeans, a white shirt and a black leather jacket along with a pair of Policemen sunglasses. The four teens were slack jawed at the sight as they walked onto the platform, in addition to his clothes, it appeared the dogfather had his hair cut moderately short.

"Sirius, what the hell?" Harry exclaimed, after getting over his shock.

"I have to admit, you were right about muggle clothes... they are pretty stylish. And my hair, man you have no idea how many chicks have tried to get my number." Sirius said with a big grin, more to himself.

"Sometimes I wonder, who is the one that needs to be taken care of." Harry murmured with his arms folded across his chest. "Yeah I wonder that too." Elan drawled from his place next to him.

The four said their farewells and went of their separate paths, Harry meanwhile went to popped into Diagon Alley with Sirius. Harry rolled his eyes behind his Dior Sunglasses as Sirius whistled loudly at any good looking witch that passed by. Gringotts was still the same busy bank as it always was, Harry was at the counter with a Goblin dressed in a suit and was busying himself with papers behind it.

"May I help you?" A goblin asked without looking up.

"I'm have an appointment with Master Griphook." The goblin literally fell off from his position and onto the ground as soon as he heard the human start talking Gobblegook and found himself staring into emerald eyes that radiated absolute power.

"Mr. Potter... my sincerest apologies. Of course, he has been expecting you. Follow me." The goblin replied and came out of the counter and led the party away from the counters and down towards the hall, goblin guards fully garbed in armor and spears in hand stood in a line formation of both sides of the hall. They arrived at a door on the left side of the door and the goblin knocked.

"Enter." A soft voice said and the door swung open.

"Mr. Potter... it has been some time, has it not? May your gold continue to flow" Griphook mused and dismissed the goblin who bowed and left, leaning forward from his desk, his black eyes focusing on the young wizard before him.

"May your gold continue to flow as well, Master Griphook. Indeed it has...I am sure you have read my mail...." Harry replied, shaking hands with the goblin.

"Quite so..." The goblin said and leant back on his large armchair and his eyes turned towards the other occupants in his room and said, "Lord Black...may your gold continue to flow." Sirius returned the greeting and Griphook extended a hand of gesture for them to sit.

"Now...onto business. In your letter, you said you wanted to buy property...." Griphook said.

"I did and after considering for a long time, I want to stay near London, money is no problem at all." Harry said, crossing his legs.

"Well, you have several options...Chelsea, Kensington, Notting Hill. All are millionaire neighborhoods, close to London and has close access to malls, classy restaurants and any other luxury needs you might have." Griphook summarized easily."

What do you think Sirius?" Harry asked.

"Hnn...as long as there's beautiful, hot, single women around, it's perfect for my godson." Griphook cleared his throat rather loudly whilst Harry palmed his face.

After some time, Harry had finally made his decision, a rather large two-story house in South Kensington. Harry was absolutely gobsmacked by the housing price, it was 18,000,000 British Pounds, but Griphook informed him with a snort that the price was peanuts considering his annual income.

They then bade Griphook farewell after the goblin had said that he'd take care of the arrangements. Returning back to Grimmauld Place, the two opened a bottle of sixty five year old Firewhisky for a celebration. The two ended up drunk and slept in the entire afternoon. By the time they woke up, it was already close to six p.m. and thusly, decided to go out to eat instead of staying cooped up in the house.

After a fine Sushi eating contest in a Japanese Restaurant, Harry returned to Potter Manor feeling a sense of liberation coursing through him; he finally had a place of his own.

When he popped out of the fireplace at Potter Manor, it was nearly nine p.m. Harry could barely register what was happening before he was hit by a speeding red bullet and fell on his backside. He chuckled when his baby sister looked up at him and smiled the smile that kept him going in this melancholy house in his childhood years.

"Miss you too, princess." Harry said as he looked at his little sister who was hugging him tightly around the waist, she was still the clingy baby sister after all these years.

"Some things never change." He thought with an amused smile as his sister vividly told him all the wondrous and mischievous things that she did in his absence. Watching and listening to his sister also brought a pitch of sadness, he had his own house now and that meant that the chances of returning back here to Potter Manor would be extremely slim.

In the beginning, Harry had loathed his parents immensely and knew that his sister would suffer the same neglect he had but strangely, Little Rosy was happy to be here. He wasn't entirely convinced that his parents were really trying to change and it was a

near impossibility that he will be anytime soon in the future. Truthfully, Harry no longer loathed his parents as much as he did before but he didn't like them either. Sirius and Narcissa had told him to let go of the hate or he'll end up losing whatever he had left of himself to it.

However, his sister was still young and if his parents really had changed, regardless whether it was real or not; she would be in safe hands but Harry would let her decide. It was these thoughts that pursued him mercilessly as he changed into a pair of comfortable pair of shorts, and a sleeveless shirt.

A surprise would be a rather enormous understatement for Lily and James Potter the next day when their eldest son had announced that he had already planned to move out before the start of the Quidditch World Cup.

Lily, too tired and drenched in sorrow, did not rant at him, much to Harry's surprise; he had assumed a fuming speech would follow after his statement. Tears slid down Lily's cheeks as she watched her baby, no the seventeen-year-old man walked out of the living room. Reality, denied for so long crashed down hard, her baby boy had no need of her anymore, and it was too late. She had prayed to God to forgive her for causing her son to become so cold and distant even though she thought she did not deserve it. James just squeezed his wife's shoulders gently, he was proud of his son, regardless of his lowly opinions of himself and his wife.

Little Rosy was gobsmacked, this was not happening, her brother, her anchor, who meant the world to her and was always there for her when she needed him was going away. She ran after him, her short legs trying to catch up with his much longer ones.

"Harry...wait!" She cried out when she slipped and fell face down to the floor and began to cry uncontrollably.

Immediately, Harry stopped in his tracks and ran quickly to his little sister's side and promptly lifted the girl up back on her feet.

"You okay princess?" Harry asked concernedly as he knelt down on one knee and examined Little Rosy's face, she didn't meet his gaze but looked down on the floor.

"Princess, this is something I have to do..." Harry said softly, but the small girl still stared silently down at the floor. He gave a small smile and pulled out a golden flower pendant and placed it gently around the startled and confused little girl's neck.

"This pendant has been charmed to be a portkey, touch it and whisper serenity, and you'll see me." Harry said.

By now, the little girl was sobbing quietly, "Why? You promised..." She croaked.

"I know Princess, I know...as much as I hate to admit it but you're not like me." Harry replied quietly, meeting the small red head's eyes, stroking her hair. "You have the chance to experience what I did not. And it isn't fair for me to take that away from you....this isn't goodbye, I'll always be by your side, in here." He pointed at the spot on her chest, which housed her heart.

Little Rosy, still crying, nodded furiously which made a small smile appear on Harry's face, he wiped her tears away with a silk handkerchief.

"Hey, how bout I take you to my new house, you can be the first one to enter it." Harry said and immediately, a large smile formed on Rosy's face. Grabbing her hand, the two walked out of the Manor and out the gates to find a jaw-dropping sight.

Sirius Black, the descendent of the Noble House of Black, had gone all muggle today, in addition to his Policemen Sunglasses, black leather jacket and torn black jeans, he was leaning casually from a silver car with a detachable roof, a convertible.

"Sirius?" Harry simply asked.

"Hey, you have mountains of gold in your multiple number of banks, this won't hurt you at all. Besides, I'm not poor myself." Sirius explained rather dramatically.

"I suppose." Harry replied as they stepped into the car, strapping the seatbelt on Little Rosy in the back before strapping on his own. The seatbelt turned out to be a lifesaver for Harry, who was outraged by his godfather's method of driving, thrice did he have to tell him to

slow down. It didn't help with Little Rosy screaming with joy at the back.

Sirius did slow down when they reached Kensington, grinning boyishly whenever he caught young women eyeing him up.

Harry just shook his head and sighed, "What a way to introduce yourself to a new community..." He thought.

South Kensington obviously had an outlook of luxury and relaxation as they drove towards the address of Harry's new house, the area housed some of the richest people in the UK.

"Well this is it... you have the keys?" Sirius exclaimed as they stopped in front of a gate of a two story creamy beige colored house. Harry fumbled for the envelope inside the breast pocket of his black vest and took out a key attached to a key chain along with a small black rectangular looking device with three buttons on it. He pressed the one under the name Front Gate and with a creak, the gates began to slide open. Sirius gave a low whistle and drove the car passed the opened gates, which closed behind them.

"Wow, Griphook certainly wasn't joking..." Sirius muttered as he drove around a fountain and stopped the car in front of the cream beige colored house. The trio stepped out of the car and studied the structure before them, it was considerably smaller than Potter Manor but was still relatively large. The cream beige color and the red orange roof gave the exterior of the Victorian style house a traditional, relaxing feel, however when Harry unlocked the door and stepped in for the first time, he was astounded.

The house was massive: cream beige colored sofas in the living room, a coffee table made out of crystal, a large flat screen television on the wall. He then checked the study and was thoroughly satisfied by the numerous bookcases it contained, an expensive looking desk made out of maple wood, a comfortable revolving armchair behind it. That's when he heard a squeal from his sister and rushed towards where he assumed the sound came from and his jaw dropped when he saw that the house included a private swimming pool in the back.

Harry amusingly transfigured his sister's clothes into a white bathing suit when she pleaded with him with an adoring puppy dog look

adorned on her face, then she hugged him tightly before jumping headfirst into the pool; all the Potters knew how to swim.

"Hey pup, you know you have a dueling room in there as well? This house has everything..." Harry just shook his head when he heard his godfather's rant and the two began to fortify the already impenetrable wards surrounding the structure, Sirius looked at his godson and shook his head, he was pretty sure that his godson had studied everything could be studied. After three hours, the security measures surrounding Harry's new home were stronger than Gringotts and Hogwarts combined.

When they were finished, Sirius had suggested gathering hot women and playing something called pool volleyball in Harry's pool which caused the eldest Potter to do an double take and palmed his face when Little Rosy asked him if she could join.

"Damn it Sirius, how many times do I have to tell you, she's only seven....." Harry shouted whilst covering his sister's ears, who was looking up at him with wide innocent green eyes filled with confusion. Little did she know it but Little Rosy will certainly have trouble dating any boy without her brother doing a completely thorough background check and other overprotective precautions. Sirius only grinned in response and said they should stock up the refrigerator in the spacious kitchen, Rosy, who was an avid fan of food cheered while Harry raised an eyebrow in amusement. Harry looked around the house as he walked towards the front door, "I'm home."

Chapter 18: Celebrity Life

Eric Potter walked up the stairs in Potter Manor after supper and sighed as he walked along the corridors of the Manor. Since his elder brother's departure, the house had become quieter than usual and he would sometimes hear his mother weeping softly whenever he got up to use the restroom in the middle of the night.

It did not take a genius to figure out who his mother was crying for and for the first time in his life, Eric Potter had no ill feelings for his elder sibling; he had slain a Basilisk to protect him in his second year despite everything. It was then at the Hospital Wing when he awoke did he decide to put his stupid, pointless feud with Harry aside. He knew his older brother still hated his guts more than anything in the world but hoped that he will eventually come around.

After the Basilisk attack, which he kept quiet, Eric befriended Neville Longbottom and surprisingly to himself, Hermione Granger. It was a welcoming change to have other friends. The bright Gryffindor witch was skeptical at first due to the fact that he was associated with one Ronald Weasley, who always made fun of her. However that changed when Eric apologized for his misdemeanors and himself for not doing anything.

Eric was feeling the nervousness threatening to engulf him whole as he saw the person he wanted to apologize to. "Excuse me, is anyone sitting here?" He asked timidly, another surprising change.

Hermione Granger, who was concentrating deeply on her Transfiguration essay looked up and replied with a skeptical look, "Why? I'm sure there are others who will be honored to have the Boy-Who-Lived sitting at their tables."

"Ouch! That sort of hurt..." Eric thought to himself but in a more coherent voice said truthfully, "I don't think I'm as big as you painted me right there and I also want to apologize for the behaviors of myself and Ronald Weasley."

Hermione, who was only half concentrated on the messy black haired boy dropped her quill to the floor but left it unattended as her brown eyes scrutinized his emerald green ones, as if deducting whether he was speaking the truth or was merely instigating another deception.

She nodded and Eric, relieved continued, "I'm very sorry we got off at the wrong foot, I'm Eric, Eric Potter." He then stuck out a hand, hoping that she would take it.

"Hermione, Hermione Granger." Hermione replied, shaking his hand with a small smile hanging off the edge of her lips.

Meanwhile, in Southern Kensington, Harry James Potter was staring at his supposed agent and godfather who was having the time of his life in Harry's pool with a bunch of bikini clad young women surrounding him.

"I thought he was just joking about the whole thing...." Harry thought but Sirius was all-serious when it came down to women or rather to getting laid, honestly speaking.

"Hey Harry, loosen that tie and come join us." Sirius had the audacity to shout out at him.

"Can't, have someone to meet." Harry replied tersely, he was wearing an all black, skinny Armani suit with a white button up shirt and a long narrow black tie.

"Lemme guess, something to do with the fair Ms. Delacour?" Sirius pretended to look pensive.

"You would be correct and please, do not get water on the floors in the house please and stay the hell away from my private study and bedroom...and clean up after you're done!" Harry said dryly and walked off, shaking his head when he heard Sirius exclaim rather loudly, "I can't believe it, he's not like that before I swear ladies..."

Returning back into the house, Harry smiled widely as he saw Rina in a dozing state on her perch.

"You're going to be okay my girl?" Harry asked.

"Fine fine, just go after your Ms. Delacour." Rina said bitterly, if a phoenix could be bitter, that would be her tone right now.

"Are you upset because of it?" Harry asked, he was a superstar when it came to Quidditch but on the subject of woman he was a

flop. When Rina didn't reply, Harry sighed and taking several steps towards his familiar, began stroking the bird's magnificent feathers.

"I'll be back real soon...I promise." Rina let out a musical trill and after locking eyes with her partner, nodded, before dozing off again.
T

ouching the silver ring on his right ring finger, Harry disappeared with a blur. He took a deep breath as he was slowly assembled back into pieces as the effects of the portkey wore off.

Immediately, a small silver bullet slammed into him and he had to steady himself from falling onto his rear.

"Hello, Angel, how are you?" He asked. Gabrielle gave a squeal and only hugged his legs even tighter.

"Great, and your fan club at Beauxbatons is growing big too." The small Veela giggled, whilst Harry groaned.

"I knew this was so a bad idea." He thought to himself and very much wanted to bash his head to the nearest wall available but allowed Gabrielle to drag him into the living room.

"Where does this girl get her strength?" Harry asked himself, amazed that his sister and Gabrielle could literally drag him willing or not.

"Ah, Harry how good to see you again. Have a seat, this will take some time as my wife is occupying herself with what my daughter should wear." Alain Delacour greeted the superstar chaser with a firm handshake and invited him over to the sofas.

"I have a younger sister myself sir, I can understand." Harry replied politely, sitting with a straight posture on the sofa.

"Women... wait until you have children of your own. I have two daughters, along with my wife and I must say I have very little to say in decisions." Alan chuckled but immediately cleared his throat rather loudly when his wife floated down the stairs.

"Oh Fleur...there's a dashing young man here for you." Apolline said melodiously as she walked down the stairs and gave Harry a wink, which he smiled in a response to.

That soon changed as Harry found himself gawking at the goddess that descended from the stairs. Fleur was wearing a deep blue spaghetti strapped dress that ended just a bit above her ankles, showing off her irresistible long tanned legs. Her hair was tied into a bun and the ever present sapphire necklace Harry had given to her in their first Christmas together was hanging perfectly off her flawless swan like neck.

Calming himself down with clearing his mind, Harry regained his coolness when he stood up. Fleur took in Harry's clothes: a black suit, white button up shirt with a narrow straight black tie.

"He looks good in everything I swear." She thought to herself. Taking her hand and kissing it in proper greeting, Harry smiled his one smile he'd only reserved for her and her only.

"You look....wow, I don't think there is word that can describe how divine you look."

"Why Harry, do you talk to all your women fans like that?" Fleur teased and grinned widely, showing her ever-perfect white teeth when she saw her boyfriend looking slightly surprised.

"Fleur...I'd never do that to you." Harry said, a bit hurt that she would even think that but quickly masked it. Fleur immediately regretted teasing him in such a way and cupped his face and gave his lips a quick but memorable peck. Harry smiled back and took her hand and the two left for their date after bidding an amused Mr. and Mrs. Delacour and a pouting Gabrielle an au revoir.

"Have you learnt how to apparate yet?" Harry asked as the couple left the manor. Fleur nodded, "Okay, that would make things so much better."

Without a warning and a mischievous smile on his face, Harry suddenly grabbed his girlfriend on the waist and the two disappeared in a whirl of wind.

"Now look what you did, my hair is messed up." Fleur mock glared at Harry as they felt that familiar feeling of being squeezed out of a tub. However, she blushed when she felt Harry's fingers running through her long silvery blonde hair in the middle of a public street.

"All fixed." Harry said and grabbing her hand, led Fleur away from amidst all the mindless staring and drooling of muggle men.

"I really hate it when people do that." Fleur whispered as she leaned her head on Harry's shoulder as they walked and a small smile graced her lips when she felt Harry brushing his lips on the side of her head. Neither of them noticed the clicks of cameras that were focused on them.

Fleur was left speechless when Harry stopped at what seemed to be a fairly romantic high-class restaurant with a great view of the canal and the busy streets and radiant lights of buildings and traffic lights across from it. She allowed her self to be lead by Harry into the establishment and her heart fluttered when she saw the table with a great window view of the bustling city.

Harry was relieved that Fleur seemed to show no signs of negativity in the location he chose, Sirius actually did rather well when Harry asked him if there were any notable romantic restaurants in Paris.

Fleur was slightly annoyed when the waitress couldn't stop making less than discreet glances at Harry when he ordered from the menu, but relaxed when she felt his big, warm hand massaging hers across the table.

"Are you coming to the World Cup?" Harry asked as their first order, Basil Salmon Terrin came up.

With a nod of her head Fleur responded, "Papa has already gotten the tickets. I do hope you put up a good show." She winked.

"Well then, I'll do the best to not disappoint you my dear lady." Harry retorted with his signature superstar smile. Dinner continued on as the couple chatted and teased each other, Fleur giggled when she saw Harry having trouble with the Escargot and resulted in using his hands.

"Harry, not so barbaric...let me show you." Fleur said with an amused smile and taking the snail tongs, held the snail's shell, using the snail fork, she extracted the meat out with a smug smirk on her face.

"You're brilliant." Harry said with a chuckle.

Fleur rolled her eyes but it quickly turned mischievous as she said, "Open wide..."

Realizing what she was about to do, Harry's eyes widened as he whispered, "Fleur, you're not really gonna..."

A glare quickly shut him up as he leaned forward, opened his mouth and quickly eat the snail that was on Fleur's fork. "Good boy, now that wasn't so bad was it?" Fleur said as if talking to a child. Harry rolled his eyes but smiled nevertheless.

"So what do you want to be when you get out of school?" Harry asked when their main courses came.

"I do not know yet, probably Healer or Cursebreaker. What about you?" Fleur asked.

"Well, my Quidditch career just kicked off and I'm not even twenty yet...I could probably play for another twenty years. Everything is opened really since I've got twelve O.W.L.S..." Harry explained with a small smile, and chuckled rather loudly when he saw Fleur's gobsmacked expression.

"It isn't easy, I'm not really a genius even though people seem to call me that...most stuff is okay but I still need to review like everybody else." He said with a shrug.

The couple then chatted some more before dessert came in the form of a slice of Mille-feuille, a cake that was layered in vanilla, cream and custard. Then Harry paid the bill and the two left, hand in hand.

"That was quite fun...maybe I should let you take me out more often non?" Fleur said, looking up from her resting spot on Harry's arm with an adorable, innocent look on her beautiful and angelic face.

"If you'll have me, that is my lady..." Harry replied with a small smile on the edge of his lips and felt his heart going a hundred beats a minute when Fleur pecked his cheek gently. The couple found a quiet alley before disappearing with a pop.

"It's about time you two returned, your father was about to send a legion of Aurors after you two." Apolline said while rolling her eyes. Fleur just huffed indignantly whilst Harry was trying to stop himself from laughing at his girlfriend's expression.

"Oh wow, its getting late..." Harry stated as he looked at his watch, it was nearly ten thirty.

"Do you really have to go now?" Fleur asked in a small voice, it was obvious that she was upset that he had to leave so early.

"Oh crap." Harry thought as he saw Fleur tearing up. Cupping her smooth, flawless cheeks, he wiped the tear away with his thumb.

"Don't cry...angels don't cry." Harry whispered, even with tears running down her cheeks he thought she still looked ethereally beautiful. Fleur looked deep into Harry's brilliantly glowing green eyes, filled with pure concern and something else that made her feel all warm and relaxed and without warning, pulled his tie rather hard making Harry jerk forward and their lips met each other with crushing force. All logic in Harry's mind was long gone as he felt Fleur's tongue sucking on his. He wrapped his arms around her waist and slowly returned her kiss. After who knows how long, Harry broke the kiss because he knew that he was a goner if he didn't do anything soon.

"Be safe..." Harry whispered, taking in Fleur's ethereal features before retracting his arms from around Fleur's waist. Watching melancholically, Fleur felt something was torn away from her as she saw Harry disappear in a whirl after she heard him mutter a soft 'activate'. At that moment, she realized, she needed him... she loved him.

Apolline Delacour watched as her daughter placed her hand over her heart and smiled knowingly.

"How'd it go?" Sirius asked, a glass of white wine in his hand as Harry appeared via portkey.

"Great...really awesome." Harry said tiredly but happily, taking off his suit jacket, loosening his tie, and went to grab a can of Fanta from the fridge.

"Is...um, everything finished and done here?" Harry asked with a raised eyebrow. At his godfather's confirmation, Harry sighed out in relief. Then after a quick wave of good-bye, Harry walked out the immensely spacious living room and up the wide stairs, through a short hallway and arrived his room. Opening the door, he smiled as everything was moved in; tossing his suit jacket onto his fluffy king sized bed, rolled up his shirt and began unpacking and putting his things from the moving boxes. It was kind of sad in a way that starting from tomorrow, he would have little time to spend with Fleur due to the World Cup matches starting.

The winds blew furiously at him as Harry sped towards the hoops, pulling back his arm the young superstar chaser unleashed a power shot which was beyond the reach of the Scottish team's keeper as it flew straight through the right hoop.

The referee then blew his loudly enchanted whistle, signaling the end of the match, England winning 780-190. The English fans were cheering madly as their national team descended onto the ground. Coach Ray Anderson clapped calmly as he watched his team celebrating wildly together for qualifying the knock out rounds with three wins in three.

After exchanging handshakes with the other team, the English filed out into the tunnel and to the locker rooms.

"We did it, we qualified!" Roger yelled as they entered the changing room.

"Party, my place tonight!" Elan cried out and was answered with cheers from the other players.

"Coming Harry?" The blonde haired chaser asked as they changed into their casual wear.

"Nah... I just want to sleep." Harry replied and ignored his friend's incredulous face. Wearing black faded t-shirt of his favorite football star, George Best and long black jeans. Harry bade his teammates farewell before disappearing in a whirl via his ring portkey.

"Ah, here is he..." Sirius declared as soon as Harry appeared in the Manor's living room with a whirl. Harry rolled his eyes before giving his godfather a quick man hug.

"You might want to see this...I've tried to do everything I could to get this off the papers..." Sirius said in a quiet tone as he handed his godson the latest issue of Witch Weekly. Harry's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets when he saw himself with Fleur, walking together on the cover, his hand entwined with hers. He rapidly flipped the pages of the magazine and his grip was so tight that it had turned white.

Harry could barely believe his eyes, his secret date with Fleur had been revealed to everyone on the planet. He groaned before plopping onto the long sofa like a dead fish.

"Yo pup, its not like people will never find out about this..." Sirius said in what a person might interpret as a comforting tone. Harry threw a glare at him, he did not feel very comforted.

"What about Fleur? She doesn't deserve to have someone watching her every movement she leaves her home." Harry said, more to himself than his godfather.

"If she really is serious about this relationship, she won't mind. Sure it might be irritating but I know when love's in the air." Sirius tried lamely and smiled when Harry chuckled a bit.

"God, that was the worst line you've ever said. No wonder you still can't get Professor Vector." Harry replied and yelped when his godfather pulled him into a knuckle sandwich.

Meanwhile, Fleur Delacour and her family had finished watching the match between England and Scotland but that was when a rather large mob of reporters cornered her along with her family, taking snapshots and asking impossibly comprehensible questions due to the amount of voices that were speaking. Alain, being an Auror Captain waved his wand and people nearest to them were repelled backwards. Taking this advantage, Alain fished out their emergency portkey and the whole Delacour family disappeared in a large whirl of wind.

"It would seem that the cat is out of the bag." Alain stated dryly as he picked up a magazine after arriving back at Delacour Manor, Gabrielle just yawned on the sofa, exhausted for the cheering she did for her hero and curled up on the sofa like a small cat.

"England Chaser dating French Auror Captain's daughter." He read out loud. Fleur sighed as her father handed her the magazine, she knew one day that her relationship with Harry would be exposed but she never thought it'd be this early.

"Alain, take Gabby to her room please." Apolline said and her husband obeyed, carrying the small sleeping Veela up the stairs.

"What's wrong, flower?" Apolline asked.

"I don't know mama, this is not what I wanted...I hate all this attention." Fleur replied, she knew this wasn't Harry's fault but he was used to all the attention.

"So what are you going to do? This is Harry's job, do you think that something like this won't ever happen? I can see it in your eyes, you have strong feelings for Harry and as your mother I do not want to see you unhappy. And so I ask you, what will you do?" Apolline said softly.

"I care for him mama, and all I want is to be with him." Fleur answered back quietly, a silent tear rolling down her cheek, she mentally bashed herself for even thinking about re-thinking the relationship she had with Harry, he was the best thing that has ever happened to her since the birth of Gabrielle.

"Mama, can I go speak with someone very important?" Fleur asked with a determined expression on her face. Apolline merely raised an amused eyebrow, nodded and watched as her eldest daughter walked into the empty fireplace and disappeared in a burst of green flames.

"She takes after you too much..." Alain said.

"And is that good or bad?" Apolline said with a glare at her husband, who cringed at the look and gulped.

"I thought so."

Harry was listening to Beethoven through his hi-fi and reading Shakespeare's Macbeth when suddenly his floor was activated, revealing a stunning as ever Fleur Delacour. However, Harry's face became one of concern when he saw that his girlfriend had been crying.

"Fleur-" He had never finished asking what was wrong when suddenly Fleur sprang into his arms, her lips smashing against his, causing him to lose his balance and falling back onto the sofa in a heap. Harry's heartbeat was beating madly as he felt Fleur's breasts pressed forcefully against his chest.

"This woman is going to be the death of me." Harry thought as Fleur's soft, moist honey sweet lips moved rapidly over his again and again. He pulled Fleur closer to him, sucking on her flawless cherry red bottom lip, making her moaned rather loudly.

After continually making out passionately, Fleur was the one to break the kiss and was content on laying her head down on Harry's chest and listening to his heartbeat.

"Not that I'm complaining...but what was that for?" Harry asked as he stroked his girlfriend's silvery blonde hair.

Fleur looked up and stared into Harry's piercing green eyes and whispered, "I don't care what the people say about us, I want to be with you Harry and only you." Her serious tone and her determined face surprised Harry. He smiled his special smile, the one he only reserved for his goddess and very gently, kissed Fleur on her head. Fleur just mewled as he did so, her grip around Harry's shoulders tightening. She never wanted to let her feelings for Harry go, no matter what might be thrown in their paths in the future.

The next couple of days were relaxed and carefree, since England had finished all three of their group matches and were waiting for the other groups to finish; in this waiting period, Harry took Fleur around his neighborhood, watching with amusement as he watched her clothe shopping and not so amused, being used as a dressing doll for her. Of course, the media was always present but the couple didn't allow that to bother them too much since they were writing about things that were actually true and not misunderstandings or rumors. Elan had called Harry a killjoy numerous times through the

telephone because of his declination to attend his wild parties, which Harry just flat out ignored him.

As quickly the break came, so did it when it ended which irked Fleur to no end since Harry had to go back onto the field. England did not disappoint, after disposing Germany 800-320 in the round of 16, they thrashed Russia 750-210 in the Quarter Finals, drawing Ireland in the Semi-Finals. The game would be remembered as one of the best ever recorded, the top two teams with the world's finest chasers featuring for both sides: Harry, Elan and Roger vs. Moran, Mullet and Troy, representing the Irish and simultaneously, the three best chasers in the world at the moment.

The atmosphere was actually quite intimidating when Harry flew out from the tunnel, it reminded him of a typical Manchester United-Liverpool, Barcelona-Real Madrid match. Ray Anderson had deliberately gave them an inspiring pep-talk, telling them that this was one game that had to be won and it must be done completely. Instead of watching footage of the Irish, Anderson had shown his squad of with some of their best performances from a pensieve to boost up their confidence which it certainly did when the players stepped out of the tunnel in the cool summer night.

"Moran has the Quaffle, he passes to Troy but what's this, Potter intercepts it and does a quick one two with Malfoy, Potter approaches Ryan and SCORES! 10-0 to England!" Ludo Bagman, the commentator and head of the Department of Magical Games and Sports exclaimed excitingly.

The entire spectator section supporting England, wearing white all rose and cheered loudly. Harry gave Elan a high five before retreating deep. That was England's strategy, to play the counter; Anderson was squatting on the ground, watching intently on his three star chasers.

"But coach, this formation is more heavily emphasized on counterattack." Roger exclaimed from his seat in the conference room, looking at the tactic drawn on the chalkboard.

Coach Anderson nodded, eyed his entire squad and said, "We're not going with our usual aggressive, beat down style. It won't work against the Irish since they love to pass and they'll bury us if we push up. The Irish pride themselves on having possession of the

Quaffle, so why not let them have all of it. When they have possession, I want all you, including you, Potter and Malfoy to retreat and defend deep. Force them to the flanks and spread them wide apart so that interception can be more successfully achieved. In other words, be prepared to play the most tiring game of Quidditch you'll ever play."

By now, the game had become so fast that Bagman only had time to say the player's names. "Moran! Mullet! Troy! Mullet! Moran! Troy! INTERCEPTION! Potter! Malfoy! Davies! England SCORES THE SECOND 20-0!" Bagman hollered.

The Irish were seriously irritated by the deep defense line of the English, they had never used the flanks opting to cut in instead but having five opposing players in zonal marking forcing them to go wide was infuriating.

Ten minutes had passed and it was 30-0 for England. Meanwhile Cedric was contending against the Irish Seeker, Aidan Lynch to catch the snitch which was hiding somewhere at the moment, he ducked a bludger that was aimed at his head.

Half an hour had passed and the derby was now at an entirely new level of passion, the beaters of both teams were now ferociously beating the bludgers at their opponents. The score line was now 60-20.

"Troy- Moran-Mullet-Moran- Troy-Malfoy-Davies-Potter...SCORES, 70-20!" In the top box, Fleur was clutching her face rather nervously as she saw Harry narrowly dodging a bludger before passing it to the blonde chaser who attempted a shot but was blocked by the Irish Keeper. Another half hour went by and the score now read 140-90.

"This is really intense, isn't it?" A jumping Cho Chang screamed behind her Omnioculars as they watched the English intercept the Irish's passes once more and counterattacking.

"Yes eet ees but I would not want to be up there wiz zem." Fleur said behind her own pair of Omnioculars, she could fly on a broomstick all right but the athletic display before her was all too intimidating.

"I saw the pictures of you and Harry, they're soooo cute!" Cho said to her with a wide grin, causing the French girl to blush slightly. Fleur looked around the spacious, luxurious top box, many important ministry officials, Aurors and other people of standing were present, the player's wives and girlfriend's were all sitting on comfortable sofas while looking at the match whilst helping themselves with champagne. She saw her parents talking with Harry's godfather while also with a man with long pale blonde hair and a woman with the same color hair but only shoulder length. With them was a boy that looked no older than fourteen who was peering at the edge of the box through a pair of Omnioculars.

"Oh look, eet seems zat your boyfriend 'as seen ze snitch." Fleur said in attempt to change the topic as she peered through her Omnioculars.

Up in the air, Cedric had seen a golden spark amidst all the action and kicked his Firebolt towards it, Lynch on his tails. Cedric knew that his teammates couldn't sustain with their defensive-counterattacking approach for very long and knew he had to grasp the opportunity.

He narrowly dodged a bludger that nearly caused him to loose balance of his broom and exchanging a knowing look with Jeremy Bale, accelerated downwards without any notice while Lynch was forced to swerve left or be hit by a speeding bludger sent by the English beater.

The snitch was so close as Cedric reached his arm toward it, he was perhaps six, seven feet from the ground and deciding to be bold, leapt from his broom with a shout and closed both his hands around the snitch before plummeting to the ground. All cheering had stopped, leaving only a deathly silent atmosphere.

The referee signaled that England had won and with that Ludo Bagman cried out ecstatically, "DIGGORY CATCHES THE SNITCH, ENGLAND WINS 290-90. AFTER OVER THIRTY YEARS, ENGLAND HAS REACHED THE FINAL OF THE QUIDDITCH WORLD CUP!" Every single English fan was crying, cheering and hugging each other, even if they didn't know whom it was they were hugging.

Ray Anderson had ran the full length of the field, with his right index finger raised to the air, he ran to Cedric who was groaning and with the thunderous applauses were given to the team in white in the background pulled a semi conscious Cedric back onto his feet and was supported Harry and Elan.

"Did we....did we do it?" Cedric asked groggily.

"Yeah we did...we did it you sod...what were you thinking mate? That was crazy." Elan said and rolled his eyes when Cedric flashed him a large idiotic grin. The snitch was still firmly in his hand. The three players and their coach walked a lap in honor around the field before walking off.

The Irish players all came up to them and offered their congratulations and thanks for such a great game. As Harry and Elan supported Cedric back into the tunnels, Harry searched the top box and smiled when he saw the familiar unique silvery blonde hair of Fleur, he gave her a tiny wave in which she reciprocated.

Please R&R, and if y'all have any good ideas for upcoming chapters, please let me know. Whether it be on your review or pm me. Thank You!

Chapter 19: History Makers

The melody of Bach's concerto no. 5 for harpsichord and strings in f minor was playing soothingly as Harry lay his head on Fleur's lap, both of them relaxing on the cream beige color sofa while the beautiful quarter veela stroked his hair.

Since to his ascent to stardom, the press was constantly exploiting his and Fleur's personal lives and privacies. At first, Fleur was a bit uncomfortable to all the attention and the pictures on the front covers of every single celebrity, gossip magazine but being with Harry was worth all the trouble.

Fleur was even offered a high paying job as a model which she declined as she thought that she had enough attention already as Harry Potter's girlfriend in addition to the fact that she didn't want anyone save Harry to ogle at her. Her family was very supportive of her decision, her mother was proud and happy that her eldest daughter had found love despite her age; even her father approved of her relationship with Harry, which said a lot since Alain pretty much loathed any boy that came near his daughters.

Currently, she was focused on reading her newly bought Charms textbook and didn't notice Harry opening his eyes and staring at her while a small smile tugged at the edge of his lips. He felt so lucky to be able to have met someone so wonderful, kind like Fleur, the fact that she was only wearing his English Jersey and a rather short and tight pair of shorts didn't hurt either.

"Where are you going?" Fleur asked with a pout as Harry rose to a sitting position. The English Chaser smiled before sitting behind Fleur and wordlessly, began to massage and untwisting the tension from her shoulders. Harry's heart rate increased significantly as he heard Fleur moaning rather loudly and sensually.

"Oh, that feels so good! Don't stop! Mmm, right there..." He felt his spine tingling and the hair on the back of his neck straighten as he felt Fleur leaning back towards him and nibbling his earlobe. He gulped when he saw the mischievous glint in Fleur's cerulean blue eyes and before he could react, he was thrown on his back and he felt Fleur's lips moving against his. Harry's brain immediately shut off

as Fleur's tongue tangoed with his, wrapping his arms tightly around her curvaceous waist and pulling her as close as he could to him.

Unknowingly, neither teen saw a rather giddy Sirius Black observing them from around a corner of a wall. Not wanting to disturb the pair, the grim animagus slowly walked away with a rather large dog like grin plastered on his face.

The cool summer night was filled with booming cheers and chants from both the English and Bulgarians as the match time drew ever closer.

In the English changing room, Harry was tightening his arm pads quietly. Roger was listening to the American rock band Linkin Park with headphones clamped over his ears, while Elan was inspecting his Firebolt. The Bale brothers were pitching a baseball back and forth at each other. Cedric and Dan were chatting idly. The two young women on their team, Nicole and Cassandra were merely sitting next to each other on the benches with their eyes closed and whispering lightly. Harry thought everything was surreal, he was actually a professional Quidditch Player who was about to perform on the biggest platform in the Quidditch World Cup Final. His thoughts were halted temporarily as Ray Andersen walked into the changing room. Everyone stopped what they were doing and focused solely on their coach.

"Ladies...and Gentlemen, can you believe it? I still can't but we're here...on the precipice of making history, I'm immensely proud of you so are the staff, and the entire nation. It is my great honor to have worked with such magnificent individuals as yourselves. I want you all to go out and enjoy this game, forget the cameras, the press. Just play one match of Quidditch and have fun. Dan, great stuff at keeping the back solid. Keep it up." The coach eyed his keeper, who nodded.

"Jeremy..." The coach started as his eyes moved towards his identical looking beaters.

"I'm Jason."

"Yeah coach, I'm Jeremy, how can you mix the two of us up after all this time?"

"My bad, Jason..."

"Got you coach, I am Jeremy." Jeremy Bale grinned widely and winking at his brother.

Ray's eyes narrowed, "That so? You can both drop down and give me four sets of a hundred after the match." The Bale brothers immediately shut up and straightened up.

"I thought so..." Ray said with a grin, as he saw the gobsmacked expressions on his two beater's faces of being joked by their normally stern coach.

"Now, before these two clowns have interrupted, where was I? Yes, Cedric, I just have one piece of advice for you..." Cedric stiffened as the coach's eyes met his.

"Viktor Krum...good seeker but he's only human. Like yourself and you have a record as good as his. I want you challenging him for that top seeker spot. Believe in yourself and give it a go, he's nothing to be afraid of." Cedric nodded seriously, Ray smiled and moved to the final four people next in line.

"Roger, Elan, Nicole....Harry, you four have continued to impress and aspire to be better every time. This is it, leave no regrets, give their keeper a busy night." Harry, Elan, Nicole and Roger nodded at this, inwardly proud of their manager's words.

With that, all the players left the locker room and walked into the tunnel from which they would eventually launch into the roaring stadium.

Harry gripped his Firebolt tightly when he heard a voice say, "Sonorus!" and then spoke over the roar of sound that was now filling the packed stadium, booming into every corner of the stands:

"Ladies and gentlemen...welcome! Welcome to the final of the four hundred and twenty second Quidditch World Cup between Bulgaria," At this, all the Bulgarian fans cheered and yelled loudly with pride.

"And our very own England!" The roars from the English superseded those from the Bulgarians from large crowds of the home fans in

white. Screaming and clapping, thousands of flags waved, and the singing of national anthems, the huge blackboard in the stadium finished its last commercial (Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans – a Risk with Every Mouthful!) and now showed ENGLAND: 0, BULGARIA: 0.

More cheers, roars and applause were elicited from the spectators as the names of the two teams appeared on the black board.

"And now, without further ado, allow me to introduce the Bulgarian Team Mascots!...Veela!" Harry, Elan and Roger shared looks, luckily their coach had warned them before hand of the mascots of their Bulgarian counterpart so they were all prepared mentally against the natural allure of the Veelas. Nicole and Cassandra had looks of disgust on their faces as loud cat calling, wolf howling and other applause came from the men in the audience.

"You're overgeneralizing, my dear." Roger said to the Captain of the Harpies, who glanced at him.

"Not all men are so weak minded." Nicole smirked at his statement.
"How do you know? You haven't seen Veela yet."

"Because, I'm not into blondes, that's more of a Ickle Harrikens' thing." Roger replied cheekily, eliciting a glare from Harry and a look of amusement from Nicole.

The entire team waited patiently as music started to play. Up in the top box, Fleur was sitting with her family with a glass of cream soda in her hand. She felt whispers and stares directed at her but she took no notice because they were talking about something that made her immensely happy, she ignored the envious glares from the other women in the same box and their rather distasteful comments about her. She had heard it all from her time at Beauxbatons so she didn't really care.

"Who do you think will win?" Alain asked his daughter.

"Harry, of course!" Fleur replied, Gabrielle nodding rapidly beside her.

"You really like that boy..." Fleur blushed at her father's statement.

"Don't mind your father, he's just sad that he can no longer play the protective father role." Apolline winked at her daughter followed by a kiss on her husband's cheek. Alain merely smiled with resignation at his wife and daughter.

"Look, Mama, Papa, Fleur, Pixies!" The youngest Delacour screamed with excitement, pointing at a large flag of England, which dispatched into small mystical creatures that filled the air, they sprinkled red and white pixie dust down towards the crowd, causing many cheers and squeals from children.

Gabrielle watched with wide eyes as a pixie flew near her, sprinkled some of its magical dust into her hands and then promptly, pinched her on the cheek. Gabrielle whined cutely and huffed as the pixie flew away. Fleur watched this exchange and let out a laugh. It was widely known that pixie dust was edible and sweet like candy. After their display, the Pixies drifted down onto the pitch, on the opposite side of the Veela.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, kindly welcome – the Bulgarian National Quidditch Team! I give you – Dimitrov!" Ludo Bagman boomed. Fleur watched as a scarlet-clad figure on a broomstick, moving so fast it was blurred, shot out onto the pitch from an entrance far below, to wild applause from the Bulgarian supporters.

"Ivanova!" "A second scarlet-robed player zoomed out. "Zograf! Levski! Vulchanov! Volkov! Aaaaaannnd – Krum!" The Bulgarians applauded especially louder than usual as the rest of their team and seeker flew a lap of honor before descending down towards the pitch.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, please welcome our very own English National Team." Yelled Bagman.

"Presenting –Jones! Bale! Bale! Diggory! Davies! Malfoy! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaannnnnd POTTER! Seven white blurs swept onto the pitch as the hosts received tumultuous rounds of applause. Fleur's heart leapt with joy and pride as she saw her boyfriend descend down towards the pitch along with his teammates. The two coaches shook hands before returning to their respective dugouts. A tear came out of Harry's eye as he sang the English national anthem with his team, it used to be a dream but now it was reality.

As both teams finished singing their respective national anthems, the two sides shook the oppositions' hands and readied themselves on their half of the pitch. The referee, Hassan Mostafa, wearing robes of pure gold to match the stadium, strode out onto the pitch.

He set down a large wooden crate from under his arm. Fleur watch with anticipation as Harry and the Bulgarian Captain, Dimitrov walked towards the center of the pitch. Mostafa seemed to be telling them something and both captains nodded as the referee shook both their hands before the two captains shook each others. Mostafa mounted his broom and after checking all the players from the two teams were present and ready, kicked the crate open – four balls burst into the air.

"AAAAANNNNNND They're off! Potter has the Quaffle, Malfoy calls and gets it at the left. He sends it in, Potter crashes in and scores! Ten zero to England!"

The English fans all applauded and yelled loudly with unhidden ecstasy as they drew first blood. The pixies flew up from their bench and formed a giant glowing flag of England as the Veela were watching them sulkily.

Fleur watched as England score twice in ten minutes, she knew her boyfriend was good but what she saw amazed her; it was as if he weren't even riding a broomstick, as if there was nothing but air surrounding him.

A thunderous tide of roars and applause from the white clad supporters was still ringing loudly in the stadium as the match started to become more faster, brutal and serious. The two Bulgarian beaters, Volkov and Vulchanov were whacking the bludgers as fiercely as possible at the English Chasers, preventing them from playing their normal, fluid style and halting some of their best moves.

Even so, Harry, Elan and Roger persevered, demonstrating their worthiness of being the next best three chasers in the world as England went up 80-0. Finally, a lapse of concentration led to Bulgaria's first goal, which was scored by Mira Ivanova.

Harry gritted his teeth as the Veela danced, receiving the Quaffle from Dan, the black haired teen sped full speed towards the

Bulgarian hoops. Like a man possessed, he flew effortlessly past Levski, Dimitrov. Mira tried her best to force Harry out wide but was fooled by her English club teammate's feint and could only watched as Harry chucked a shot through the right hoop.

Another two minutes and England was ahead by 110-10. One hundred thousand wizards and witches gasped as the two seekers, Krum and Cedric, plummeted through the center of the Chasers, as if they had jumped from airplanes without parachutes.

Harry watched with horror as Krum pulled out of a dive and spiraled off at the very last second. Cedric, was not so lucky as he forced his Firebolt up but the force swept him off his broom as he fell off his broom and rolled across the pitch.

A large wave of hateful boos could be heard from the English fans as they voiced their disapproval towards the Bulgarian seeker for using such a cheap method to knock out the opposition seeker. Harry, Elan and Roger all returned to the ground and ran towards their friend, who stood up shakily.

"Ced, you alright?" Roger asked, brown eyes filled with concern, it was a pretty violent impact.

"I'm good. Cheap tactic, that was." The normal friendly Hufflepuff growled and brusquely shoved the Medi-Wizards away.

While Cedric was telling the referee that he was fine, Harry called Bale brothers and Dan back to the ground. "We're ahead by a hundred but we'll be finished if Krum gets the snitch, so you two," Jeremy and Jason listened intently as Harry explained to them to cover Cedric instead of the three Bulgarian chasers.

"But won't that leave you open-," Jason started but shut up under Harry's glare.

"Listen, if the snitch is caught by Krum before we reach 170 points, it will all be lost so I want you to delay him as long as possible. Don't worry about us." Harry finished his new strategy as they all mounted their Firebolts and kicked off back into the air.

The hoards of English Fans clapped enthusiastically as their team were once in the air. Fleur could hear someone near her family yell, "That's my boy, you show them Ced."

Fleur was getting more nervous behind her Omnioculars as the match resumed and became even more dirtier, another fast and furious twenty minutes had passed and England had pulled another ten goals to make the score 120-10. She watched as her love passed the Quaffle to Elan who was met by Zograf and what happened was over so quickly that she didn't catch it, but screams of rage and booes from the English crowds and Mostafa's long, shrill whistle blast, told her it had been a foul.

"And Mostafa takes the Bulgarian Keeper to task for cobbing – excessive use of elbows!" Bagman informed the roaring spectators.

"And – yes, it's a penalty to England." The pixies who had risen angrily into the air like a swarm of glittering hornets when Elan had been fouled, now darted together to form the words "FILTHY CHEAT." The Veela on the other side of the pitch leapt to their feet, tossed their silver blonde hair angrily and started to dance again.

Fleur smiled when Gabrielle tugged at her arm and pointed at the referee, "Look Fleur, that man is acting weird." The small quarter Veela was right. Hassan Mostafa had landed right in front off the dancing Veela, and was acting very oddly indeed. He was flexing his muscles and smoothing his moustache.

"Now we can't have that!" said Ludo Bagman, though he sounded highly amused. "Somebody slap the referee."

Fleur giggled behind her hands as Harry dived down and landed on his feet next to the referee and promptly kicked him hard in the shin. With a small smile tugging at the edge of her lips, Fleur saw that once Mostafa seemed to come to himself, he looked exceptionally embarrassed and apologized to the annoyed English Chaser. Then he began to shout at the Veela, who had stopped dancing and were looking mutinous.

The pixies on the other side were now gleefully forming the words, "HEE HEE HEE". England were then awarded two additional penalties when the two Bulgarian Beaters did not heed Mostafa's warning of getting back onto their brooms. Harry watched as Elan

took three penalties and scored all three with accurate precision, beyond Zograf's grasp. England was now 140 up, the scoreboard read ENGLAND: 150 BULGARIA: 10.

Play now reached a level of ferocity beyond anything the audience had yet to see. The Beaters on both sides were acting without mercy: the Bulgarians in particular did not seem to care whether their clubs made contact with bludger or human as they swung them violently through the air.

Another foul soon happened as Dimitrov skinned Roger, the hoards of English fans roaring "Foul!"

"Foul!" echoed Ludo Bagman's magically magnified voice. "Dimitrov skins Davies – deliberately flying to collide there – and it's got to be another penalty to England – yes, there's the whistle!" The Bulgarian fans were shouting their complaints to referee Mostafa that the English were play-acting.

Roger calmly took the Quaffle from Mostafa and locking eyes with Zograf, scored. Roger's penalty caused the English fans to reach a state of euphoria as they led by 150 points.

Below them, the Pixies and Veela were now engaged in a fight as the English mascots flashed a rather giant rude hand gesture to their Bulgarian counterpart. Ministry wizards were flooding onto the field to separate the Veela and Pixies, but with little success. The Veela were throwing fireballs at the Pixies who just merely dodged them with their agility and superior dexterity.

Up above, another battle was just going on with as much if not more ferocity. "Levski- Dimitrov – Davies – Malfoy – Potter- Ivanova – Potter – POTTER SCORES!" The cheers of the English supporters were barely heard over the Veela, the blasts now issuing from the Ministry member's wands, and the furious outcries from the Bulgarians.

Meanwhile, Cedric saw the glittering gold and sped towards it, "Harry, Elan and Roger have sacrificed their protection to make sure Krum doesn't get the snitch, I must repay them back." The English seeker thought furiously as the snitch drew close, ignoring a bludger that was a whisker away from taking his head off.

Then he saw a red blur closing in next to him and braced himself for the impact as the two seekers collided with each other. Cedric gritted as he tried to push Krum off of him, the snitch not far from their respective grasps.

"Jason, Jeremy....I need you now." Cedric thought, he wasn't going to last as Krum was a tad bit ahead of him despite him staying onto him as both of them dashed forward towards the small glittering ball.

Then out of the corner of his eye, Cedric saw both Bale Brothers closing in on him and Krum from both flanks, both had their bludger beaters ready. Cedric immediately halted his broom to a halt, and watched as two we timed and struck bludgers homed into Krum. The first hit the Bulgarian Seeker hard in the face. Before he could even react, the second slammed into his Firebolt, causing him to lose control of his broom as he plummet towards the ground.

Taking the slight advantage given to him, Cedric raced towards the glittering flying snitch and with one hand, grasped the irritating small golden ball ending the game. And with a tired smile, the English seeker held it up high towards the crowds of audience in the stadium which had suddenly gone quiet.

"HE'S GOT IT! DIGGORY HAS GOTTEN THE SNITCH!" Bagman cried, breaking the deathly silence with immense exhilaration as the scoreboard was flashing ENGLAND: 310, BULGARIA: 10.

Bit by bit, like a great jumbo jet was revving up, the rumbling from the English supporters grew louder and louder and erupted into screams of delight. "ENGLAND WINS! AFTER FORTY YEARS! MY MY, WHAT A SPECTACLE THIS IS!"

Cedric barely reached the ground before all of his teammates lunged at him and they all ended up in a heap on each other, laughing and crying with joy. Ray Anderson wasn't far away, applauding with his hands as a single tear escaped his eye.

Meanwhile, up where Fleur was, Gabrielle was bouncing, jumping up and down squealing with excitement. Putting her Omnioculars to her eyes again. It was difficult to see what was happening due to the English pixies sprinkling large amounts of red and white dust on the laughing crowds who were singing the English anthem and waving their red and white flags. But she could still see the Bulgarian team

sulking with their heads down at a corner, Krum still refusing to have his nose treated as he brooded moodily. The Veela were back to their usual ethereally beautiful selves, though looking forlorn and dispirited.

Fleur then cheered loudly as Harry and his teammates performed a lap of honor, she swore that Harry winked at her as he sped pass by her section of the top box.

"Thank you. Yes, he did quite well, he is my godson after all." Fleur turned around and saw Harry's agent and godfather, Sirius Black talking with her father.

"I'm sorry that I didn't tell Harry to be more alert, your daughter must be having a tough time no?"

"At first, yes she did but I think she is use to all the attention now, I don't like it but Harry is a fine young man, he'll take care of her."

"So when do you plan to have the matrimony?"

"PAPA!" Both Sirius and Alain were disrupted as they saw an embarrassed and irritated Fleur glaring at them both but to her surprise they both laughed. Apolline merely rolled her eyes with amusement at the scene.

Petting Gabrielle's head she said, "Alright calm down you three...it is time for the teams to receive their medals."

True to her word, all of them saw the Bulgarians being applauded as they walked up the stairs to the main Top Box high up and after shaking hands with the Bulgarian Minister, Fudge, the English Minister and countless of other people of high importance in politics and sports. Fudge had the honor of putting the silver medals around the players' necks. Each Bulgarian player was applauded as their names were called. However they were soon forgotten as the English team rallied behind their coach in a straight line.

All eyes in the stadium were fixed on the team as they calmly walked up the stairs, Harry was still in the land of disbelief as flashes from cameras were directed at him. The fans from both sides of the stairs were blocked off from Ministry wizards, but that didn't stop them from yelling, screaming and wanting to shake the hands of the

players. To show their appreciation for the fans, the entire team obliged to shake and high five whatever hand was stuck towards them. Finally they reached the path towards the box, Harry could distinctively hear Bagman say something and louder cheers could be heard from their supporters as he saw his coach starting to walk. He followed as he heard his name, the faces he saw were a blur as Harry shook the hands of people he didn't know.

"Good job, Harry...I knew you three could do it." Jonas Davies said as the Head of International Magical Games Association shook Harry's hand.

"Thank you sir." Harry replied as he continued on the handshakes.

"Great, tremendous display son, you've made your country proud!" Fudge exclaimed as he shook the Vulture chaser and placed a shiny gold medal around his neck.

"Thank you, Minister." Harry said as he promptly waited for the rest of his teammates with his coach by his side. As soon as every player had finished their handshakes and were given a gold medal, two panting wizards carried a vast gold cup, which they handed to Fudge who accepted it with a boyish smile.

"Sonorus! It is with great pleasure to hand the Four Hundred and Twenty Second Quidditch World Cup after watching days and days of great athletic display and sportsmanship...I am proud to present...ENGLAND, Champions of this event!"

The roars of the English supporters were beyond loud now as Fudge handed the trophy to Harry and applauded with the rest of the English fans. Harry couldn't feel his legs and arms as he received the glorious gold World Cup from Fudge, there wasn't a single word he knew that could describe how he was feeling now.

"Ced, come here." Cedric looked startled for a moment but came forward to step next to his captain. Harry motioned for him to take an ear of the cup which he did quickly.

"Ready?..." Cedric nodded. "1...2...3!" Both of them hoisted the gleaming cup into the night air as red and white confetti, colored strips and fireworks fired from all corners of the stadium, showering everyone.

Slowly the team walked down the stairs, amidst the continued firing of confetti, strips and fireworks. Back on the pitch, Harry handed the cup to Elan after him and Cedric finished their turn of hoisting the cup into the air. No one was left out, even Nicole and Cassandra who were near tears. Despite not playing in the Final and Semi-Finals, their efforts in the previous games were still highly valued and acknowledged by the rest of their teammates.

Harry snapped from his reverie from a tap to the shoulder from Elan, the Malfoy heir raised an eyebrow in question.

"Nothing, just hard to believe, that's all." Harry replied.

An arrogant smirk formed on the edges of Elan's mouth as he said, "C'mon, one last lap for them." Harry smiled and took his Firebolt from Elan and the two rejoined their team. Roger handed the World Cup back to Harry who offered one ear to Elan, which he accepted without a word. Together, the nine players kicked off at the same moment in the air.

Somewhere up in the crowd.

"A wand!" A man with an Invisibility cloak wrapped around him exclaimed as he saw a wand showing behind some boy's buttocks pocket. With a slightly glazed insane smile, he snatched it.

Chapter 20: Separate Yet Whole

To say the English Supporters were ecstatic was a large understatement. Throughout the entire camp, the joyful singing of the English anthem could be heard.

"They seem like a happy bunch. I hope they don't go over the top, I'm tired" Harry remarked in a half asleep state as he snuggled closer to his girlfriend on a rather large bed in his room from the tent he and Sirius had rented.

Fleur giggled as she buried her face in the crook of Harry's neck, "I love you Harry."

"Love you too, flower." Harry murmured back, lazily wrapping an arm around her waist, eliciting a contented sigh from the quarter Veela. She'd always cherished moments like these, with just the two of them together, in their own little universe. The first thing Harry did after the match was to find her, which had touched her immensely. He even turned down the offer of joining in with his teammates in what would undoubtedly be a rowdy, wild celebration party, knowing that she was uncomfortable with being in the center of attention. Gently, Fleur leaned her face close to her boyfriend's and lovingly rubbed her nose against his perfectly sculpted one. She smiled when Harry mumbling incoherently, slowly her eyelids closed to Harry's steady, quiet breathing.

Harry jerked up with a start, eyes wide, as he slept he felt dread. An uneasy, nagging feeling had wormed its way to his gut even as the World Cup ended.

"You can't sleep?" A melodious voice asked to his left. Harry turned his head sideways, smiling as he saw Fleur rubbing the sleep from her eyes, she looked cute and gorgeous even in this state.

"No, I just feel like that something bad will happen soon." Harry replied and leaned down, gently kissing her, caressing her flawless cherry red lips gently with his own. Fleur moaned into the kiss as Harry's tongue did wonders with hers, suddenly Harry stopped.

"What's wrong?" Fleur asked through her swollen lips.

"Did you hear that?" Harry asked. Very faintly, screams, and shrieks of terrors could be heard from a far yet discouraging distance.

"We should go." Harry said as he jumped out of the bed and with a swish of his wand, his belongings flew into his suitcase and the lid closed over it with a sounding thump and an audible click of a lock. With a flick of his wand, suitcase was shrunk and placed inside his shorts pocket. Fleur did the same with hers, both she and Harry raised their wands when the flaps of their room were opened revealing a white faced Sirius Black.

"Thank Merlin you two are alright! I've been looking for you two everywhere." Sirius said, hugging his godson, despite his protests.

"What's happening Sirius?" Harry asked, his spine shivered as the screams and shrieks became louder.

"We need to leave now, Death Eaters are attacking the camp." Sirius said and pulled out a silver ring.

"Wait, what about my maman, papa and Gabrielle?" Fleur exclaimed.

"They already portkeyed back to Harry's house already. I left them an emergency portkey." Sirius explained. "Now take my hand."

"What about the people out there? Elan, Roger and Cedric are still out there." Harry inquired, prompting Fleur to tighten her hold on his hand.

"There's too many out there pup. We have to leave NOW!" Sirius grabbed his godson's open hand and before he could protest, the three of them disappeared in a spinning blur.

"Ooomph." Harry exhaled as he felt himself falling onto the fluffy carpeted floor in the living room of his house as he reappeared with a swirl and Fleur falling on top of him.

"Though I understand that you have just been crowned Quidditch World Champion, will you please save your displays of affection towards my daughter in a more private setting." Alain Delacour said with a smirk, causing the couple to immediately separate. When Fleur saw her father's teasing smile, she huffed and crossed her arms.

"Fleur!" Fleur had to grab onto Harry's arm as a silver blur slammed into her and hugged her fiercely around the waist. Fleur simply laughed at her baby sister as the small Veela blurted out her worries.

"I was so worried about you..." Gabrielle sniffed into Fleur's shirt.

Patting her baby sister on the head Fleur smiled and said, "I'm alright Gabby, my shining knight was with me the whole time." Gabrielle laughed as all of them went to sit on the sofas.

"Harry" Harry turned to his godfather. "I'm going to the Ministry and see what's happening. You're good here?" Sirius asked, at Harry's nod, the Grim animagus walked into the empty fireplace and green flames engulfed him.

"You have a beautiful house, Harry." Apolline Delacour praised, obviously liking the Victorian style that was around her.

"Thanks, Mrs. Delacour." Harry replied.

"Harry, please call me Apolline or maman..." Fleur's mother said, or ordered with a wink. Catching the subtle hint, both Harry and Fleur blushed bright red.

"And they blush at the same time, aren't they cute Alain?" Apolline exclaimed with a giggle.

Seeing the two flushed young adults, Alain palmed his face and said, "I know you're extremely happy for them but there's no need rush things yet."

"Why not?" Apolline asked her husband then turned onto the blushing couple, both wishing the Earth would just open up and swallow them up.

"Harry dear, do you love my daughter?" Apolline asked, expertly ignoring said daughter's shrieks of protests.

"Yes, Mrs. De-, Apolline...I love your daughter, ever since our first meeting. She is always in my thoughts...and has ruined me for any other woman." Harry said quietly and was rewarded with a not so

innocent kiss from his girlfriend, he squeezed Fleur's hand gently, caressing it gently with his thumb.

"And Fleur? Do you love Harry?" Fleur stiffened at her mother's question and turned towards the man who held her affection. "Oui...Very much." Fleur whispered as she turned and blue eyes met green and snuggled closer to Harry. Then they all chuckled as Gabrielle shamelessly let out a loud yawn and rubbed her eyes.

"I assume you want to stay the night." Alain asked with a raised eyebrow at his daughter, who nodded. No words were needed as Alain shared a look with Harry as he, Apolline and a half asleep Gabrielle disappeared in the empty fireplace.

"Are you sure you don't want to go back home with your family Fleur?" Harry asked concernedly.

Fleur flashed him a dazzling smile and without any warning, crushed her lips to his. Harry immediately staggered as he wrapped his arms around Fleur's perfect waist, he gasped when he felt Fleur's tongue snaking into his mouth and entangling with his own. They never broke the kiss as Fleur lifted herself and wrapped her legs around Harry's waist. Harry didn't need to be told to know that it was late and they both needed rest. Feeling a little frisky, he placed both his hands on his beautiful girlfriend's behind as he carried her to his bedroom. Fleur, feeling Harry's hands on her ass groaned sultrily into his mouth as she continued to kiss him. Gritting his teeth, Harry was having a difficult time of clearing his mind as Fleur continued to wreck wondrous things on his body. He laid Fleur on his bed and broke the kiss, much to her displeasure.

"Fleur...how do I say this..." Harry's voice was drowned out as Fleur took it upon herself to capture his lips again.

"I really need a cold shower now..." His mind shrieked as he inhaled the pleasurable scent from Fleur's creamy skin and felt her breasts crushing mashed against his chest. Reluctantly, Harry placed his hands on Fleur's shoulders and halted her sensational administrations.

"What's wrong Harry?" Fleur asked with a pout, deliberately accenting his name in the way that she knew that drove him insane.

"Umm... Fleur, I really hate to be the voice of reason here but I think we should turn in now." Harry said, shaking and groaned when Fleur captured his bottom lip with her cherry red lips and began sucking on it sensually.

"Fleur, if you continued this torture, I can't be held responsible for what's to come." Harry groaned.

Fleur smirked against his lips and finally with a final peck at his cheek, stopped and simply lay next to him, her head resting on his chest.

"I love you." Fleur's heart fluttered as Harry murmured the three words and kissed her forehead. She looked up from her comfortable spot on his chest and saw Harry with his eyes closed and a smile on his lips, she truly felt that she was the luckiest girl on the planet with someone like Harry by her side. "I love you too Harry." She murmured back before again resting her head on Harry's chest.

The next few days were calm and peaceful for the two lovers, well, as peaceful as it could get as soon as Gabby came through the floo, shouting that Fleur would need a new dress for a formal occasion during sometime this upcoming school year at Beauxbatons. It resulted with the little Veela dragging her sister and Harry across ten shops, two shopping centers.

"What do you think Harry?" Fleur asked as she drew the curtain to a side, revealing the man she loved who was smirking at her.

"It's perfect."

"That's what you said about all the dresses I've tried on today...should I be worried?" Fleur retorted in a mock-annoyed tone.

"What can I say, you look great in everything, flower." Harry said, smiling when she blushed. Fleur smiled, she knew she was beautiful, many boys and men had made it clear to her but it hadn't mean a single thing when they said it, however whenever Harry complimented her, happiness and joy always filled her.

"Well, I'm not a woman but I think silver matches your hair flawlessly." Harry said, eliciting a beautiful laugh from his girlfriend.

Despite her protests, Harry bought the silver satin dress for her but when he explained his reason, she felt her heart melt again. "I won't be able to touch and hold you again soon when school starts, consider it a gift."

Gabrielle was watching when her eyes widened as tears slid down from the eyes of her older sister and launched herself into Harry's arms and kissed him in a way that might be a little inappropriate for the little Veela to see.

After their trip, the three of them retired back to Harry's house but not before having a great lunch and a movie, which Fleur and Gabrielle both enjoyed immensely.

There was a definite end-of-the-holidays gloom in the air when Harry awoke next morning, he can't believe that it was already the last day of summer holidays already. With a sigh, he rested on one arm as he watched Fleur who was sleeping on top of him, she'd look even more beautiful in this state, which he thought was impossible since she was already the most beautiful woman he had ever laid eyes on. She even made wearing his clothes incredibly sexy. He felt so lucky that she had agreed to be his girlfriend, he didn't know what he did to deserve her.

Slowly and carefully, as to not wake Fleur from her slumber, Harry extracted himself from underneath her and silently left his bedroom and down the stairs, changed into sporting shorts and a plain grey sleeveless shirt. Sirius was already up, eating bowl of cereal with a glass of orange juice on the table just outside the kitchen.

"Morning, pup." "Hey Sirius." Harry greeted as he opened his ridiculously large, double door refrigerator and fishing out a carton of orange juice and pouring himself a glass of the orange liquid, along with it a copy of The Daily Prophet was present on the table as well. He could feel Sirius' eyes boring into the back of his head and irritation crept in.

"Is there a problem?"

"Didn't say anything..." Sirius replied, digging into his cereal.

"No but you're giving me that look, like that." Harry said as he went into the direction towards the living room.

"No I wasn't." Sirius said and smirked as he saw his godson glaring at him.

"Fleur and I didn't do anything but sleep together, with our clothes on, Sirius...Merlin. Where's your mind at." Harry asked crossly, shaking his head as he drank his juice. Sirius was about to answer but was cut off, "On the second thought, maybe its best you don't answer it. Not that I don't know where it is already." With that, Harry went on his routine run.

Fleur sleepily opened her eyes and sighed when she couldn't feel Harry anywhere in the large bed. "That idiot. At least he's my idiot." Fleur joked in her mind with a smile as she spotted a note written on a small note card on a bedside table on her side of the bed.

Hey Fleur, Almost didn't want to get out of bed...you look like an angel when you sleep, not that you aren't one already.

I hope you're dreaming of me with that smile. –H.J.P.

Humming happily, the silver blonde went inside Harry's bathroom, which was adjacent to his bedroom and sighed as she felt the warm water massaging her bare skin in the rather large shower. She was initially amazed at how organized Harry was with his bathroom; body lotion, aftershave, toothbrush, shaver and other items were all placed accordingly and neatly, which surprised and pleased her.

As she thought about Harry, she trailed her hands down her breasts, stopping at her pink nipples eliciting a sigh from her throat. Fleur unknowingly lowered her hand until it reached the erogenous spot between her legs.

"Mmmm...Harry." Fleur moaned as she plunged two fingers inside of her wet, aroused womanhood. It thrilled her that Harry always placed her opinion above his when it came to the physical aspects of their love life, she was touched that he cared that much about her. It made him all that much more special, he was looking for a serious relationship with her; he had said it several times when they were both close to losing control of themselves. However, the Veela side in Fleur wasn't happy at all, often urging her to mark him as hers before anyone else could. Though they were in a relationship for a quite some time, Fleur wanted more, even since he kissed her, she

wanted more of him. Harry was like a drug that she couldn't get enough.

Her breath became more labored as she felt her climax approaching. Her legs shook, eyes widening as she bit back her scream, moaning Harry's name softly. It was a while before Fleur regained her senses and flushed at what just happened. She quickly washed herself and donned on some clothes, a pair of tight shorts, a white tank top and Harry's gray hoodie, which she had commandeered much to Harry's amusement.

She gasped as she opened the bathroom door, revealing a sweat drenched Harry. Fleur swallowed, she had never felt this embarrassing in her life before.

"Did he hear everything?" She thought rapidly, face pinking. In addition, his musky scent was simply intoxicating as it overloaded her senses. She felt that she had died and gone to heaven when she felt Harry touch and caress her cheek lovingly and proceeded to capture her lips in a gentle yet exhilarating kiss. Her Veela side sang for her to make him hers right at this moment as she wrapped her arms lazily around his sweaty neck, deepening the kiss. She smirked inwardly with victory when she forced a groan from Harry as she sucked on his tongue slowly and sensually. But she gasped when she felt his hands snaking down from her waist down to her perfect round derrière. Closing her eyes, Fleur groaned as Harry worked his masterful touching on her behind.

With immense reluctance, she broke the kiss between them. Looking into Harry's questioning and loving eyes, she nibbled his earlobe before whispering, "Take a shower Harry, you stink..."

"Really? You certainly weren't complaining a few moments ago." Harry asked, grinning as he saw Fleur blush madly.

Fleur merely slapped his arm and winked, "No, I didn't."

With that she walked out of the bathroom, swaying her hips on purpose. Harry shook his head furiously, "I need a shower...a really cold one." He thought as he closed the bathroom door behind him.

"Where's Sirius?" Harry asked as he came down the stairs and hugged Fleur from behind as she expertly cracked some eggs into the frying pan.

"He said something about meeting somebody over a couple of advertisement deals." Fleur said and shivered as Harry's tongue made contact with her earlobe.

"You know, I could have fixed breakfast." Harry murmured in her ear.

"I know." Fleur pecked Harry on the cheek. "You're fantastic at it but I want to do it this time. Think of it as payback for spoiling me so much."

True to her word, Fleur's cooking was sublime just as she said and she took great pleasure in giggling as Harry tore into his omelet. After breakfast was done and plates have been washed and dried, which included a water fight that Harry lost heavily in, the lovers rested on the sofas, listening to some music when a loud pop could be heard.

Rising to his feet, Harry slid the glass door open and chuckled as a red blur slammed into him.

"You promised you'd visit...you liar." Rosy said accusingly, the tears that were threatening to spill out of the edges of her big green eyes made Harry feel like he was the world's biggest asshole.

Kneeling on one knee, he embraced the small redhead while she cried, occasionally hitting his chest with her small fists. "I'm so so sorry princess. I've been such a idiot and stupid lately..." At this, Rosy giggled through her sobs.

"What do I have to do to be forgiven?" Little Rosy bit her lip, her eyebrows narrowed as she thought deeply. Then her eyes brightened as a large smile appeared on the girl's face.

"Broom racing!" She cried with delight but her eyes narrowed when she saw Fleur. Rosy was young but she certainly wasn't stupid, she knew her favorite and dearest brother stopped seeing her as much as he was always with this girl.

Harry shook his head as his little sister simply glared at Fleur, ignoring her as she rushed to where Rina, Harry's phoenix who trilled happily at the sight of the little girl.

"I don't think your sister likes me very much..." Fleur observed.

"It'll be okay." Harry said reassuringly as he squeezed her hand and kissed her on the lips before joining his sister, who was glaring at them.

"Ready?" Harry asked as they both mounted Harry's Firebolt.

"Yeah!" Rosy chirped and squealed when Harry kicked the broom and it launched towards the sky, bringing the both of them towards the clear blue sky. Rosy heard her brother whispering something and turned her head back to look at him with confusion.

"Just a disillusionment charm. It's not everyday you see a flying broom in broad daylight." He explained, causing the little redhead to giggle childishly. Harry smiled as he heard his sister gasp and exclaim about the unbelievable beauty beneath them.

"Rosy?" Harry asked gently.

"Hmm?"

"Why do you not like Fleur?" Rosy was silent for a while as they continued to fly then in a small, afraid voice, "Because you like her more than me."

"Rosaline...you are very special to me, it is because of you I am where I'm at now. I don't like Fleur more than you nor do I like you more than her. So can you play nice with her? For me?"

"Okay...for you." Rosy said softly after a while.

"Actually, I do suppose I like you a little more." Harry said slowly.

"Really?" His sister chirped.

"Without you, I wouldn't have met her so yup, I like you more." With that, he ruffled her red hair, causing her to whine which made him laugh. The rest of their trip gone by silently and peacefully, as they

landed and dismounted back in Harry's backyard, Rosy was more warm towards Fleur as she no longer had her death glare on her face.

"I like to play with dolls, Harry is good at playing with me and acting the voices." Rosy blurted, causing Fleur to shoot Harry a playful smirk, to which he just winced at.

Then as Fleur and Rosy sat on the sofas while Harry made them ice-cream, Rosy grabbed Fleur's hand and meeting her stare said, "Please don't hurt Harry, he means a lot to me." With that, the little girl tried to make a menacing face, which Fleur thought was absolutely adorable.

"E means a lot to me too. I promise." She said and couldn't help but laugh when Harry's little sister held out her small pinky. Fleur couldn't help but think how similar Rosy was to Gabrielle as they pinky promised. Then as Harry came into the living room, the fireplace blazed green as Sirius walked out with a giant grin etched on his face and what seemed to be a magazine in his hand.

"There you are, my good man." Sirius said with a smile, "I've got more sponsorship deals for you Harry, don't give me that look, money is practically thrown at you from every direction. Even more so now that you've won the World Cup."

"Sure, I guess that's a good thing." He muttered to himself. "Sirius, have the ministry traced who shot the Dark Mark in the sky?" Harry said as his eyes darted to the copy of The Daily Prophet on the low coffee table in front of him.

The skull was still moving in the night sky in the picture. A sharp sensation slammed into his head as he fell down from the sofa and onto the carpet floor.

"Where am I?" Harry thought groggily as he stood up and surveyed his surroundings. It was dark, cold and rainy, occasionally strikes of lightning and booming thunder revealed the meticulously concealed Hogwarts Castle.

He then heard noises of clunking and whirled around and saw a drooping figure that was limping towards him, a staff supporting his steps. As the figure came closer, Harry instantly recognized the face

that seemed to be carved out of weathered wood by someone who had only the vaguest idea of what human faces were supposed to look like, and was none too skilled with a chisel. Skin was scarred everywhere, the mouth looked like a diagonal gash and a heavily disfigured nose. A coin round, vivid electric blue eye met his.

Another wave of pain filled his head as Harry tumbled to the ground in pain. The scenery had changed, Harry found himself sitting next to Roger listening intently as Dumbledore placed both his hands on a ancient, looking wooden cup with eye-blinding blue fire flickering brightly. The flames turned blood red and furiously shot out something into the air.

With great confusion, Harry saw Dumbledore catch whatever came out of the cup and said in a loud clear voice, "The Durmstrang Champion is Viktor Krum..." The images became hazy as the familiar pain returned, more powerful than ever, Harry caught the images of dragons, mermaids and running through what seemed to be a giant maze.....

"Harry Potter..." A voice hissed. "Harry...Harry...Harry!" Harry struggled to breathe as he shot up, eyes wide with panic. He found himself staring into his own reflection in his godfather's concerned brown eyes.

"'Arry?" Harry looked at Fleur who seemed relieved and terrified at the same time as he nodded and let out a breath of relief as she embraced him tightly.

"Everything is okay, Harry...I'm here." Fleur reassured him as she kissed his neck. Slowly Sirius and Fleur pulled him back up and laid him on Fleur's lap back on the sofa.

"What did you see?" Sirius stated, prompting Fleur to look up at him and ask, "You 'ave seen 'im like zis before?"

"Only once or twice. I will explain later, what did you see Harry?" Sirius replied.

"The Triwizard Tournament will be reintroduced am I correct?" Fleur's grip on his hand tightened at his soft murmur. She turned to look at Sirius who sighed gravely. "Mad-Eye's coming out of retirement, isn't he?"

At Fleur's confused look, he stroked her flawless cheeks before adding, "He's a former auror, a fairly good one too. He taught me a couple of times."

Fleur smiled warmly at him and was about to respond when Sirius cut in, "Yes, Mad-Eye has agreed to come out of retirement according to Arthur Weasley."

An uncomfortable lapse of silence entered between them until a small voice broke it, "Uncle Siri, Harry's falling down again." Rosy said quietly.

Sirius patted the girl's head gently and looking at his godson who looked like he'd just been through a night terror said, "Yeah..."

"Do you know what just 'appened...it sounded as if 'arry...." Fleur asked, tightening the hold on her boyfriend.

"Fleur, I have something to tell you." Harry said in English hoarsely. "Just don't think less of me when I'm done."

" 'Arry, You know I'll never do zat..."

"It hasn't happened in years but sometimes I fall into a fit and when that happens I can see what is to come in the near future. It doesn't always make sense and I thought I could control it." Harry broke eye contact with Fleur as he finished.

" 'Arry look at me." Harry did as she commanded, staring into her blue sapphire eyes. "I love you, nozing in the world would change ZAT fact. You were the first man to ever truly love me for me...I only want you, to be ze man I want to spend ze rest of my life wiz."

Harry smiled at her confession and his eyes widened as Fleur captured his lips and subsequently gave him the best snog of his life.

Rosy's eyes widened like saucers as Sirius just chuckled at the pair and muttered, "Ah...young love."

As they broke the kiss reluctantly, Fleur whispered through her swollen lips, "I love you 'Arry..."

Gently caressing her cheeks and staring into her ever blue eyes, Harry whispered back, "I love you too Fleur..."

"I'll never get tired of hearing you say zat to me." The silver haired beauty said as she nuzzled her nose against his neck.

"Same here." Harry murmured back.

That night, after a fine backyard barbeque of fish, steak, chicken and veggies and the usual war in trying to get Little Rosy to go to bed, the three of them and to Harry's shock, Professor Elizabeth Vector who Sirius had introduced as a dinner guest, simply laid down and watched the shining, twinkling stars.

"It was fun to see Harry all flushed." Fleur thought as she snuggled deeper into Harry's chest, she had watched with amusement as the Ancient Runes Professor at Hogwarts teased Harry.

Fleur had never felt so protected as Harry's strong arms wrapped themselves around her waist, she was truly the luckiest woman on the planet. After their talk with Sirius, when they were finally alone, she had reproved him for doubting her love and letting him know that he was stuck to her, to which he just laughed at and said that she was incredibly hot when she was angry.

She wanted to lightly hit him for that comment but it didn't go to plan as it turned to him kissing her furiously and testing her self control as he left a trail of hickeys on her neck amidst other things that made her want to rip his clothes off and claim him as hers.

"Fleur, look, a shooting star." Harry said. Fleur quickly turned her head around and to her luck, she saw it before it quickly disappeared.

"What did you wish for?" The quarter Veela asked.

"It won't come true if I tell you." Harry said with that mysterious wink which she adored yet made her irritated.

"Fine...be that way." Fleur said with a huff and she suddenly laughed as Harry began to tickle her, targeting her most vulnerable areas.

"Harry stop, your godfather and his girlfriend are watching us."

"So, my godfather probably has done stupider things..." Fleur couldn't help laughing from the tickling she was receiving as she swore revenge later.

After hearing her cries of mercy, Harry stopped and Fleur became still again in his arms. "You'll pay for that, 'Arry." Fleur said in her soft, seductive tone, emphasizing his name on purpose.

"Oh shit." Were the two words that were in Harry's mind.

Then when his watch hit ten p.m., Harry looked at Fleur who nodded and lifting her with her in his arms in bridal style, the raven black haired wizard said goodnight to his godfather while Fleur merely did the same but blushed and sought to hide her face in Harry's neck.

Harry gently laid Fleur on his soft bed as he went into the bathroom first, he looked into the mirror as he placed his toothbrush down and the hissing voice calling his name echoed in his ears. He had heard it twice, fourteen years ago and more recently four years ago.

He unconsciously connected the smooth, malicious, dangerous voice with eyes as red as blood, a snake like nose, the skin as pale as snow and the hands that were like spiders. Slapping water on his face, Harry saw his hands turning white as they grasped at the marble sink.

"No, it can't be, my visions don't prove anything, he can't be back..." Harry thought as he walked out of the bathroom. He smiled as he saw Fleur gave him a hug before walking into the bathroom and sliding the door shut behind her.

Harry simply fell down on his bed with a small thump, the more he thought about it, the more facts were thrown at him. Pettigrew was till on the run, Bertha Jorkins had simply vanished into thin air in Albania, the Death Eaters in Azkaban claiming that their marks were darkening. Everything was connected somehow, but what way?

Was he the only person who was aware of these events? Who else could he bring this to? Dumbledore was still an unknown to him, Harry knew his headmaster might be aware but would he be willing to share information. Harry might have had a grudge on the Ancient

Headmaster but if things did happen according to his dream, then he overlook them but still, Dumbledore was and remain, a master manipulator to put it short.

He was shaken from his thoughts as the doors slid open, revealing Fleur who had nothing on, save a black lacy bra and panties that seemed to be one size too small. His eyes nearly popped out of their sockets and his heart was in his mouth as he watched this perfect goddess saunter over to him and climbed onto the bed and him in an agonizing, torturing, slow pace.

Harry knew Fleur deliberately halted just as their lips were about to meet, who would know that Fleur Delacour could be such a good torturer. After what seemed to be an eternity, their lips met desperately, Fleur had become more and more sad as time passed, signaling the end of their final day together.

Harry watched as Fleur straddled him, his spine shivered with pleasure as he moved his hands down the curves of her waist, Fleur moaned with satisfaction as Harry's calloused "Quidditch Hands" explored her much exposed skin.

"Two can play this game." She thought as her hands slipped under his shirt, touching his bare well-toned chest. Harry had sat up, and with Fleur's help, got rid of the t-shirt that he was wearing, it was oddly sensational as Harry felt Fleur biting him between the neck and shoulder shortly after returning the hickeys he gave her. He heard Fleur moan deeply into his skin with approval as his hands cupped her ass and gave her cheeks a squeeze. Despite Fleur's Veela side sang for them to mate and mark Harry as hers, they were just content in the soft, exploring touches and the passionate kisses, both knowing that there would be the promise of more in the future.

The farewell next morning was as depressing as the pouring rain and thunder with lightning, neither Fleur nor Harry wanted to let each other go. It was after five minutes of intense kissing and a final peck did Fleur finally entered the empty fireplace and disappeared with a blaze of green flames. But what amazed Harry the most was that his little sister hugged Fleur as well, he knew he'd missed something as they shared a look with each other.

"Well pup, now that I've had my morning drama, shall we go?" Sirius teased and easily ducked the stinging hex his godson shot at him.

The rain was coming down harder than ever as Sirius' silver convertible pulled into a parking space.

Grabbing an umbrella, Harry exited the car and held the door open as his sister climbed out from the back and out the passenger side of the car. After shrinking his trunk, the three walked through the apparently solid barrier dividing platforms nine and ten.

A disillusionment charm was incredibly helpful in this instance. The Hogwarts Express, a gleaming scarlet steam engine, was already there, clouds of steam billowing from it, through which the many Hogwarts students and parents on the platform appeared like dark ghosts.

As usual, Harry went to the very head of the train compartments, after promising Sirius that he'll be careful and his little sister that he'll write every week, a kiss on the cheek and that he'd bring sweets back, he entered the train. Taking an opportunity that the students were saying their goodbyes to their parents and relatives, Harry stealthily slipped into his usual compartment and were met with three smiles.

"Thought you'd miss the party." Elan Malfoy said as he tossed Harry a turkey sandwich.

"We were nearly swamped as we got here." Cedric said, his hair was sticking out in all sorts of angles, his clothes were all rumpled.

"You mean you got swamped, then I had to rush in and save your ass again." Roger snorted, causing the Hufflepuff to glare at him.

"Shitty weather huh?" Elan observed out the window as the train left the station. Harry simply nodded as glanced out into the dark skies.

"You all see that Dark Mark after the match?" Cedric asked.

"Harrikens was probably too busy keeping his hands on Ms. Delacour to notice." Elan teased, causing said man to roll his eyes at him.

"Too bad you missed out on the party, it was wild as hell." Roger remarked.

"I'm sure..." Harry replied dryly, the discussion about the Dark Mark all but gone.

"So have you all heard what's going to happen this year?" Elan said excitedly.

"Yeah, I can't believe they're really restarting the tournament." Harry's heart sank when he heard Roger reply enthusiastically.

"So...everything I saw was real will happen then." He thought silently, ignoring the current conversation.

"I heard two other schools will enter and will be arriving soon." Roger said as he drank from his bottle of Butterbeer. Time went by quickly as they sped through the rain and dark skies. After a few rounds of poker and chess, the Hogwarts Express finally slowed down at last.

Taking their time, the four young men shrunk their trunks, placed them in their pockets, changed into their robes and pulled the hoods up. As the train doors, opened, there was a rumble of thunder overhead. The rain was now coming down so thick and fast that it was as though buckets of ice-cold water were being emptied repeatedly over their heads.

"Damn, do I feel sorry for the upcoming firsties..." Elan said as he saw the violent lake. A hundred horseless carriages stood waiting for them outside the station. The four of them climbed into one of them, the door snap shut and a few moments later, with a great lurch, the long procession of carriages was rumbling and splashing its way up the track towards Hogwarts castle. Through the gates, flanked with statues of winged boars, and up the sweeping drive the carriages trundled, swaying dangerously. Leaning against the window, Harry could see Hogwarts coming nearer, its many lighted windows blurred and shimmering behind the thick curtain of rain.

Lightning flashed across the sky as their carriage came to a halt before the great oak front doors, which stood at the top of a flight of stone steps. People who had occupied the carriages in front were already hurrying up the stone steps into the castle, the four of them slowly disembarked their carriage since they were usually the last ones to enter the Great Hall anyways.

Despite the rain, the four of them walked calmly up the stairs, looking up only when they were safely inside the torch lit Entrance Hall, with its magnificent marble staircase. There wasn't a person in sight as they narrowed their eyes at the water on the floor and treaded carefully across the Entrance Hall and through the double doors on the right.

As they walked into the Great Hall, every pair of eyes were looking at them. The furious applause rain loud and hard as the four stars walked into the Great Hall. Roger and Cedric even had time to sign a couple of autographs but Harry just took his seat next to Cho with indifference. It took a long time for the professors to get the situation under control as they tried to make the applause die down. After sending several warning red sparks, McGonagall sat back down as the chatter and applause ceased.

"Harry, congrats." Cho whispered to her friend as they waited for the sorting to start.

Harry shot a warning glare at his housemates as he replied with a smile, "Thanks Cho, it means a lot to hear that from you." He raised an eyebrow when Cho slipped a photo of him onto his lap. The photo was taken in the World Cup Semi-Final when England played against Ireland. Looking up, he was met by her puppy dog look and an offered pen. With a sigh, he signed it and returned it to the girl who looked as if she had inherited a candy store. All the other girls near Cho gave her a jealous look.

"It's always amusing to see them like that." The Asian girl said with a grin to Harry who just shook his head. "How is Fleur?"

Fleur had told Harry that she and Cho had become something like pen pals. "She's good." Harry said. Their conversation was cut off abruptly as the sorting started.

Feeling bored, Harry's mind simply flew away as the applause was drowned out. Then finally, the sorting ended and Harry felt Cho poke his side. With a shrug, he joined the brief applause as McGonagall picked up the Sorting Hat and the stool, and carried them away.

"About time," said Roger, seizing his knife and fork. Dumbledore then got to his feet. He was smiling around at the students his arms opened wide in welcome.

"I have only two words to say to you," he told them, his deep voice echoing around the Hall. "Tuck in."

The sound of utensils could be heard as empty dishes were filled before their eyes.

Fleur simply glared at the woman before her with her long dark hair, tanned complexion, perfect nose, pink colored lips and calculating icy blue grey eyes.

"I always get what I want, Delacour...in the end."

"Zen you are even more deluded zen the papers say you are. 'Arry is wiz me not you, zat is the truth." Fleur replied, slipping into her ice queen mask. Marie was watching nervously behind her friend, she knew her Fleur was tempted to burn the bitch before her into a crisp.

"Perhaps, but men are such fickle beings, you of all people should know this." Ashley Parker retorted, running a manicured hand through her dark brown locks.

"Zen you don't zeem to know 'Arry very well at all..." Fleur said with a sympathetic smile and inwardly smirked as she saw the slightest sign of a scowl on her opponent's face.

"No I suppose I don't, but I'm sure I will soon..." With that, the model turned around and walked off. Fleur eyes narrowed as her palms began to flare up.

"She's just a pathetic delusional girl...she's not worth your time Fleur." Marie said, placing a hand on Fleur's shoulder. The quarter Veela sighed, flashed a smile of thanks at her friend and turned her attention to her left ring finger where a silver ring with two small rubies with a diamond in between them shone brightly. Harry had presented it and slipped it on her finger just before she left his house, shortly after they had their breakfast together.

He had said it was a promise ring, that he wanted no one else but her. She'd immediately accepted with great joy in her heart.

"Harry...I hope you can hear me...I miss you so much."

When the puddings, too, had been demolished, and the last crumbs had faded off the plates, leaving them sparkling clean, Albus Dumbledore got to his feet again. The buzz of chatter filling the Hall ceased almost at once, so that only the howling wind and pounding rain could be heard. Harry laughed at Cho's shocked expression when Dumbledore announced that there would be no Quidditch this year.

"This is due to an event that will be starting in October, and continuing throughout the school year, taking up much of the teacher's time and energy – but I am sure you will all enjoy it immensely. I have great pleasure in announcing that this year at Hogwarts–"

But at that moment, there was a deafening rumble of thunder, and the doors of the Great Hall banged open. A man stood in the doorway, leaning upon a long staff, shrouded in a black traveling cloak. Every head in the Great Hall swiveled towards the stranger, suddenly brightly illuminated by a fork of lightning that flashed across the ceiling. He lowered his hood, shook out a long mane of grizzled, dark grey hair, then began to walk up towards the teacher's table. A dull clunk echoed through the Hall on his every other step. Harry found himself, like all other students, staring at the man's face.

Mad-Eye Moody seemed to have aged since their last meeting but still had the scars from each of the prisoners he had brought in. Moody shook Dumbledore's hand with his scarred hand, muttering words Harry couldn't hear. Dumbledore then nodded and gestured the man to the empty seat on his right hand side. Harry couldn't help but smile as Moody sniffed the plate of sausages in front of him before spearing them with a small knife out of his pocket and began to eat. His blue eye was still darting restlessly around in its socket, taking in the Hall and the students.

"May I introduce our new Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher," said Dumbledore brightly, into the silence and awed faces. "Professor Moody."

Harry nearly broke into laughter, Moody had always told him during their practice sessions that he couldn't stand being a teacher to little brats. No one save Dumbledore and Hagrid clapped but Moody didn't really seem to care as he took a long draught from his hip

flask which he took out from his traveling cloak. Dumbledore cleared his throat again.

"As I was saying," he said, smiling at the seat of students before him, who were all still staring at their new Defence teacher, "We are to have the honor of hosting a very exciting event over the coming months, an event which has not been held for over a century. It is my very great pleasure to inform you that the Triwizard Tournament will be taking place at Hogwarts this year."

"You're JOKING!" said Fred Weasley loudly.

The tension that had filled the Hall ever since Moody's arrival suddenly broke. Nearly everyone laughed, and Dumbledore chuckled appreciatively. Harry didn't listen to the Headmaster's explanation of the history behind the tournament as he already knew what it was, he did smirk however, when he briefly caught the noises of outrage from the general student population at the age limit.

"The delegations from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang will be arriving in October, and remaining with us for the greater part of this year. I know that you will all extend every courtesy to our foreign guests while they are with us, and will give your whole-hearted support to the Hogwarts champion when he or she is selected. And now, it is late, and I know how important it is to you all to be alert and rested as you enter your lessons tomorrow morning. Bedtime! Chop Chop!" Dumbledore sat down again and turned to talk to Mad-Eye Moody.

People were still grumbling immensely as they were dismissed. There was a familiar great scraping and banging as all the Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs got to their feet and swarmed towards the double doors into the Entrance Hall. Then slowly, the Ravenclaws and Slytherins followed suit with grace. Harry was about to leave when he felt someone tapping his shoulder, he turned around and saw Hogwarts' Ice Princess, or Ice Bitch, from his younger classmates, Daphne Greengrass and her close friend Tracy Davis standing behind him.

"May I help you ladies?" He asked politely, he could tell both girls were a bit surprised that he was so blunt. Both of them held out photographs and ink pens with blushes on their cheeks. With a raised eyebrow, he signed them both before handing them back,

without giving them a chance to say another word, Harry dug his hands into his pockets and walked out of the Great Hall.

It was oddly lonely as Harry walked up the stairs alone, finally he reached the entrance of the Ravenclaw Common Room where a riddle was waiting for him.

"Only one color, but not one size, Stuck at the bottom, yet easily flies. Present in sun, but not in rain, doing no harm, and feeling no pain. What is it?" The bronze knocker asked him.

"A shadow." With that the knocker swung open, meeting him was a wide, circular room with a midnight blue carpet, arched windows hung with soft blue and bronze silks, and a domed ceiling painted with twinkling stars. The room was further furnished with tables, chairs and bookcases and by the door leading up to the dormitories stands a tall statue of Rowena Ravenclaw made of white marble.

Ignoring all the excited conversations around him and taking the opportunity before he could be forced to sign more autographs, Harry went up the spiral staircase on the right of Ravenclaw's statue and entered the Boy's dormitory.

"Took you long enough." Rina snorted on her perch next to his bed as she trilled softly with content as Harry stroked her rich red feathers.

"I'm sorry girl...I've been-"

"Busy, yeah, so I've noticed. Is your head well master?" Rina asked with concern.

"I'm fine, I've got my headache medication," Harry said as he changed into his nightclothes, "And besides, it doesn't happen very often." He finished as he got into bed, it was comfortable and warm as usual. The storm was still raging outside.

"Sleep well, hatchling." Rina sent a final thought to Harry as she started to sing a soft soothing song. Harry couldn't help but wish that Fleur could be here with him as he tried to sleep. He'd missed everything about her, her heart-warming smile, her fervent touches, and her passionate kisses. Still he took comfort knowing that with

luck, she would be here soon. Until then, he'd have to hold the line against his loneliness.

R&R please, so I can further improve. Should I include lemon scenes later on? I will be reading the reviews so vote. Much appreciated.

Chapter 21: Lovers Reunited

Harry moved slightly in his bed as the birds chirped and rays of sunlight made his eyes uncomfortable, with half opened eyes the dark haired boy checked his alarm clock on his bedside table. It read six thirty a.m.

Groaning, he got up from bed and changed into his black tracksuit for his daily routine run. School had been the same except the fact that it seemed much longer for each day to end, Snape was still the slimy hairball who would glared at him at every turn but all seemed well. As he finished his second lap, he could see three figures coming down from the castle.

"Morning Harry!" Cedric shouted as he, Elan and Roger joined his run. Being famed sports stars meant that keeping in shape was the number one priority.

"You excited? The students from the two other schools are arriving today." Roger asked to no one in particular.

"Only Ickle Harrikens here will be excited." Elan said in a child-like voice then subsequently made kissing sounds. Harry merely ignored the Malfoy heir and accelerated, leaving his three friends to eat dust.

Through their letters delivered via Rina, who was at first a little miffed at being used like a common bird, Harry had found out that Fleur would be one of the few students coming to Hogwarts representing Beauxbatons.

Needless to say, his friends never stopped teasing him at every turn after they found out about said information. As they finished their cardio workout, the four Hogwarts students laid down on the grass panting.

"Your dedication and stupidity never ceases to amaze me." A feminine voice said sarcastically.

"Hey babe, how's it going?" Elan greeted.

Anna Zabini narrowed her eyes, "Elan I like you a lot but call me babe again and I'm afraid I'll have to hurt you."

Feeling adventurous, Elan ran a hand over his pale blonde hair and grinned, "You and what army?"

"The Slytherin Seventh year girls...." Was the reply and Elan became pale as a ghost.

"Point conceded..." He said as he pouted to which his girlfriend just smirked at. Anna saw Harry, Cedric and Roger were sitting on chairs watching their exchange and eating an unfamiliar white fluffy thing from a bag.

"Awwwh...so anticlimactic." Roger whined.

"Agreed, I thought Malfoy was going to have his arse handed to him again." Cedric concurred.

"What the hell are you three doing?" Elan asked loudly.

"Something called live theater." Harry answered and threw one of the odd white cloud like food to his blonde haired friend.

"What is this?" Elan asked with suspicious, pinching the marshmallow in his hand examining it like a paleontologist would examine a newly discovered fossil.

"It's only a marshmallow, the greatest human invention since sliced bread." Roger with a mock tone of a know-it-all.

"You sure you haven't laced these with anything else?" Elan questioned the three gentlemen in front of him.

"No, no, give us some credit. We haven't done any actual pranking for a while now." Cedric responded. Popping the marshmallow into his mouth, Elan's eyes widened as he quickly snatched another one and stuffed it into his mouth. "This stuff is amazing. It's like eating a cloud."

Anna rolled her eyes at her betroth's antics. They were all grateful when she provided them with four bottles of water.

"Excited Potter?" She asked with a mischievous smile which only grew wider when Harry groaned. "Not you too?"

"A lot of witches, to be put mildly are incredibly upset that you are no longer eligible as the top bachelor in Teen Witch Weekly. I'd suggest you take heed before you drink anything that's given to you....I heard from Amanda Moon that there are girls who are attempting to brew Amortentia." Anna warned as she idly twirled her golden blonde hair.

"Why does Harry always get the chicks?" Cedric grumbled.

"Careful not to let Chang hear that...crazy that one is." Elan retorted, causing everyone to laugh at the Hufflepuff.

"To answer your question Diggory, because Harry is the perfect gentlemen who doesn't have an aggressive girlfriend such as yours and unlike Davies here," Anna glared at Roger who looked at her with confusion, "is not a pervert."

"What? I'm not a pervert..."

"Says the man with the biggest collection of Playwitch." Elan said with a cough.

Cedric burst out laughing, "You're such a dog Roger..."

"And how would you know that, babe?" Anna's voice was ice cold and unforgiving.

Tugging the collar of his training jersey nervously, Elan gulped. "He was bragging to me."

"I have been betrayed, traitors...the lot of you." Roger shook his head and clutched his heart dramatically. Harry laughed along with his friends, moments like these were his favorite, being able to forget everything around you and only focus on the present.

"So any of you going to have a go at the tournament?" Cedric asked as they went back up towards the castle as a group.

"Why would I want one thousand galleons when I already have billions?" Elan said in a haughty tone, causing all his friends to laugh.

"Well, I am under contract with the Vultures, it won't look good if I hurt myself granted there is nothing that prevents me from participating." Harry said with a shrug.

Cedric looked at Roger who tilted his head, "I simply don't care..."

"Yeah because we all know he'll probably die thus not being able to enjoy Playwitch anymore." Elan snorted and elegantly dodged the punch aimed at his face.

"I don't care how you do it Barty....Harry Potter must become champion..." 'Moody' nodded, his scarred face very pale as he looked into a small hand held mirror.

"What about that brother of his?" He asked timidly.

"He is of no consequence...the elder brother is the one that destroyed me..." The voice hissed, very much like a snake.

"It shall be done, milord." 'Moody' responded.

"Good...good...Wormtail, milk Nagini and fetch Quirinus, it is almost time."

Breakfast was a joyous occasion, filled with laughter and jokes as Harry and company sat down at the Ravenclaw table. Before they arrived, students mainly sat at their own tables for all meals but there was not a rule that said forbid mixing and since people from all houses have been scattered throughout the four tables, even Slytherin. Cho and Elena joined them shortly as students began to pour in for breakfast.

"Hey Harry." Harry turned his head and saw one Hermione Granger, only that she had sleeker hair that came down to her shoulders and flashed him a perfect white smile.

"Hermione?" Hermione nodded, oblivious to all the outraged looks from all the female students around.

"Oh honey, I like the new look!" Hermione blushed bright red as Anna, Cho and Elena pulled the fourth year Gryffindor into a seat with them and began to talk about things that made question marks appear in all the minds of their male friends.

"What are they talking about?" Elan asked.

"I don't know but it's best we ignore them, that's what my dad does." Roger warned and returned to eating his scrambled eggs.

"You notice something weird?" Harry remarked out of the blue. Three faces turned to him, "Don't you think it's too much of a coincidence Moody drinks every hour and in class too?" Harry tossed his question out in the open.

"Eh? I just thought maybe he couldn't handle the stress we 'brats' give him?" Cedric replied.

"Maybe so but the Moody I know would never teach in a drunken state...unless he is drinking something other than alcohol." Harry said.

"You know, he insulted me the other day commenting how different me and my father was compared to other pureblood families, and I think not in a positive way...weird he did that for one of the best dark-wizard catchers in his era." Elan commented.

"I think we should keep a wary eye on him...there's nothing not right here." Harry's three friends nodded.

"On another topic, they still haven't found Bertha Jorkins yet..." Elan drawled as his owl dropped a copy of The Daily Prophet into his hands.

"Sirius pulled some strings with the Auror Department for information, they haven't even sent a search team in yet." Harry added.

"Where did she disappear anyways?" Roger questioned.

"Near Albania, I hear." Harry replied.

"Isn't that where..."

"Yeah, that's where dear old Quirrell had Snake-Face infested into the back of his head." Harry nodded and to his surprise, he saw Hermione dragging his brother Eric who had a Transfiguration book open in his arms and he could tell they were talking. His brother

looked different now, having lost all his baby fat and slightly, dare he say it, slightly buffed up. The younger Potter now even lost his glasses, making him look a lot like Harry did in fourth year, which made him feel lost leaving him with confused feelings. His brother had sent him a congratulating letter, which he'd only give a fleeting glance.

With his mind swimming in countless of thoughts, he finished his breakfast and returned to Ravenclaw Tower to take a shower and change back into his school attire.

"Nicely done, Mr. Potter, twenty points to Ravenclaw." Professor McGonagall remarked with a rare smile as she saw the small cute kitten sitting on the desk in front of Harry who simply had an emotionless mask plastered on his face.

"Thank you, Professor..." He replied and smiled when Roger completed his task, earning Ravenclaw House another ten points and blushed when McGonagall told him to keep it up.

"Mr. Potter would you stay behind please?" The Transfiguration teacher announced as Harry packed his school bag.

"Yes Professor?" Harry asked as his teacher gestured for him to take a seat. To his surprise and amusement, McGonagall pulled out a plate of chocolate cookies and offered him one.

"I assume you would continue your Quidditch career after the year is over?" The Transfiguration teacher started.

"That is correct, Professor, as I have told Professor Flitwick in fifth year, my goal is to win the European Cup and World Cup one day...which might seem a rather small goal now that I have completed one of two goals." McGonagall smiled at his attempt at sarcasm.

"The team is certainly promising, I expect many great things from you in the future."

"Yes M'am!" Harry said with a mock salute and was shocked when McGonagall held out a moving photo of Cedric, Elan, Roger and himself celebrating with the World Cup in their hands and a quill.

Smiling at the unexpected gesture, Harry took the quill and signed his name and returned both to his teacher. McGonagall then pulled out an envelope from her robe pocket and handed it to him.

Seeing her student's confused look, she explained, "Listen Harry...I visited your mother not long ago and I saw her writing this..." Harry took the envelope, opened it and fished out the parchment.

Harry,

Words cannot explain how proud I felt when you lifted that trophy into the air. I know you think the worse of me and I know I deserve it, I was not the good mother you deserved to have. After the way I treated you and nothing I say will change your mind likewise. Yet I am happy of what you have become, a bright, caring young man. I approve of your relationship with that girl, Fleur Delacour. You two look very much in love and well matched, don't let go of her though I believe you won't. Although I know it is too much to ask but I would like to meet her someday and perhaps maybe even grandchildren if you might be willing. Okay I have to go now, Rosy is asking for cookies....despite your contempt, I must say it...I love you Harry, I made the mistake of not saying it when you needed it the most, when I should have said it but now I will say it everyday, even if it is not reciprocated.

Love,

Lily

Harry lowered the note, an unreadable expression on his face. "I thought you should know...Lily stuffed her drawer filled with letters that were never sent, all of them addressed to you." Professor McGonagall said softly.

"May I be excused Professor? I'm afraid I'm going to be late for History of Magic." Harry replied quietly and after a nod from the Gryffindor Head of House, took a tardy slip from her and walked out the classroom, his robes billowing behind him.

Normally in History, whilst boring, he could still focus but he found his mind wandering for the first time in his student career, he was never good at managing his feelings, which were mixed right now.

He then looked at the empty blank page in his notebook, another record broken. He grumbled and scratched the back of his head fast then looked at Roger who was drooling on his textbook mumbling a bunch of feminine names in the seat next to his. After looking around at his classmates, all of them asleep, procrastinating homework for the next class or doing something else, fell forward and closed his eyes, his last thought being "That's three records broken...I should mark this date."

He was grateful when the bell rang, needing some clear air to breathe in. After devouring several slices of roast beef, grilled chicken and vegetables, he decided to go take a stroll seeing that he had arrived early and finished early. He went down the steps and mentally gave his back a pat as he wrapped his blue scarf with bronze strips tightly around his neck. Like a puppet, he found himself walking alongside the Black Lake, staring back at his own reflection and his own puzzled expression.

"Odd, you have the largest nargles infestation that I have ever seen before..." A dreamy voice made him turn from the lake and he saw Luna Lovegood looking at him with her huge, distant blue eyes.

"Hello Luna, how have classes been treating you?" Harry asked.

"They've been okay, the Wrackspurts have been leaving me alone this year..." Luna replied in her dreamy tone. Harry could only blink owlishly at the pale skinned dirty blonde girl.

"What's that you're holding?" Harry asked, attempting to break the extremely awkward silence between them.

Luna was holding a bucket of what seemed to be freshly cut steaks, "You planning on barbequing all that?" He pointed out and explained the concept of barbequing to the oddly confused girl when she asked.

"Oh no, silly, I brought this for them." Harry looked at where Luna was pointing and could briefly see a black winged horse with a skeletal body, a face with reptilian features and wide, leathery wings that resemble a bat's.

He'd read about such creatures before, Thestrals were very rare and undeservedly considered dangerous by many due to the belief that

they were known as bad omens of misfortune because they are visible only to those who have witnessed death and have fully accepted the concept.

"You can see them too?" He asked Luna as they made their way into the forest.

Luna nodded, "My mother was quite the brilliant witch and often experimented with spells, she passed on when I was nine after an accident."

"I'm sorry..." Harry didn't really know what else he could say.

"It's alright," Luna piped as she knelt down and stroked a baby Thestral that was obviously curious of the two humans, "because I know she'll always be here with me, the people we lose are never truly gone." Harry pondered this while Luna added, "I still have daddy. Don't wait too long Harry..."

Harry nodded despite not having a clear idea what his housemate was talking about, time flew past as a large herd of Thestrals gathered around them, obviously drawn by the scent of blood.

Together, Harry and Luna fed and played with them, the herd was rather sad when the two humans left the forest. The little ones attempted to follow them but were foiled by their parents as they were picked up and retreated deeper into the forest.

After using cleaning charms on their hands, Harry and Luna returned back to the castle, almost being tardy for their next classes. The afternoon flew pass faster than the morning, which Harry was grateful for though his focus was back, a side effect from having conversations with Luna. That girl was just the very definition of surprise.

As Professor Vector dismissed them after the bell rang, Harry stood up to stretch and was given a light punch to the shoulder from a smiling Elena Turpin.

"Hey." Harry smiled.

"Long day?" The blonde haired girl asked.

"You don't know the half of it, I actually fell asleep in Binns' class today." Harry admitted while Elena attempted to cover her giggling. The two returned to Ravenclaw Tower, as the Delegates from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang were arriving at dusk.

"Harry Potter falls asleep in class, Armageddon's arriving." Elena said in a mock-dramatic voice and squeaked when Harry poked her on the ribs.

"I know right, I'm that good." Harry retorted.

"You arse." Elena laughed. The two Ravenclaws deposited their bags and books in their respective dormitories, pulled on their cloaks and rushed back downstairs into the Entrance Hall.

The Heads of houses were ordering their students into lines.

"Mr. Carmichael, tuck in your shirt," Professor Flitwick squeaked, "Miss Turpin, remove that thing from your hair please."

Elena giggled and sent a smile at Harry when she heard her sister getting told off by small Flitwick.

"You're such a mean sister..." He shook his head.

"And I'm proud of it." She stuck out her tongue.

"Mr. Potter please straighten your tie..." Flitwick said as he examined Harry like a vet examining a dog.

"I think its fine Professor." Harry replied with a grin. Flitwick pinched the bridge of his nose, he was extremely proud of his star student but it was these banters that he didn't really like participating in.

"Now, Mr. Potter we are definitely not playing that deny game you like so much which lasts forever." He said and chuckled when Elena rolled her eyes beside Harry, grabbed him on both shoulders and re-did his tie.

"I didn't think you were into sexually strangling Turpin," He teased good-naturedly and gulped when Elena narrowed her eyes and tightened the top a bit more than necessary. "That's what you get."

The blonde leant close to his ear and whispered with a big smile as she withdrew.

Harry simply laughed at his closest friend, oblivious that they were very much the center of attention to those around them. That was until, they heard Flitwick squeak loudly, "Mr. Davies, this is not leisure time, please put that magazine away."

Roger grumbled as he reduced the size of his copy of Maxim and placed it into his pants pocket. He grinned and did a victory sign in front of his eye when he saw Harry facepalm and Elena's disgusted look.

"Alright, please follow me," said Professor Flitwick as the Ravenclaws, first years in front strolled passed the Gryffindors and down the front steps and lined up in front of the castle. Harry smiled as he saw Hermione waving wildly at him as he walked passed her and returned it. He could only stare back as his brother looked at him, eyes filled with self-loathing and shame.

As they were seventh years, Harry, Elena and Roger found themselves at the back, which suited Harry just fine. Roger prodded Harry on the arm and snickered as he pointed to the back row of the Slytherin group, Anna Zabini was resting her head on Elan's shoulder and when the Malfoy heir saw his friends looking at him, mouthed "This is boring as hell."

"Nearly six," Roger informed as he glanced at his watch, "Must be a pretty dramatic entrance." Harry and Elena agreed with their brunette friend.

And then Dumbledore called out from the back row where he stood with the other teachers - "Aha! Unless I am very much mistaken, the delegation from Beauxbatons approaches!"

"Where?" said many students eagerly, all looking in different directions.

"There!" yelled a sixth-year, pointing over the Forest. Something large, much larger than a broomstick – or, indeed a hundred broomsticks – was hurtling across the deep blue sky towards the castle, growing larger all the time.

"It's a dragon!" shrieked a first-year, losing her head completely.

"Don't be stupid...it's a flying house!" said a Gryffindor first year. It was a more accurate description as the gigantic black shape skimmed over the treetops of the Forbidden Forrest and the lights shining from the castle windows hit it, they saw a gigantic, powder-blue, horse-drawn carriage, the size of a large house, soaring towards them, pulled through the air by a dozen winged horses, all palominos and each the size of an elephant. The front three rows of students drew backwards as the carriage hurtled ever lower, coming in to land at a tremendous speed – then, with an almighty crash, the horses' hooves, larger than dinner plates, hit the ground. A second later, the carriage landed too, bouncing upon its vast wheels while the golden horses tossed their enormous heads and rolled large, fiery red eyes.

"Abraxans!" Elena exclaimed with excitement to Harry.

"Yep, Hagrid's gonna have a field day with that..." He replied. Then the carriage door opened, golden steps unfolded by themselves and the largest woman anyone had ever seen walked out. Her shoes were the size of a child's sled, as she stepped into the light flooding from the Entrance Hall, she was revealed to have a handsome, olive-skinned face, large, black, liquid-looking eyes and a rather beaky nose. Her hair was drawn back in a shining knob at the base of her neck. She was dressed from head to foot in black satin and many magnificent opals gleamed at her throat and on her thick fingers.

"Well I guess Hagrid'll have one more reason to be happy..." Roger whispered to Harry and Elena, which resulted with Elena shooting him a disgusted glare and Harry laughing.

Dumbledore started to clap, the students, following his lead, broke into applause too, many of them standing on tiptoe, the better to look at this woman. Her face relaxed into a gracious smile, and she walked forwards towards Dumbledore, extending a glittering hand. Dumbledore, though tall himself, had barely to bend to kiss it.

"My dear Madame Maxime," he said. "Welcome to Hogwarts."

"Dumby-dorr," said Madame Maxime, in a deep voice. "I 'ope I find you well?"

"On excellent form, I thank you," said Dumbledore.

"My pupils," said Madame Maxine, waving one of her enormous hands carelessly behind her. At least two dozens of girls – all, by the look of them, were in their late teens – had emerged from the carriage and were now standing behind Madame Maxime.

They were shivering, which was unsurprising, given that their tops and skirts and black stocking seemed to be made of fine silk, and none of them were wearing cloaks. All of them wore matching feminine, baby blue hats, a few of them had wrapped scarves around their necks as they stared apprehensively at Hogwarts. Harry scanned the crowd as he searched for Fleur, while Roger teased him.

"'As Karkaroff arrived yet?" Madame Maxine asked.

"He should be here any moment," said Dumbledore. "Would you like to wait here and greet him or would you prefer to step inside and warm up a trifle?"

"Warm up, I zink," said Madame Maxime, "But ze 'orses–"

"Our Care of Magical Creatures teacher will be delighted to take care of them," said Dumbledore, "the moment he has returned from dealing with a slight situation which has arisen with some of his other, er, charges."

Harry had heard about it from Draco and Hermione when he and Elan ran into them in between class, something to do with a Blast-Ended Skrewt, which he had never heard about. Draco, ever eloquent, quoted that they were a type of deformed lobster, enough said indeed.

Hagrid was a kind person albeit a little loose in the mouth but as a Professor, Harry didn't know, the half giant had a rather unique perspective when it came to magical creatures and dangerous magical creatures.

"My steeds require, er, forceful 'andling," said Madame Maxime, looking as though she doubted whether any Care of Magical Creatures teacher at Hogwarts could be up to the job.

"Zey are very strong..."

"I assure you that Hagrid will be well up to the job," said Dumbledore, smiling.

"Very well," Madame Maxime smiled back, bowing slightly, "will you please inform zis 'Agrid zat ze 'orses drink only single- malt whisky?"

"It will be attended to," said Dumbledore, also bowing.

"Come," said Madame Maxime imperiously to her students and the Hogwarts crowd parted to allow her and her students to pass up the stone steps. Harry felt slightly annoyed when the girls passed him as he folded his arms across his chest, giggling at him and whispering at each other. Roger meanwhile, relished the chance and sent flirtatious gestures back.

Then Harry saw her, the woman who held his heart, their eyes met and she began to quicken her steps, which was no easy task on high heels and flung herself into his open embrace. Fleur laughed as he spun her around with his strong arms around her waist and snuggled her face into his neck.

"I've missed you so much 'Arry..." Fleur whispered in French and stared into the green eyes she loved so much.

"Not as much as I've missed you." Harry softly replied.

"Really?" Fleur asked, at Harry's nod, she mischievously added, "Show me."

Before she finished her sentence, Harry's lips were upon hers, leading to a hot, full blown snog that if placed on the cover of any romance novel would instantly become a bestseller.

Neither Harry nor Fleur cared about the staring, whispering directed towards them, to them, nothing else mattered in the world at the moment but the person standing in front of them as their tongues dueled furiously. They were, however, forced to stop when they heard a throat clearing. Resting her forehead on Harry's, both of them reddened slightly when they saw Madame Maxime's half amused, half annoyed facial expression.

"Seems like you are needed elsewhere milady." Harry mused while stroking Fleur's smooth silver hair.

Fleur sighed with resignation, she was obviously displeased but suddenly yanked his tie towards her and gave him one last kiss before walking towards her headmistress who nodded at Harry with what seemed to be acceptance and with a giant hand on Fleur's back led her up the stone stairs to the castle.

Harry stood in a daze, hair messier until Roger slapped him on the back with a large grin on his face.

"My my, aren't you a big scene maker." He grinned to which Harry just smiled back in retort. He noticed how many girls were throwing jealous glares towards the retreating figure of Fleur as well as how many boys were giving him envious and awed looks, shaking his head, he went back to his position in his row, not noticing Elena who was looking down at the floor.

They stood, shivering slightly now, waiting for the Durmstrang party to arrive. Most people were gazing hopefully up at the sky. For a few minutes, the silence was broken only by Madame Maxime's huge horses snorting and stamping.

But then- "Can you hear something?" Roger said suddenly. Harry listened; a loud and oddly eerie noise was drifting towards them from out of the darkness; a muffled rumbling and sucking sound, as though an immense vacuum cleaner was moving along a river-bed
...

"The lake!" yelled Residential Quidditch Commentator Lee Jordan, pointing down at it. "Look at the lake!"

From their position at the top of the lawns overlooking the grounds, they had a clear view of the smooth black surface of the water – except that the surface was suddenly not smooth at all. Some disturbance was taking place deep in the centre; great bubbles were forming on the surface, waves were now washing over the muddy banks – and then, out in the very middle of the lake, a whirlpool appeared, as if a giant plug had just been pulled out of the lake's floor... What seemed to be a long, black pole began to rise slowly out of the heart of the whirlpool... and then Harry saw the rigging...

"A mast...how interesting." He muttered to Roger. Slowly, magnificently, the ship rose out of the water, gleaming in the moonlight. It had a strangely skeletal look about it, as though it was a resurrected wreck, and the dim, misty lights shimmering at its portholes looked like ghostly eyes. Finally, with a great sloshing noise, the ship emerged entirely, bobbing on the turbulent water, and began to glide towards the bank. A few moments later, they heard the splash of an anchor being thrown down in the shallows, and the thud of a plank being lowered onto the bank. People were disembarking; they could see their silhouettes passing the lights in the ship's portholes.

All of them, Harry noticed, seemed to be built like tanks, but as they drew nearer, walking up the lawns into the light streaming from the Entrance Hall, Harry realized it was all an illusion as they were wearing cloaks of some kind of shaggy, matted fur. But the man who was leading them up to the castle was wearing furs of a different sort; sleek and silver, like his hair.

"Albus!" He called heartily in a thick accent, as he walked up the slope.

"Igor." Dumbledore replied with a slight smile as they shared a man embrace. Karkaroff had a fruity, unctuous voice; when he stepped into the light pouring from the front doors of the castle, they saw that he was tall and thin like Dumbledore, but his white hair was short, and his goatee (finishing in a small curl) did not entirely hide his rather weak chin.

Little did people know that this man was a Death Eater who had only managed to stay out of Azkaban only because he gave out names of his associates, Harry had found out only from Elan, where his friend had acquired that piece of information, Harry honestly had no idea.

He snapped out of his thoughts when he heard the Headmaster of Durmstrang, "How good it is to be here, how good...Viktor, come along, into the warmth...you don't mind Dumbledore? Viktor has a slight head cold..." Karkaroff beckoned forwards one of his students. Harry could only smile as he saw the prominent, curved nose and thick black eyebrows.

"Seems like it'll be an interesting school term after all." He muttered to himself.

Purposely casting a not-notice-me charm on himself, Harry seemingly blended in with the rest of his fellow peers. As he recrossed the Entrance Hall with the rest of the Hogwarts students, heading for the Great Hall, Harry saw a lot of students jumping up and down on the soles of his feet to get a better look at the back of Krum's head.

Shaking his head, he passed several sixth-year girls who were frantically searching their pockets as they walked,

"Oh, I don't believe it, I haven't got a single quill on me"

"D'you think he'd sign my hat in lipstick?"

It was already bad enough that Hogwarts had four residential Quidditch Superstars, now everything seemed to have passed breaking point with Krum's arrival. He arrived at the entrance of the Great Hall and saw people massing up, determine to find the reason, he switched off his not-notice-me charm noting that people immediately stepped out of his path. He mentally groaned when he saw Krum and Cedric staring at each other.

"Next time I assure you would not win so easily." The Bulgarian said in a serious tone.

"Get better Chasers, then we'll talk." Cedric replied, just as serious. Since England's return to being World Champions, a lot of Quidditch pundits, critics and analysts now suggested that the seeker role is a lot more insignificant role when the opposition has super trio of Chasers like that of England and Ireland.

Seeing that it would soon come to blows if he didn't interfere, Harry stepped forward. "Then I look forward when our teams meet again."

Krum turned towards Harry. "Harry, my friend, good to see you again." Krum said in a heavy accent.

"How has your country treated your loss?" Harry asked. "Surprisingly our defeat was well received, becos you had the better team. Your performance against us and the Irish will be useful when

"we defend our European Cup title." Krum grunted. They shook hands and Harry watched as he stalked off towards the Slytherin table.

"Nothing to see here people." Harry stated as people began to file into the Great Hall at once after they recovered from staring at him.

Harry glared at Cedric who protested quietly, "I didn't start it!"

Shrugging aside the fact that his friend sounded like a five year old arguing against its parent, Harry placed his Team Captain mask on. "No, but Viktor just got to your head by what he said. You're better than that, leave all that childishness on the field." With that, Harry Potter walked towards the Ravenclaw Table.

"Is everything okay?" Fleur asked, taking his hand into hers as he slid into the empty seat next to her.

"I'm fine, just had to fulfill my Captain duties." He replied, flashed a small smile at her and kissed the back of her hand.

"Awwh, you two are even cuter than I imagined..." Both Harry and Fleur stiffened at the voice, rolling her eyes Fleur introduced her boyfriend to her best friend Marie Clément.

"He looks even tastier in real life, you sure you can't share him with me?" Marie said with a pout, oblivious to her friend's intense glare.

"Nice to meet you Marie but sorry there's only one lady I want and she's sitting next to me." Harry asked with a smile.

"Ignore her, she's always like this." Fleur replied, rolling her eyes when Marie stuck her tongue at her.

"Sweet, dedicating and hot...don't ever let him go." Said Marie to Fleur as she wiped an imaginary tear from her eye.

"Thanks?" Harry said with uncertainty.

"Marie is a drama queen but I have no intention of ever letting you go Harry." Fleur whispered into his ear, her tone seductive as she mentioned his name.

"Glad we're on the same page then." Harry smiled, took out his thick, wooly scarf when he saw his girlfriend shiver and wrapped it comfortably around her neck.

Fleur squeezed his hand, ignoring to all the outraged glares given by the female students around her. Both Harry and Fleur directed their attention towards the Head Table as Dumbledore stood up and a silence fell over the Great Hall.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, ghosts and most particularly, guests," said Dumbledore, beaming around at the foreign students. "I have great pleasure in welcoming you all to Hogwarts. I hope and trust that your stay here will be both comfortable and enjoyable...The Tournament will be officially opened at the end of the feast," Dumbledore continued. "I now invite you all to eat, drink and make yourselves at home!" He sat down and engaged Karkaroff in a conversation.

The dishes in front of them filled with food as usual, there was a greater variety of dishes in front of them than Harry had ever seen, including several that were definitely foreign. Harry could tell that Fleur was relieved, she had told him that she prefer lighter food and to her surprise, he did too.

"The Bouillabaisse is surprisingly good." Fleur commented as she helped herself to the shellfish stew.

"I must say, it is refreshing to see some variety around here." Cho agreed, smiling at her friend. "By the way, the pictures of you and Harry are soooo cute in Teen Witch Weekly." The pretty Asian girl added and smirked when Fleur flushed pink. Harry wisely stayed out of the conversation as Fleur and Cho began an endless talk on fashion.

"What are they doing here?" Roger whispered to Harry nodding at the Head Table. Harry's eyes narrowed as he saw Barty Crouch and Ludo Bagman.

"If what I heard is correct then they were the ones who organized this tournament. Should be normal for them wanting to be here when it starts." Harry replied as he forked some salad into his mouth.

Once the golden plates had been wiped clean, Dumbledore stood up again. A pleasant sort of tension seemed to fill the Hall now.

"The moment has come," said Dumbledore, smiling around at the sea of upturned faces. "The Triwizard Tournament is about to start. I would like to say a few words of explanation before we bring in the casket just to clarify the procedure which we will be following this year. But firstly, let me introduce, for those who do not know them, Mr. Bartemius Crouch, Head of the Department of International Magical Co-operation" There was a smattering of polite applause, "and Mr. Ludo Bagman, Head of the Department of Magical Games and Sports."

There was a much louder round of applause for Bagman than for Crouch, perhaps because of his fame as a Beater, or simply because he looked so much more likeable. He acknowledged it with a jovial wave of his hand. "Mr. Bagman and Mr. Crouch have worked tirelessly over the last few months on the arrangements for the Triwizard Tournament," Dumbledore continued, "and they will be joining myself, Professor Karkaroff and Madame Maxime on the panel which will judge the champions' efforts."

The attentiveness of the listening students seemed to sharpen at the word "champions" Harry watched as Filch carried a great wooden chest, encrusted with jewels. It looked extremely old. A murmur of excited interest rose from the watching students.

"The instructions for the tasks the champions will face this year have already been examined by Mr. Crouch and Mr. Bagman," said Dumbledore, as Filch placed the chest carefully on the table before him, "and they have made the necessary arrangements for each challenge. There will be three tasks, spaced throughout the school year, and they will test the champions in many different ways... their magical prowess – their daring – their powers of deduction – and, of course, their ability to cope with danger." At this last word, the Hall was filled with a silence so absolute that nobody seemed to be breathing.

"As you know, three champions compete in the Tournament," Dumbledore went on calmly, as if he were talking about the weather, "one from each of the participating schools. They will be marked on how well they perform each of the Tournament tasks and the champion with the highest total after task three will win the Triwizard

Cup. An impartial selector will choose the champions... the Goblet of Fire." Dumbledore now took out his wand, and tapped three times upon the top of the casket.

The lid creaked slowly open. Dumbledore reached inside it, and pulled out a large, roughly hewn wooden cup. It would have been entirely unremarkable, had it not been full to the brim with dancing, blue-white flames. Dumbledore closed the casket and placed the Goblet carefully on top of it, where it would be clearly visible to everyone in the Hall.

"Anybody wishing to submit themselves as champion must write their name and school clearly upon a slip of parchment, and drop it into the Goblet," said Dumbledore.

"Aspiring champions have twenty-four hours in which to put their names forward. Tomorrow night, Halloween, the Goblet will return the names of the three it has judged most worthy to represent their schools. The Goblet will be placed in the Entrance Hall tonight, where it will be freely accessible to all those wishing to compete. To ensure that no underage student yields to temptation," said Dumbledore, looking at the Weasley Twins who were acting innocent, "I will be drawing an Age Line around the Goblet of Fire once it has been placed in the Entrance Hall. Nobody under the age of seventeen will be able to cross this line."

A lot of faces fell to this statement. "For those who wish to compete, I must warn you that there is no turning back if you are chosen, do not submit yourselves lightly...Now off to bed, goodnight to you all." Dumbledore warned.

Harry and Fleur were in no rush to leave as they remain sitting, with Fleur resting her head on Harry's shoulder and their hands entwined. Harry looked on with a calculating face as he saw the slight altercation between Karkaroff and Moody, the look on "Moody's" face was one of intense hatred, as if Karkaroff had ruined his life.

"Are you going to compete?" Harry asked his girlfriend as they slowly walked out of the Great Hall.

"I don't know...a part of me wants to prove that I am more of a pretty face but the other part of me is content in just being with you." Fleur replied softly, avoiding Harry's gaze.

"Hello Mr. Potter..." Harry froze as he heard the familiar, seductive female voice.

"Please don't let it be her..." He thought desperately and slowly turned towards the voice. But alas, fortune did not smile upon him this time as he saw the long silky, shiny black hair, tanned skin, red lips, perfect nose and cold blue eyes.

"Ms. Parker, what an unforeseeable surprise." Harry replied, withdrawing as much emotion as possible. Fleur's grip on Harry's hand tightened as she struggled to stop herself from burning this bitch into a crisp as she sauntered towards them, hips swaying on purpose. The quarter-Veela quickly calmed down as Harry squeezed her hand.

"Congratulations on your World Cup success, I wanted to do so earlier but your friends have informed me that you weren't planning to attend the celebration party." The fashion model said in her sultry tone while tossing her flawless dark hair.

"My apologies, I prefer to stay out of the spot lights as much as possible." Harry replied cordially.

"Well, let me know when you want someone to chat with..." Ashley replied, winking flirtatiously at him and followed her Headmistress, who was walking towards the Entrance Hall.

"It's okay, Fleur, you're all I will ever want." Harry said softly as he slowly gathered the girl he loved into his arms, Fleur returned it tightly, there was nowhere safer to be than in her Harry's arms.

"I know Harry, even if I am sorely tempted to burn that bitch into nothing." She mumbled into his neck.

"You know, you sound really hot when you're mad." Fleur's head snapped up immediately but smiled when Harry added, "when its not at me, that is..."

Cupping her face in his hands, Harry stared deeply into the ocean blue eyes that seemed to be ethereal and softly said, "Regarding to your decision on competing in this Tournament. Know that whatever you chose to do Fleur, I'll be 100% behind you." Fleur smiled into his

neck when she heard his response, she thanked whatever deity out there for allowing her to meet someone as special as Harry.

They walked in silence, hand in hand as Harry escorted his girlfriend back to her carriage, they had purposely slowed their steps. The moon was visible tonight and made Fleur's already perfect skin glow radiantly.

"I guess I'll see you tomorrow morning?" Harry said softly as he let go of her hand. Fleur did not look too happy at having to be separated again since she had gotten use to sleeping on top of Harry who had provided her with the best pillow in the world. Harry was pleasantly shocked when Fleur grasped his face, kissing him hard and passionately.

Instinctively, he wrapped his arms around her waist and thought he had ascended into heaven as he felt her cherry red lips moved frantically over his own, "Merlin, the things this woman does to me..." He thought as he felt Fleur pulling them even closer together leaving no space between them.

Sucking on her bottom lip and tasting the cherry flavored lip gloss she had on, Harry smirked as Fleur moaned loudly and kissed her back just with the same amount of passion she had. It was until air became a problem did Harry pull away, both of them gasping for air.

"One more..." Before Harry's brain could register the words, his mouth was assaulted once more, Harry could only smile as the woman he loved kissed him. One more became several more as both teens lost track of time and finally with great difficulty, Harry walked back towards the castle alone after one final kiss.

He was still in a half entranced state as he arrived at his own Common Room, Roger and all the guys whistled, cat called and howled as he walked up to the Male Dormitory. Harry smiled as he observed himself in his fully body mirror, his tie was on the verge of falling down, the top two buttons of his shirt torn, a trail of hickeys from his neck leading all the way to his exposed chest, the tension of not having been able to be with Fleur seemed to have accumulated resulting to his current state.

"It would seem the blonde hair female has missed you more than you realize." Rina teased through their mental link on her perch near his bed.

"You jealous?" Harry replied cheekily.

"What nonsense is this? I am a majestic creature unlike you two legged ones who seem to revel in carnal pleasure all the time." The flaming bird snorted.

"It was Sirius again, wasn't it." Harry asked rhetorically and palmed his face as he fell backwards into his bed.

As the next day was Saturday, most students would normally have breakfast late. Harry, as usual, woke up at first light and began his daily run however, this time he was alone as he in contrast with his teammates, was much harsher on himself regarding to fitness and trained everyday. Since electronics did not work on the grounds of Hogwarts, Rina accompanied her bonded whenever he ran alone to provide him with her peaceful singing.

He smiled as he passed the Beauxbatons Carriage, while Fleur was no slouch, he had discover that she loved to sleep in often, that included holding him in a death grip to prevent him from leaving the bed.

After he had finished the rigorous routine training, he'd notice that students from Durmstrang and Beauxbatons had finally decided to wake up for breakfast.

"Go back to the dorm, I don't want people seeing you...they'll go nuts." Harry said to his familiar through their link and with an affectionate peck to his cheek, Rina disappeared with a burst of flames. With that, he walked up the stone stairs, with a towel over his head and drank deeply from his water bottle. Taking a seat in the Ravenclaw Table, he slowly filled his plate with eggs, ham, sausage and bacon. Removing the towel from his head, he started to devour his breakfast. The feeling of a good meal after an arduous training session was simply incomparable.

"Morning Harry." Roger greeted as he took the seat across from the black tracksuit clad teenager and began to pile French Toast on his plate with a copious supply of maple syrup.

"Right back at you, slacker." Harry replied cordially as he sipped his cup of black tea, reveling in its scent.

"Hey now that's-" Roger protested but was cut off as Harry ignored him as Fleur and her friend Marie walked into the Great Hall.

"Bonjour mon 'Arry." Fleur whispered and without any warning, kissed Harry on the lips short and sweet. Then she sat down next to him and began to help herself with food.

"You two are so sweet, you should have seen Fleur's face last night, she had this big smile that wouldn't go away..." Marie teased, smirking as Fleur blushed and threw her a glare.

"I'm sure it was very beautiful too." Harry said softly and chuckled as Fleur ducked her head.

As they finished breakfast, Harry shook his head as Fred and George Weasley were forcefully ejected by Dumbledore's Age Line and were now sprouting identical, long white beards. Apparently they weren't the first to try fooling the Goblet with an ageing potion, according to an amused Dumbledore. As many Beauxbatons students stood up and walked straightly behind their Headmistress towards the Goblet of Fire, Harry gazed at Fleur who held his hand in a death grip and seemed to be in deep thought, in her other hand was a slip of parchment with her name written on it.

"Go on..." He said with a smile, lifting her chin with his finger. Fleur was nearly in tears but nodded and joined the line of her fellow schoolmates who were planning to participate.

"Are you not planning to compete?" Marie questioned Harry as he gazed at Fleur.

"No, I'm not...I plan to have an enjoyable, quiet, peaceful year for once." Harry responded and sipped his tea before standing up, placing his towel around his neck and walked out of the Great Hall after grabbing his water bottle. He didn't know what had gotten into him as he walked back towards Ravenclaw Tower for a refreshing shower, he should be happy for his girlfriend but he found himself brooding for once.

"I suppose I did tell her that I'll back her no matter what..." He thought bitterly to himself as he dried himself and changed into his new set of freshly ironed school uniform.

"Where iz 'Arry?" Fleur asked Roger and Marie nervously.

"Er...I suppose he went back up towards Ravenclaw Tower." Roger answered, rubbing his neck.

"It would seem that he is rather upset at you Delacour...perhaps he'd decided that you're not the right one for him anymore." Ashley Parker said with a look of dislike at Fleur as she past by. Fleur resisted herself from flaming the arrogant bimbo, and the sudden confused tears of insecurity as she sat down.

Marie clasped her hand in support, "I'm sure Harry is just worried for you..."

"Then why did he leave?"

"Umm...if I may?" The two French Students turned to look at Cho who was fidgeting with the edges of her robe. "Harry does support you Fleur, I can see it from his eyes...but he's still worried, because he won't be participating and he cares about you."

"Where can I find 'im?" Fleur asked.

"Try the Quidditch Pitch...he's always there when he broods." Roger replied and shot Cho an amused look as the quarter-Veela immediately walked out of the Great Hall.

Harry sat alone in the empty Quidditch Pitch, he really did not feel like talking to anyone.

"Is this seat taken?" A soft, feminine voice interrupted his thoughts. Looking up, he saw Elena smiling at him.

"Knock yourself out." He replied with a wave of his hand and the blonde sat down next to him.

"Are you feeling alright Harry?" Elena asked cautiously.

"I'm good." Harry replied as he stared at the three hoops before him.

"It bothers you a lot does it, with Fleur wanting to participate in the Tournament." His best and oldest friend commented quietly from beside him.

"I don't know, maybe a little...I just have an odd feeling that something bad will happen." Harry replied. The two continued to talk, with Elena bringing back a true smile on her friend's face as they reminisced about memories they have shared together as children.

"Don't remind me, I thought your dad would murder me right there..." Harry laughed as Elena recounted on giving him a peck on the cheek and her father had walked in on the two of them.

"That was never going to happen since my dad approves of you...maybe intimidate you a little but he's not going to go that far...if I have anything to say about it." Elena chuckled.

"Thanks Elena..." Harry said quietly.

"For what?" Elena whispered, looking deeply into the eyes of her dearest friend.

Smiling, Harry took her hand and squeezed once, "For being there for me."

The two started to walk back towards the castle when they saw Fleur walking towards them, an unreadable expression on her face.

"I'll see you..." Harry smiled as Elena patted his shoulder and walked on.

"Don't hurt him..." Elena said in a soft voice as she passed the beautiful silver haired girl.

Fleur had mixed feelings seeing this particular girl with Harry, she had heard that they were inseparable and close friends since their first year. Maybe it was just her Veela nature but she felt real competition with the Turpin heiress.

"I'm sorry if I missed you putting your name into the goblet...I don't have any excuses for that." Harry apologized, breaking the ice.

Wrapping her arms around his neck and resting her face on his neck, Fleur murmured, "You silly thing, I forgive you Harry..." With that, her lips met his.

"I hope you will be happy Harry." Elena thought, a single tear trailing down her cheek as she entered the Entrance Hall.

It was not until at dusk, did Harry and Fleur both return back to the Great Hall before rain started to pour down hard. As they walked into the Great Hall, it was almost full, the Goblet of Fire had been moved, it was now standing in front of Dumbledore's empty chair at the teacher's table.

The Halloween feast seemed to take much longer than usual, but Harry didn't have much appetite despite the extravagant food that was before him due to an impending gut-sinking feeling.

At long last, the golden plates returned to their original spotless state, and the noise of conversation died away instantly as Dumbledore stood up.

"Well, the Goblet is almost ready to make its decision," said Dumbledore.

"I estimate that it requires one more minute. Now, when the champions' names are called, I would ask them please to come up to the top of the Hall, walk along the staff table, and go through into the next chamber." He indicated the door behind the staff table, "where they will be receiving their first instructions."

He took out his wand and gave a great sweeping wave with it; at once, all the candles except those inside the carved pumpkins were extinguished, plunging them all into a state of semi-darkness.

The Goblet of Fire now shone more brightly than anything in the whole Hall, the sparkling bright, bluey-whiteness of the flames almost painful on the eyes. Everyone watched, waiting...a few people kept checking their watches.

The flames inside the Goblet turned suddenly red again. Sparks began to fly from it. Next moment, a tongue of flame shot into the air, a charred piece of parchment fluttered out of it – the whole room gasped. Dumbledore caught the piece of parchment and held it at

arm's length, so that he could read it by the light of the flames, which had turned back to blue white.

"The champion for Durmstrang," he read, in a strong, clear voice, "will be Viktor Krum." A storm of applause and cheering swept the Hall as Krum rose from the Slytherin table and slouched up towards Dumbledore; he turned right, walked along the staff table and disappeared through the door into the next chamber.

"Bravo, Viktor!" boomed Karkaroff, so loudly that everyone could hear him, even over all the applause. "Knew you had it in you!" The clapping and chatting died down. Now everyone's attention was focused again on the Goblet, which, seconds later, turned red once more. A second piece of parchment shot out of it, propelled by the flames.

"The champion for Beauxbatons," said Dumbledore, "is Fleur Delacour!"

Fleur rose gracefully from her seat next to Harry and shook back her sheet of silvery blonde hair and swept up between the Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff tables. Marie was snickering as she saw two of her classmates bursting into tears of sadness and Ashley's indignant scowl.

After Fleur had vanished into the side chamber, silence fell again, but this time it was a silence so stiff with excitement you could almost taste it. The Hogwarts champion next... And the Goblet of Fire turned red once more; sparks showered out of it; the tongue of flame shot high into the air, and from its tip Dumbledore pulled the third piece of parchment.

"The Hogwarts Champion," he called, "is Harry Potter!"

Harry gave a start, eyes widening as loud applause, screaming and stamping from his housemates rose rapidly.

"This can't be...this can't be happening." Was the thought that repeated itself in his mind as Roger clapped his shoulder and pushed him towards where Dumbledore was standing with a smile. He headed off towards the chamber behind the teacher's table, with the deafening applause still ringing in his ears.

Read & Review, suggestions for next chapter is always welcomed.

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